

August 28, 1963

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

The Australian

Over 800,000 Copies
Sold Every Week

1841-2

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PR

1/-



BEGIN...

Our brilliant
Australian
serial

**"CAREFUL,
HE MIGHT
HEAR YOU"**

By Sumner Locke Elliott

PAGES 18-19

READ...

Modelling took her
round the world

PAGES 8-9

PLAY...

MOON FLIGHT
Our new family game

PAGES 40-41



New Ryvita Crispbread: now lighter, crisper, with more flavour than ever!

No starvation diets needed — this delicious way!

Where's the sense in drooping and wilting on starvation diets?

You can lose weight — and gain fresh vitality at the same time with New Ryvita Crispbread.

Simply make Ryvita a part of your daily diet — and enjoy it in place of heavier, starchy breads. Ryvita is a real food that makes any meal better — yet

keeps those weight-building calories 'way down to keep you slim.

Rich in natural rye vitamins, minerals and proteins, Ryvita gives you fresh vitality — as you lose those unwanted inches and gain a new trim line.

Ask for New Ryvita Crispbread — in half and one pound packets. The crunchy freshness is sealed in.

NEW RYVITA

makes you fit — keeps you slim

The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.
Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters:
Box 185C, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409P, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters:
Box 491G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

AUGUST 28, 1963

Vol. 31, No. 13

CONTENTS

Special Features

Model On the Move	8, 9
Moon Flight	40, 41
Versatile Potato Chips	49, 50

Fiction

Careful, He Might Hear You (serial, part 1), Sumner Locke Elliott	18, 19
If I Should Die, Valerie Watkinson	21
The Return, Dorothy M. Rose	22, 23
Twice Round the Park, Cathleen Rogers	25

Regular Features

Social	10, 11
Television Parade, Films	15
Worth Reporting	34
Letter Box	37
Ross Campbell	37
Stars	71
Mandrake, Crossword	79

Fashion

Dress Sense, Betty Keep	31, 32
Needlework Notions	74
Butterick Patterns	79

Home and Family

Embarrassing Moments. For Mother	39
\$2250 "Happy Mother and Baby" Contest	45
At Home, with Margaret Sydney	47
Prize Recipe	50
Collectors' Corner	51
Transfer	51
Knitted Slippers	52
Home Hints	52
Be Your Own Handyman	66
Gardening Book	69

THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Moon Flight, the game on pages 40 and 41 to pull out and keep, is "more than just snakes and ladders in space."

STAFF writer Robin Adair, who devised the game, says this.

"Players' progress is based on scientific predictions and plans about manned flights to the moon," he adds.

Robin built his game on a system scientists call LOR — Lunar Orbital Rendezvous.

"LOR involves a 'mother' spaceship going into orbit around the moon," he says.

"A smaller secondary craft would detach itself from the mother ship and land on the moon.

"After men had investigated the surface of the moon, they would re-enter their craft and blast off to rejoin the mother ship."

Our Cover

● Rod Taylor and his wife, ex-model Mary Hilem, in the swimming-pool of their Beverly Hills, California, home. They are coming to Australia for the premiere of the film "The V.I.P.s," in which Rod appears, opening at the St. James Theatre, Sydney, on September 4. Pictures on cover and opposite page by Eric Skipsey.

ORCHID-FANCIERS are anxiously watching their prize plants come into bud and are hoping for magnificent blooms for two big orchid shows.

The Daily and Sunday Telegraph Orchid and Horticultural Show, arranged by the Australian Orchid Society, will be held at Grace Bros. Auditorium, Broadway, Sydney, from September 3 to September 7, in aid of Torch Bearers for Legacy.

The Orchid Society will hold its show in the Sydney Town Hall from September 24 to September 27, in aid of the Royal Blind Society's Sandy Robertson Kindergarten for Blind Children.

On page 69 we tell you how to break up your orchids for repotting.

Writer with a following

THERE aren't many Weekly readers who let a week go by without reading Ross Campbell — and most of them read him every week in The Sunday Telegraph, too.

You can meet Ross Campbell's family again at the weekends — Little Nell, Theodora, and Baby Pip — a family so very like your own that you'll recognise them at once.

ROD WILL BRING HIS WIFE HOME



ROD AND EX-MODEL MARY TAYLOR in the colonial-style home they are furnishing near Hollywood.

• Taylors' Australian trip is a delayed honeymoon

From PAULA WALLING, in Hollywood

ROD TAYLOR, for so long a bachelor, is looking forward to showing off Australia to his wife and showing off his wife to Australia when they go there near the end of this month.

The rugged Australian actor married the lovely New York ex-model Mary Hilem nearly three months ago, and they invited me up for cocktails in their rambling two-storey house in Beverly Hills the other day.

He told me with a grin: "We leave for Australia on August 25 and arrive in Sydney at 6.30 a.m. on the twenty-eighth. After one day of rest, while Mary meets my parents and I see them for the first time in three years, we start on a tour of all the openings of 'The V.I.P.s.'"

"Metro offered us this trip as our honeymoon, as well as trying to do some good for the picture."

He paused, then added: "Which I don't really think needs it. I'm delighted with the rough-cut we've seen. I play an Australian — strangely enough, a completely new character for me here."

"It gave me a hell of a thrill to be able to use the broad Australian accent in this role, which is that of a young self-made, smart-Alecky Aussie with a heart of gold."

Rod went on: "I'll be delighted to get

back home and renew myself there. Frankly I've rather gotten in the habit of thinking of myself as an American."

"Everybody says I look, speak, and act like an American, but to me that is natural, having always felt that Australians and Americans are very much alike."

"Not so the English. Although I enjoyed working in England and getting to know London, I felt no kinship to the Britishers, who have a false reserve and standoffishness I didn't enjoy. Now, having married an American, I feel more at home here than ever."

"I'm curious to see how Mary feels about Australia. Of course, we're both excited about her meeting my parents."

During all this, Mary, looking lovely and cool in a gleaming white sports-dress and every hair in place in true fashion-model tradition, said very little, but just sort of beamed happily at her man.

She did admit that her career is a thing of the past and she'll definitely accompany Rod wherever he goes.

After the Australian tour they go directly to Spain, where Rod co-stars with John Wayne, Rita Hayworth, and Italy's Claudia Cardinale in Bronston's forthcoming epic entitled "Circus."

Rod worked with Hayworth in "Separate Tables."

Despite all the excitement about their

plans in Australia and Spain, he and Mary will miss their beautiful home.

Rod bought it only recently, but somehow it already reflects his personality. Although it is in the heart of Beverly Hills, it is located in Coldwater Canyon, a decidedly rustic part of the town, surrounded by craggy hills.

One somehow doesn't picture Rod Taylor living on one of the perfectly kept green lawns of the more conventional streets down on the Beverly flatland.

Rod paints, too

He and Mary have been gradually furnishing the house with antiques, and are decorating it themselves.

Several of Rod's own oil paintings hang on the walls, for he explains that the pictures they have seen in the galleries are too expensive and they can't afford them yet — "although I'm not doing badly."

He has just finished co-starring with Jane Fonda in Metro's delightful comedy "Sunday in New York."

Rod has been in Hollywood for ten years now. He played small but useful roles until he finally made his success in the TV series "Hong Kong." Then he went to London to co-star with Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton in "The V.I.P.s."

Naturally, I asked: What was it like to work with those two?

Rod grinned and said, "You mean the 'royal couple'? Well, I've known Liz for years. I worked with her in 'Giant' and 'Raintree County'—she's an old buddy."

"To me there's something definitely sad about Liz Taylor. I feel that she found the closest thing to happiness in Mike Todd and has not found anything like that since."

"Certainly not with Richard, although he's fun and a good beer-drinking companion."

I asked Rod to tell me now what he feels about the movie business.

He lit a cigarette and took another sip of his gin-and-tonic and said: "I'm constantly amazed to be doing something I love and getting all this money for it."

"But I will tell you this: I definitely want to put back into the business what I get out."

"I wish more of us had the same idea. These immense salaries are a real drag on the movie industry. It seems to me that the actor can never guarantee that his picture will be a big box-office success, so why should he insist on that enormous salary at the beginning of the film?"

"I think a star should take his chances with the producers and, if the picture fails, shake hands and try again."

"If it does—great! Grab the money. And try again."

PALADAC
will pick
him up



Mother's anxious moments . . . junior's listless days indicate a need for PALADAC. Yes, PALADAC will help quicken his step, put mischief in his eye. PALADAC's 9 essential vitamins aid the development of sturdy bodies, sharpen jaded appetites, help your children to cope with the problems and ailments of growing up. PALADAC given just once each day, at a cost of less than 5d., will keep your children bright and alert. Sustain their natural good health with PALADAC the orange-flavoured vitamin supplement. Ask your Family Chemist about Paladac.

PALADAC

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

FOR A HEALTHY, HAPPY CHILDHOOD—COSTS LESS THAN 5d. A DAY

OFF COLOUR?

Take this special laxative for only 3 nights—and watch the wonderful difference!

The way we live, the things we eat today—no wonder so many of us need an occasional laxative!

Neglected constipation can cause liverishness, indigestion, headaches, bad breath, poor skin, tiredness and irritability. Aches and Pains.

Don't hesitate! If you are constipated, do as thousands of others do—regain healthy regularity with RHU PILLS! The 7 balanced ingredients in your RhU Pills work naturally, effectively, the way nature intended your system to work . . . gently, smoothly, without stress, strain or harshness. Regain clear eyes and skin—youthful appetite and vigour—improved digestion and feeling of well-being! Drink plenty of fluid and take RhU Pills last thing at night before bed, for healthy regularity.

Start right now!

Buy a box of RhU Pills (1/9, or economy size 4/6) from your chemist or store today; take as directed.



● Neville Quig, three-quarter-caste aboriginal boy, has a hug for his foster mother, Mrs. Quig.

Their foster son is an aboriginal

● "I'm Mummy's little chocolate biscuit and Daddy's bestest mate," said three-year-old Neville Quig, of Granville, Sydney.

NEVILLE, a three-quarter-caste aboriginal boy, was talking about his foster parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ted Quig. "I don't know where he gets the 'chocolate biscuit' bit," laughed Mr. Quig, "but he's been my little mate since he joined our family two and a half years ago."

A middle-aged couple, Mr. and Mrs. Quig have two daughters, Elaine, 28, and Marie, 27.

Like many parents, the Quigs felt lonely when their daughters grew up and left home—Elaine to train as a nursing sister (11 years ago) and Marie to get married (eight years ago).

And as an entertainer-promoter, Mr. Quig, who has managed dozens of Australian stars over the past 30 years, does a lot of travelling around Australia.

"With the girls away and Ted on tours," said Mrs. Quig, "the house used to seem so empty."

But three years ago, when Elaine was nursing at a country hospital, someone came to change all that—a little aboriginal child.

Neville, then one month old, was brought to the hospital dying of malnutrition. Although he was on the critical list for many months, Neville was a perfect patient and soon became a great favorite with Elaine.

"Whenever we visited her," said Mr. Quig, "we

used to call and say 'hello' to the little fellow."

They had no thought then of making Neville a member of their family.

"But I did think he was adorable the first time we saw him in a bright pink bedjacket, with those big brown eyes," said Mrs. Quig.

"He was always happy and smiling," said Mr. Quig, "the doctors said it was his strong will-power that helped to keep him alive."

By
KERRY YATES

When Neville was nine months old (and still a tiny 14lb.) he was fit to leave the hospital and, as a neglected child, would probably have been taken to an orphanage.

"But Elaine kidded us to take him home—just for a while," said Mr. Quig, "and now we would never part with him."

Before the Quigs could become legal foster parents, Neville was made a ward of the Aboriginal Welfare Board.

"As I am away from home a good deal," said Mrs. Quig, "I explained to my wife that Neville would mostly be her responsibility."

"It was all such a surprise to me," said Mrs. Quig. "I didn't really think of the problems that might be involved but agreed to take him on a three-month trial."

So, after 26 years, Mrs. Quig was again changing nappies and making bottles.



● "Daddy's bestest mate" is always full of life. "At last I've got a little son," says his foster father, Mr. Ted Quig. "We play cowboys and Indians for hours."

"It was wonderful to have a baby in the family again, especially a boy at last," said Mrs. Quig. "It took years off my age."

Mr. and Mrs. Quig can't agree with people who think that 50 or over is too old to adopt a child.

"This is when you really know life and its responsibilities," said Mr. Quig.

"Taking a child at our age is not as big a deal as many people think. It just means such company and something exciting to live for."

His decision

Neville is in the care of his foster parents until he is 18 and then he can decide where he wants to live and what he wants to do.

The Government gives Mrs. Quig 30/- a week toward Neville's keep and he will receive free medical and dental care and education, too.

Long before Neville became his foster son, Mr. Quig had many aboriginal friends.

For, as well as being manager to entertainers like Reg Lindsay and George Wallace and popular young singers including Frankie Ifield (now a top recording star in England) and Noelcen Batley, Mr. Quig has managed aboriginal balladeer Jimmy Little for nearly 12 years.

"I've got to know most of Jimmy's friends and relations, and we meet many aboriginal people when we tour country towns," said Mr. Quig.

About 18 months ago Mr. Quig formed the "All Colored Show," starring mostly aboriginal artists, now touring country towns all over Australia.

Mr. Quig said, "I find the aborigines a gentle race—very sincere and affectionate people."

"We are thinking of adopting Neville, but we want to be certain that we'll be able to support him

financially as he goes through school."

Neville will go to a private school not far from his home. He often visits the school now when neighbors take him along to call for their own children.

"He already knows some of the teachers," said Mrs. Quig. "The head says there's a special seat reserved for him."

One of the things that did worry the Quigs when they first brought Neville home was what the reaction would be of the children in their neighborhood.

"He was completely accepted," said Mrs. Quig, "and he has got many little playmates."

Whenever they go out with Neville, people stop to talk to him or give him a little hug.

"He's so tiny and cuddly and very affectionate to any attention," said Mrs. Quig.

"Of course, my wife really spoils him," said Mr. Quig. But Mrs. Quig was quick to blame her husband—"Oh, you're the worse offender—when Ted's at home they never leave each other."

Rewarding

The Quigs used to agree with friends who said that an adopted or foster child could never really seem like your own. "But it's so wrong," said Mr. Quig. "Our son has certainly proved that."

"So many are missing so much," the Quigs agreed, "It's a big job—with big rewards."

They realise that there may be awkward questions to answer as Neville grows older.

"We are just going to think of them when the time comes," said Mrs. Quig.

But for the present the Quigs are just going to keep on enjoying life—their new life with a young son.

"People say what a wonderful thing we've done for Neville," said Mr. Quig. "But what a wonderful thing he has done for us."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 28, 1963

American has a message for Australians

ANGRY MAN OF THE MODERN BALLET

By ROBERT FELDMAN, of our New York staff

● A force of 38 zealous, well-muscled Americans is about to descend on Australia to stage a show that, with any luck at all, may incite a riot or two.

SEVERAL times since the war, police in Latin-American capitals have had to come to the rescue of Jose Limon and his iconoclasts of the dance.

At the very least, the troupe's appearances in Sydney and Melbourne should generate enough heated indignation to cure the chilblains of those who come expecting traditional ballet like "Swan Lake" or "Les Sylphides."

On the other hand, Australians who keep their tempers in check and their eyes open will be exposed to the new spectrum of human movement and gesture which Limon and his American contemporaries have explored.

Limon, of Mexican parentage, has a face as dramatic as an Andes mountain range. But he is thoroughly American in speech and viewpoint, having arrived in the United States when he was seven.

"Down with...?"

Nevertheless, when I interviewed him at his summer headquarters in Connecticut, he might have been an Aztec fighting Cortez as he pronounced his revolutionary manifesto.

"Down with the fairy tales of the European ballet!" he thundered. "The people get fairy-tales, over and over again. But modern dance is an adult form dealing with grown-up ideas, not just the charming retelling of oft-told tales."

"We speak, with our feet and all our bodies, of human experience and emotion of the 20th century."

"Let me give my Australian audiences a little introduction," he continued. "We don't stand on the points and strike fancy poses. Please, let them clear their minds of entrechats, grand jete, stylised movement."

"Watch us closely and observe that we are expressing something distinctively American — both the tragedies and the grandeur of our country."

"I know little of the dance in Australia, except that it is probably colonial, something out of the Covent Garden by Bolshoi."

"Australia! There must

be inspiration there, in your sunburnt land, in your dry wastes, in your giants of men, in your aboriginal mystique. Find that which is indigenous to your country and express these things in thought, gesture, movement. Don't attempt to use the idiom of Versailles and Petrograd.

"You have nothing to lose but your colonial chains!"

Limon and Company will spend four months touring Australia and Asia for the U.S. Cultural Exchange Programme. In Australia they will perform in association with the Elizabethan Theatre Trust, giving three performances in Sydney (August 29, 30, and 31, at the Elizabethan) and four in Melbourne (September 3, 4, 5, and 6, at the Palais).

This will be the fourth tour Limon has undertaken for the U.S. Government. Past tours took him to South America twice and to Europe.

His troupe has met with hostility in Paris ("We're used to it — let your Australian critics fire away") and fruit barrages in certain Latin-American capitals.

Eleven works are in the repertoire for the tour, six of them starring Limon in his own choreography.

I sat at the master's feet for a day recently while he conducted classes and rehearsals at America's summer Mecca of the dance — the Connecticut College for Women, at New London.

With his high cheekbones and deep-set eyes, he reigned like a benign Chiang Kai-shek (the resemblance is marked) over several hundred worshipful followers in leotards.

I listened as he lectured a group of about 50 acolytes after putting them through a rehearsal of "Passacaglia," a ballet by the late Doris Humphrey to the music of J. S. Bach's Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor.

The dance is one of stately symmetry. It is built like a Gothic cathedral, arms arching overhead and bodies ebbing and flowing in processions of imposing grandeur.

"I ask you," he told the class after the workout, as they sprawled exhausted on the floor, "to consider the meaning of the word 'Passacaglia.' Literally, it is a 'pass through the streets,' an old European tradition,



TOP PICTURE shows Jose Limon (as Judas) and Lucas Hoving (as Christ) in a scene from the American ballet "The Traitor." AT LEFT: Limon and his wife, who designs the company's costumes. AT RIGHT: Neighborhood children often come to their country home in Connecticut and seek Jose out in the large bare dance studio there. It's hard to say who enjoys the visit most — the children or Jose.

often joyous but also at times religious and solemn.

"In this dance you are not only the celebrants passing through the streets; you must portray at the same time the architecture of the streets through which you are passing."

"You are the sound of bells. Your arms ring in triumph and exaltation so." He demonstrates. "Not just flapping in an ugly gesture."

And so on and on, with the master conveying his points by word and action.

"Now I know"

It was a little masterpiece of exposition and at the end the studio rang with the applause of the dancers.

Limon dismissed them with a wave of his hand and began warming up for a rehearsal of one of his own works.

With a minimum of puffing and panting, he ran twice through the 30-minute dance.

Afterwards I asked the 55-year-old star how he stood the pressure of being at the same time star, director, and choreographer.

"All the decades up to now have been preparation,"

he answered, as he sponged himself with paper towels. "Now I know what to do and how to do it."

"I suppose in a number of years my body must eventually succumb to age. But because I have trained my body well I can still out-dance these youngsters."

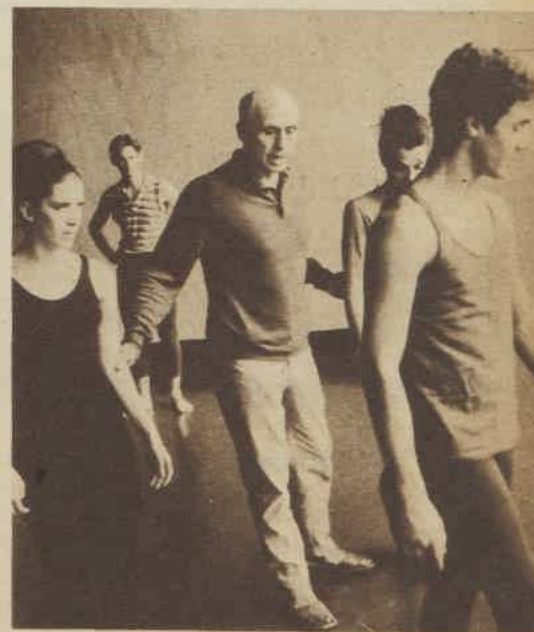
"Most of my contemporaries have pot bellies. I have the same body today, minus a few hairs on top, that I had when I was 22."

Jose Limon's father was a musician. When Jose was seven his family moved from Mexico to Arizona, and later settled in Los Angeles.

Limon became a pupil of Doris Humphrey; then he taught the dance at colleges all over the United States, but he achieved fame by the striking style of his own performances.

When he presented his "The Moor's Pavane," based on "Othello" and set to Purcell's music, critic John Martin of the New York "Times" wrote: "There is no other male dancer within even comparing distance of him."

Limon will also give lectures and TV talks in Australia.



FOR REHEARSAL of another biblical ballet, "There Is a Time," Jose Limon places members of his company. This dance is based on chapters of the Book of Ecclesiastes, and the choreography is by Limon himself.



Trust only Gossamer for glamorous hair

Gossamer is made from the most expensive ingredients and is carefully blended to an exclusive formula. Because of this Gossamer will hold and style your hair better than any other hairspray. Gossamer's rich lanolin esters will nourish and condition your hair and enhance its natural beauty. There is no stickiness, no lacquered look with Gossamer. Your hair is too precious to hold with any hairspray but the best. That is why most women trust only Gossamer hairspray.

There is no lacquer in Gossamer

PURSE SIZE, 8/6 — REGULAR SIZE, 10/- — LARGE SIZE, 16/6



8/11/58/61

Swimmer travels with pet otters...

By CELIA HENDERSON, in London

● Margaret Mary Revell, of Detroit, U.S.A., is a very determined girl. You could call her a sticker. At the age of 25 she has broken eight international records for long-distance swimming.



MARY MARGARET REVELL

SHE'S the first person to swim from the Black Sea to the Sea of Marmora and then to swim the Sea of Marmora itself.

She can swim from Europe to Asia and back in an hour and a half through the Straits of Bosphorus.

But, perhaps even more remarkable, she has recently acquired among her luggage a pair of baby otters that she is taking on her travels through various countries on her way to set up home for them in Bermuda.

Now otters are very engaging little characters, but they aren't by nature a travelling race.

They like to get into the water and stay there, and these two (who are called Pepsi and Cola, because the tour is sponsored by Guess Who?) are no exception.

They are very happy to play around with Margaret Mary in swimming baths, tanks or rivers, but any otter setting out to swim from Europe to Asia just for the fun of it would be thought to be out of his mind.

So they are around just as playmates and in a sort of consultant capacity.

But they still have their problems.

There are a lot of people, for instance, who think that

otters shouldn't live in hotels, and the first people who think this are the hotel-keepers in the West End of London.

When Margaret Mary first flew over from New York with them, a lot of hotel doors were shut in these whiskered little faces before the Westbury, one of London's newest and most luxurious hotels, run on American lines, relented and let them in.

Then off she went to Biarritz to swim the Bay of Bis-

"Isn't that absurd?" said Margaret Mary. "From New York, an American airline gave us seats and safety-belts for them."

Felt awful

But there were other troubles, too, because in Europe Cola had picked up some mysterious ailment — from which he has now recovered.

But when I called on them, back in the Westbury, he was lying on his back in

Though Cola was prostrate and in no mood for Press interviews, his girlfriend Pepsi came bustling out with that slinky, rippling movement like a fast, furry caterpillar, as liquid as the water otters love.

She gnawed my ankle tentatively, flung ice blocks round the room, and chased them like a kitten, and stepped on Cola, who protested with a snarling yelp.

"They're very strong already," said Margaret Mary, busily handing out

them in Bermuda," Margaret Mary said.

"Not a heated one, of course, because otters don't like hot water. This will be a cooled one, glass-enclosed and air-conditioned, with mobile equipment built on the bottom so they can play and get exercise.

"They're appearing in an N.B.C. spectacular on television when we get back—

waters of Bermuda are all the more tempting to settle in.

"Paradise"

"I'm very fond of porpoises, too," she explained, "and I hope to have a couple of tame ones there.

"I reckon I'll have a sea lagoon with porpoises in my back garden.

"I hope to breed from the otters, of course, and maybe the porpoises, too.

"I'd like them all to meet some time, just to see what would happen. Nobody ever saw a meeting between a porpoise and an otter.

"But porpoises don't like fresh water and these otters don't like salt, so I don't know if they'll ever be able to get together.

"But I'm lucky — I can get around with both creatures."

Meanwhile, before the ocean paradise is built, Margaret Mary has a pretty full schedule.

She thought it would brighten the Channel trip if she invited Mr. Khrushchev to send a male Russian to swim the Channel with her as a gesture of international sportsmanship.

But Mr. Khrushchev, who is not very well equipped with long-distance swimmers, said it couldn't be done now, but he might manage something next year, so she is pressing on alone.

Not simple

Her later plans take in the Cook Strait, in New Zealand, and probably some long-distance swims in Australia and Japan.

Meanwhile, there is the problem of getting herself around the world with a couple of otters who, let's face it, are not getting any easier to tuck away.

Life is not too simple now, with hotels being that way, but what happens when the otters grow up and start waking up in the middle of the night and pushing the bed around?

For my money, Miss Revell is a sticker. I'd rather stick to porpoises in the back garden.

...and how the "otter half" lives

cay, and the otters went, too.

Quarantine is no problem, because nobody has thought up any rules yet about otters, but there are other travel troubles.

Pepsi and Cola travel (indignantly) in a cage — "but now they know what it's for," said Margaret Mary, "and last time it took me two hours to get them into it."

European hotels were more accommodating than London, but an English-owned airline operating from Biarritz refused to let them in the cabin, and they had to travel by night train to Paris.

the bathroom feeling very terrible indeed.

"But he *did* eat his breakfast," Margaret Mary explained as we went up in the lift. "They had Dover sole for the first time and they just *adored* it."

Yelp

The liftman, though used to Westbury standards of living, turned slightly pale, murmured under his breath "seven-and-six a pound," and looked with a rather glazed eye on the huge plate of raw chopped chicken that was coming up for their elevenses, with a nourishing drink with raw egg on top.

raw chicken, "and they're only three and a half months old.

"Pepsi can shift that sofa right now if she gets in there by the wall and shoves hard.

"But when they're fully grown they'll be twice the size and they'll weigh 35-40lb., and then she'll be able to stand on her hind legs and just push the sofa across the room. I've seen a grown-up otter do just that."

Pepsi, a keen girl, looked pleased at this prospect. Cola looked tired and hid his face under the sofa.

"I'm building a beautiful pool and gymnasium for



CLOSE-UP of Pepsi having a game in a lounge-room.



ALL-TOGETHERNESS: It's Pepsi (left) and Cola (right) on the floor.



MARGARET MARY feeds Pepsi some raw chicken.

→ Japan
Edinburgh

→ London → Paris → Rome
← Dublin ← New York

MODEL on the



MARGRETTE ECKARDT, Australian model of topline international reputation, posed the picture above in Paris to advertise the products of a cosmetics firm.

HELMET HAT (right) wasn't designed for sunburn — or for safety, either. Maggie modelled it in New York. She says nobody overseas ever calls her Margrette.

PINK SILK GOWN, Paris-designed, was used in advertising publicity from Paris to promote silks. Maggie adds a broad necklace. Norman Hartnell first "discovered" Maggie.



MOVE

● One way to see Maggie Eckardt, much-sought-after Australian mannequin, in this busy period after the big dress parades in Paris, is to sit in the studio where she is working.

MAGGIE never knows what hours she will be working, though. For five days during Fashion Week proper she was on the job from 10 o'clock in the morning until five the following morning.

"I feel a wreck," she said cheerfully, looking fresh and relaxed in spite of having had only four hours' sleep a night for days and only snatched snacks between poses. "Maggie" is Margrete Eckardt, 25, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Eckardt, French's Forest, Sydney, who left Australia in 1958 for a modelling career overseas.

"She's a great model," said "Harper's" photographer Tom Kublin in the studio.

Maggie did not even hear, for she was busy carrying out suggestions made to her as she stood with one foot perched on a telephone directory to get that Casually-Bended-Knee look.

"Loosen up! Straighten up! Drop hands! Chin up, no, down a little"—the instructions were shot at her, and Maggie complied patiently.

Back again in the dressing-room, with a hairdresser redoing her hair, she told me about her modelling life.

She is based in Paris, where she has a two-roomed flat and a good-sized kitchen.

By ANNE MATHESON

"I don't get much time for cooking, but occasionally I entertain, and I love going to the open-air market in the next street," she said. "I go with a huge bag."

Maggie is often on the move—it's a bit unsettling, she says. "But I love travel and earn more that way."

This year is typical of her life as a top cover-girl.

Eight months ago she was working in New York. Then she had a short while in Paris, and went to Japan to be photographed among cherry trees and against other traditional backgrounds.

After a few days in Scotland she spent two weeks in London, and after resting in her flat for three weeks went to Italy for another three weeks.

Fashion Week kept her in Paris for the big collections, and she is now modelling Spanish and Italian clothes specially flown to Paris.

Next week she goes to Dublin for three days. "That's going to be fun, for I have Irish blood and I've never been there before," she said.

A trip to Moscow to model Paris fashions against Russian backgrounds for a French magazine is on her books in September, and in October she'll be flying back to New York, where she will stay until she flies home to Sydney at the end of the year.

In between jobs she has also managed to fit in a few days at the French resort Saint Tropez.

"I had a wonderful time there, and got so tanned that photographers were grumbling," Maggie told me.

"I bought some fabulous play-clothes in some of the nicest Paris boutiques, and am looking forward to startling Sydney with them."

Before then, however, she'll be wearing them again on the Riviera at the end of this month.

Maggie was invited to a country estate last week to swim and play tennis—the first time she had been on a court since she left Sydney.

"My feet are covered with blisters, which has not helped during this last five days' non-stop modelling."

Maggie finds New York stimulating—it is efficient and well organised, and editors and photographers are very professional, she says.

But she finds there is more "atmosphere" in Paris.

"Japan was fabulous, and I am longing to go back," she added. She brought back six magnificent kimonos.

"But I find the sleeves a nuisance when I wash up."

She is very excited about the Moscow trip. "Trips like that are compensation for hard work."

Pictures by Tom Kublin

IN MADRID for the Spanish collections, Maggie shows a magnificently draped heavy silk cloak, reminiscent of the bullfighters.



CASUAL COAT (Paris). Maggie says she has to be so versatile in her work that her mother sometimes fails to recognise her in the fashion pictures.



If you're not on the RIGHT side, remember

Being 40 has its BRIGHT side

● I was 40 this year, and it came as a nasty shock, I must say. It seemed to me I had just got used to being 30 . . . then, whammy!

"NEXT stop, 50," I said, staring at my sad little face in the mirror. "Gee, you're old."

"Look at those silver hairs. Yes, I know there aren't many, but they're there. And the lines round the eyes."

"You can call them laughter lines, but crow's feet are what you've got, my girl, so let's face it."

"I'm fair, fat, and 40," I moaned to my lunch date. He was a man of fifty, witty, and kind, and fascinating company. Not handsome, but somehow I'm not attracted to handsome men any more.

"You're not fair, you're not fat, and you're a day older than you were yesterday," he said.

"Middle-aged!" I keened. "Middle-age is a state of mind," he said. "I've met middle-aged women of 22."

"I should never have asked you to lunch on your birthday," he added resignedly. "I should have known I'd cop the lot. Why don't you look on the bright side of forty?"

I said the bright side of 40 was 39, and it wasn't as bright as all that.

However, I was inspired to ask myself if there was a bright side of 40.

And heavens to Betsy, there is — once you clear away the undergrowth of preconceived ideas.

The first bit of undergrowth you must hack away is the notion that men are only attracted by youth.

Sugar-daddy

The average man of 40 may be attracted by young girls, but he's scared of them.

There are men who like young girls, but they're usually trying to prove something, and we know what bores they can be.

The older man who chases after a young girl is a stock figure of fun.

He likes to think he's an irresistible devil, but the world sees a sugar-daddy.

Nice young girls, he learns to his cost, usually prefer nice young men.

The other kind . . . Well, as anyone who has picked up a paper during the past three months must know, the other kind can get you into an awful lot of bother.

The truly mature man

usually prefers the company of a woman of his own age. Preferably an attractive woman.

And in this field, let's face it, the competition isn't half as tough as it was in your twenties.

In the twenties, everyone you know is as fresh and pretty as a flower (curses!), but there aren't that many good-looking women of 40 available.

Too many of them have "let themselves go."

You don't need to be a raving beauty at 40, but if you have kept your figure and know what to wear (and if you don't know what suits you then, you never will) you're in.

It helps if you've looked after your skin and hair, but it's more important that your face isn't marked by dullness and discontent.

Another nice thing about the fabulous forties is this: the men you know are richer.

By
DEBORAH DYSON

When I was 18, my idea of a big spender was the boy who took me to the movies and later plied me with coffee and toasted raisin bread.

Now I eat up big at the best restaurants in town, without a single guilty glance at the price list.

He — or his expense account — can afford to indulge me, from oysters to imported camembert.

Once I would wonder why this noble fellow was spending so much on me. Tossing his money away like water. Was I worth it?

Now I know darn well I am. I am entertaining, stimulating, understanding — lord knows I've worked at it long enough.

I won't go as far as Sophie Tucker and say that life begins at 40.

But I will fight to the death any woman who says it ends there.

I know women who think they're on the shelf at 25 — they see these figures as a brick wall across the path leading to love and marriage.

The woman who thinks so has a second-rate mind.

You can love, you can marry at any age. Snap your fingers at those statistics — you're not a statistic, you're a person.

Women who think they are too old to interest men always amaze me.

They forget that men grow older, too — and that a man who's five to ten years older than you will always think of you as a mere girl.

Does the idea of a 50-year-old suitor appal you?

I must admit that I, even as late as my late thirties, thought that 50 was somewhat excessive for a beau.

But as I came to meet more older men, I realised I'd been stubbing my toes on another preconceived idea.

I found that while some men were old at 50, others had the vitality and enthusiasm of much younger men — but I had more in common with them than I'd ever had with men younger than myself.

Such a relief, to be able to admit freely that I'd been around in World War II.

Another nice thing about owning 40 eventful summers — and a few hard winters along the way — is this: you don't make the same terrible mistakes you did when you were young.

You have developed an instinct to avoid the exploiters, the liars, the cheats.

(An older man's character is written more clearly on his face.)

And if you still get hurt — well, you've been there before and you can handle it.

Your relationship with men is more relaxed, too.

Divorced, widowed, or still unmarried, you haven't got that driving urge to find Mr. Right any more.

If he comes along, goody! — but the nesting instinct isn't pushing you into marriage.

Instead of looking for potential husbands, you're really looking for friends.

And the men-friends you have you keep.

So don't let your fortieth birthday hang like a millstone round your neck.

Spring has gone for ever, but so have the years of uncertainty and heartbreak. Now you have reached full Summer, and Summer is a time of roses.

Ita Buttrose's

SOCIAL

CONGRATULATIONS are pouring in for fair-haired Kay Mainwaring and Graham Fairfax, who have announced their engagement. They haven't made any definite wedding plans yet, but it will probably be early in the New Year.

Kay is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Mainwaring, of Vaucluse, and her fiancé is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Fairfax, of Bellevue Hill.

Kay's engagement ring, which was flown specially to Thredbo, where the couple have been holidaying with friends for the past two weeks, is a beautiful dark blue sapphire — which was a gift from Graham's mother — set between two diamonds.

TWO young cousins, Katrina and Penelope Mack, were christened recently in the more-than-century-old dining-room at "Pallal," Bingara. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. C. Grieve, who used to hold family services in the dining-room 50 years ago. Katrina is the second child of Mr. and Mrs. Austin Mack, of "Pallal," and Penelope is the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brian Mack, of "Latton Hoo," Bingara. The babies' grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Mack, gave a small reception afterwards at "Latton Hoo."

SUE BOOKALLIL, of Dover Heights, will be guest of honor at a pre-wedding party which her aunt Mrs. Len Puzey will give at her Drummoyne home on August 24. Sue will marry Peter McAuley, of Pagewood, at St. Therese's Church, Dover Heights, on September 14.

A DELICIOUS smorgasbord lunch will be served outdoors to competitors and spectators at The Hordern Cup one-day event which will be held at "Willow Park," Wilberforce, on September 14 to aid the Australian Equestrian Federation. The cup was presented by the late Sam Hordern for junior riders under 18 taking part in an event similar to the Olympic trials. There will also be a special event for adults. Competitors will include Mrs. John Amory, of Hunter's Hill, and her son Jonathan, and Mrs. Alistair Denn, of Castle Hill, and her daughter Jane.

MRS. JOHN WATSON is spending most of her spare time in antique shops looking for furniture for her new home to be built at Castle Hill. Designed by Morton Herman, the house will be set among gum trees and will be completely built in timber on traditional Australian homestead lines. Mrs. Watson is thrilled with a creek that runs through the five-acre property and plans to plant willows on either bank. A feature of the home will be a guest-house linked to the main premises by a covered archway. The Watsons hope to move in by Christmas.



PRETTY Gai Willis, of Vaucluse, will give a cocktail party at her home on September 4 for Robyn Stilling, of Woolahra, and John Dangar, of "Akoonah," Armidale, who will marry at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, on September 10. Five days after the wedding Gai will sail in the Stratheden with Kathy Anderson, of Toorak, Victoria, for an indefinite stay in England and the Continent.

THERE'LL be special champagne toasts for Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Lennon when they celebrate their 30th wedding anniversary at the Forget-Me-Not Committee's ship-board dinner party in Changsha on September 20. Mrs. Lennon, who is president of the committee — a position which she has held for the past ten years — will welcome the Consul-General for Japan, Mr. Nishi Sato, who will be guest of honor.

PLANS for a wedding in Melbourne toward the end of the year are being made by recently engaged Caroline Bell and Harold Spittle. Afterwards they'll settle on a property in New South Wales — "location unknown" — as Harold, who's living in Bowral, is at present looking for one. Caroline, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Bell, of "Mundatta," Barnawatha, Victoria, and Harold, son of Mr. J. Stanley Spittle, of Toorak, Victoria, and of the late Mrs. Spittle, first met in the show ring. They're both constant competitors in riding events at the Royal Melbourne and Royal Sydney Shows.

HOLIDAYING in a white stone villa with an indoor courtyard will be a highlight of Mr. and Mrs. Eligio Castaldi's trip to Malta. They will leave on September 30, and after visiting Mr. Castaldi's cousins, Count and Countess John Chapelle, will move into their villa, which overlooks the sea at Sliema. From Malta they'll go to Italy and Paris to spend Christmas with their son Dr. Peter Castaldi. While they are away their recently wed youngest son, Paul, and his wife, Judy, will stay at their home in Sydney.



ABOVE, Miss Rosemary Barnes and Mr. Robert Chard, who have announced their engagement. Miss Barnes is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Barnes, of Oundle, Northamptonshire, England. Her fiancé is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Chard, of Pymble. They will marry next year.

AT LEFT, Dr. and Mrs. Colin Fisher, who were among guests at the Royal North Shore Hospital Medical Association's annual dinner dance at the Wentworth Hotel. The president of the association, Dr. Louis Loewenthal, and Mrs. Loewenthal welcomed more than 250 guests.

ROUNDAABOUT



BUFFET LUNCH. Mrs. Donald McCulla (from left), Mrs. Des O'Shea, and Mrs. Hanne Fairfax at the luncheon and hat parade which the Golden Years Committee gave at Mrs. Fairfax's lovely home at Bellevue Hill. Mrs. O'Shea, who is president of the committee, welcomed more than one hundred and twenty guests to the function. Proceeds of the lunch will aid the Old People's Welfare Council of New South Wales.



AT RECEPTION. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Scott, who were among guests at the opening of "The Golden Age of France" exhibition at Bishopscourt, Darling Point. Sir John Northcott officially opened the exhibition, which was arranged by the Cornucopia Committee to aid the Children's Medical Research Foundation. The committee president, Mrs. I. A. Listean, welcomed more than two hundred guests.



ABOVE. Visiting English interior designer the Hon. John Siddeley with Mrs. Lennox Bode and Miss Sheila Scotter (right) at the cocktail party which Miss Scotter gave for sixty guests at her Point Piper flat. Mr. Siddeley was guest of honor at the party.



AT LEFT. Mrs. Geoffrey Joy (left) with Mr. and Mrs. Alastair Urquhart at the Combined Music Clubs' concert, which was held at the Lane Cove Town Hall to mark the official opening of the North Side Arts Festival by the Governor, Sir Eric Woodward. After the concert the Mayor of Lane Cove, Alderman R. J. Brickhill, gave a reception at the Town Hall Council Chambers.

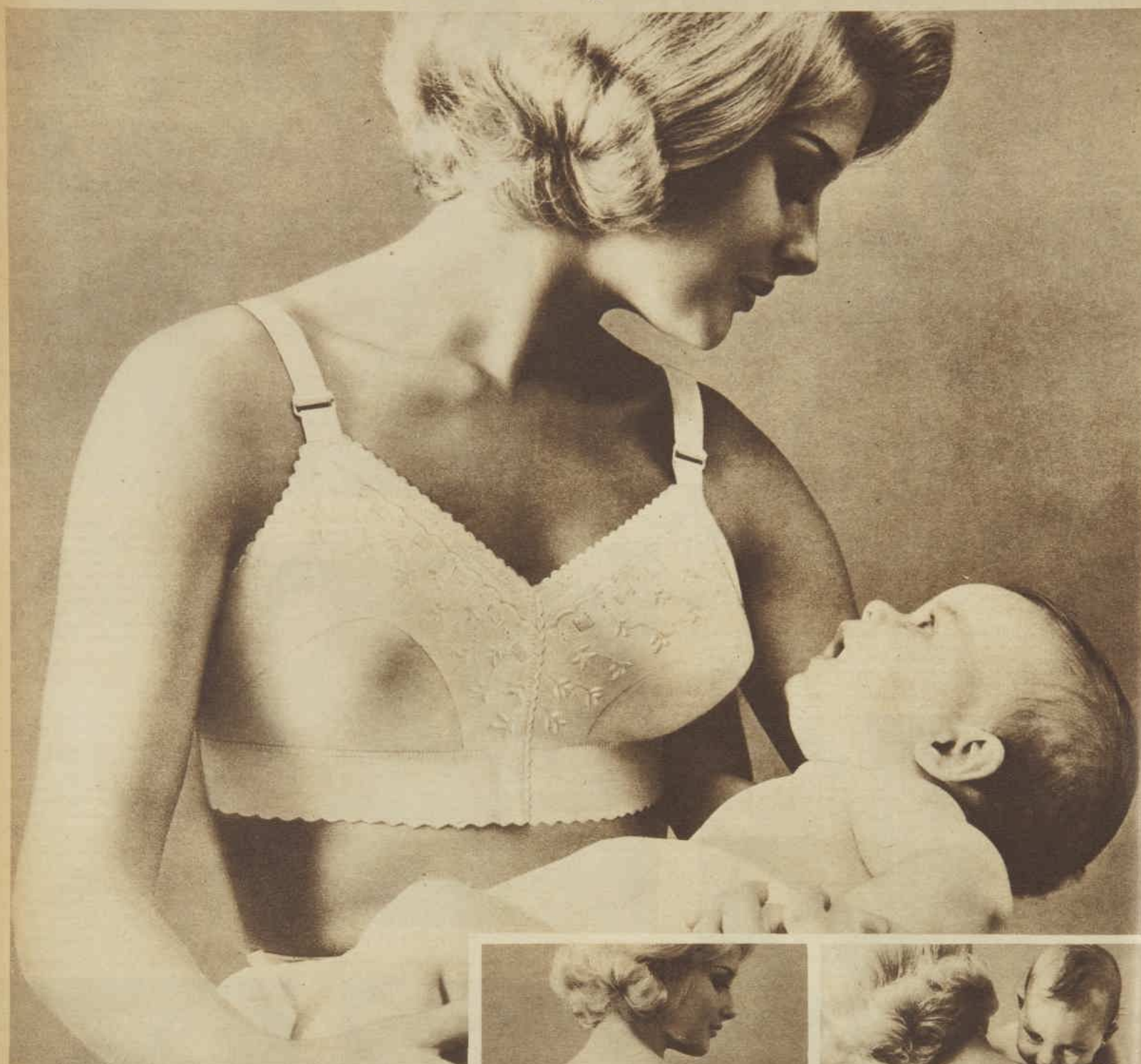


CELEBRATION. Mr. John Lance, of Elizabeth Bay, and Miss Sandra Gidley-King, who celebrated the announcement of their engagement at dinner at Nanook Restaurant, Edgecliff. Miss Gidley-King is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Gidley-King, of Woollahra.



SYDNEY PREMIERE. Miss Elizabeth Bruce and Mr. Paul Menzies, who were among firstnighters at "An Evening With Joyce Grenfell" at the Theatre Royal. The Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle, and his daughters the Hon. Catherine Sidney and the Hon. Anne Sidney were among members of the audience.

Vive la différence... the perfect maternity bra!

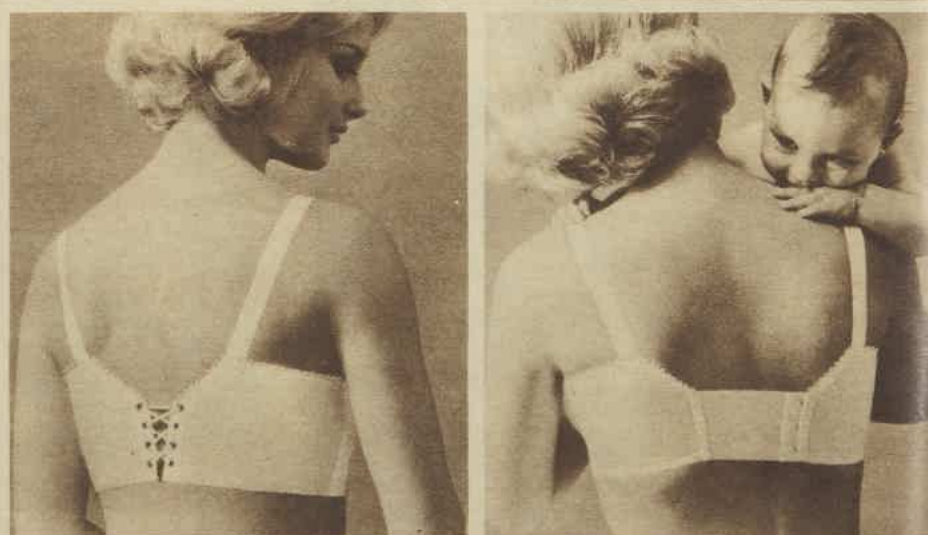


only BERLEI* gives
you the choice of
laced or elastic back

*HOSPITAL APPROVED

Berlei
MATERNITY BRAS

"BECAUSE YOU'RE ALL WOMAN!"



Look glamorous, feel glamorous in the new hospital approved Berlei Maternity bra! It's the bra with fashion styling that makes you beautiful before and after. Only Berlei gives the choice of a laced back, or the new elastic back (on the same principle as your ordinary bra)—both fully adjustable for a firm fit always. Berlei gives you all the support and comfort you need... plus a lovely, lovely line! Doctors, matrons, nurses—all recommend Berlei bras because they're the best available. Boil or machine wash... 34/6.



BEHIND MARY POPPINS



THE DRAWINGS are from the latest book about Mary Poppins, the nursemaid (Mary Shepard is the artist). AT RIGHT: The author of the books, who signs herself P. L. Travers. A black-and-white photograph doesn't do justice to her pink-and-white skin, her bright blue eyes, and her salt-and-peppered copper-colored hair.

NEXT WEEK:

How to be a healthy woman

The good health and bright outlook on life of the housewife and mother are vital to the health and happiness of the whole family.

To carry out her role effectively a woman must keep herself as healthy as possible.

Next issue's 24-page lift-out medical book—"How To Be a Healthy Woman"—is designed to help her in this task.

Each of the 23 articles has been contributed by a member of the Australian Medical Association who is an expert in the field he discusses.

● Sumner Locke Elliott serial—part 2

Continuing "Careful, He Might Hear You," the unforgettable first novel by the famous Australian-born writer.

The story, of the struggle by aunts for their dead sister's six-year-old son, has been hailed by literary critics overseas and will be filmed.

● The zest of lemons

Add a little lemon and you introduce a lot of fresh, wonderful flavor to both sweet and savory dishes.

In a special cookery feature next week are 19 tangy recipes, using lemons, from our Leila Howard Test Kitchen.

● More Butterick and Vogue patterns

Here is another selection of patterns in color from the world's two leading services. There are fashions for all occasions and for all figure proportions.

● The Australian who wrote the now classic children's books about the English nursemaid Mary Poppins was interviewed when she flew in to Sydney for a short visit to her family.

By SHEILA SIBLEY

MARY POPPINS' creator refers to herself simply and firmly as P. L. Travers. Pamela Lyndon Travers, if one insists.

The initials leave her, she says, in a web of anonymity. "I believe that writers should be anonymous, because it's what's written that matters—the writer himself is of very little consequence."

On the contrary (I suggested), a writer needed to be of considerable consequence before he or she could withhold all personal details from the admiring public. Hadn't she had trouble with the American Press?

"Initially," said Pamela Lyndon Travers superbly, "but I gradually trained them."

She is probably the only writer to break off a TV interview half-way through (this happened in New York) because the interviewer didn't know who Mary Poppins was.

"I found myself having to sell Mary Poppins on the spot, which was terrible," she said. "So I wrote a note—it said, 'I do not care to continue this interview'—and passed it to him."

He was rather agitated, one gathers, because he had another quarter-hour to fill.

In case you, too, are lamentably ignorant of Mary Poppins, she is, roughly speaking, a fairy. "I hope you do not think of all fairies as fluffy, gauzy little things," said P. L. Travers with a flash of compelling blue eyes.

Mary Poppins looks like a Nanny. To parental eyes she acts like a Nanny. She is cross, conceited, domineering—and adored, because with Mary Poppins around, things happen.

There are very few shocks

in literature like the one when the prim, forbidding Nanny we have just met slides UP the bannisters in the wake of the innocent lady who has just engaged her.

Mary Poppins has never been known to say one loving word, but she can furnish a room with what she takes out of an empty carpet bag, she flies, open umbrella in hand, before the wind, she knows what animals are saying (and will take no cheek from them), and she walks freely into chalk pictures drawn on the pavement.

In some ways she is a forbidding character.

"She never minimises

things to children," P. L. Travers says. "She always urges them to grasp the nettle. When children ask her if they are going to live happily ever after, she is liable to answer flatly, 'It all depends on you.'"

There have been five Mary Poppins books since 1934, and they have all enjoyed a fantastic sale the world over.

Walt Disney is to make a film about Mary Poppins, who will reach the screen by Christmas, 1964, in the person of Julie Andrews.

What does P. L. Travers think of this? "Mr. Disney has been anxious to go my way as much as possible," she said. "I think he truly loves the books and feels that he can make a triumphant movie."

"He has kept as close to it as—how can I put this without hurting his feelings?—as he is able."

"I very much approve of his choice of Julie Andrews for the part."

Also starring with the Dis-

ney Mary Poppins will be Dick Van Dyke, as her Cockney boy-friend, and a predominantly English cast, including David Tomlinson, Glynis Johns, Hermione Baddeley, Elsa Lanchester, and Arthur Treacher.

Miss Travers (she will agree to "Miss" Travers if pressed, though I noticed she was wearing a wedding ring) was in Sydney visiting her two sisters ("No, I won't give you their names, they wouldn't care for publicity") on her way to Japan.

She hadn't seen them since she left Australia at the age of 20.

The only extractable personal facts on her are: she

spent her childhood in Queensland and has worked as a journalist in Australia. Where? "Oh, I contributed to all kinds of publications."

Did she write about Mary Poppins for one particular child?

"No. Not for any particular child OR adult. Whom does a creative writer write for? Now then," she said in her best Mary Poppins manner, "answer me!"

"For themselves," I said guiltily. Luckily it was the right answer.

"Of course. Do you think that Beatrix Potter wrote for children? No such thing. She is my great heroine."

"Her books—'Peter Rabbit' and the rest—are charming, but she was no charmer herself. She was a most ferocious lady. I think there is a lot of her in Mary Poppins."

"I kick myself I didn't know she was still alive as late as 1943. I would have gone to Cumberland and knelt outside her cottage. She would have called the police

and had me removed, no doubt—she was not at all affable to her fans."

The fans to whom P. L. Travers herself is most affable are little boys.

"I like little girls, too, but little boys are more direct. I treasure one particular letter from a small boy. You see, in my third book Mary Poppins goes away for good—the things that happen in the next two books take place before that. This boy wrote:

"'Madum'—he spelt it 'Madum'—'you should not have done this. You have made the children cry.'"

"I felt it was a tribute. I answered him, 'I'm not surprised, I cried all over my typewriter.'"

Like Beatrix Potter, P. L. Travers believes that a child's reach should be farther than its grasp, which is why she never hesitates to throw in the occasional complicated word.

"Children love big words, even if they don't always understand them. If they're only given words they can understand, they'll grow up as two-syllable adults, and there are too many of those already."

"Children's books these days, to my mind, are too representational—they are concentrating on the realities, neglecting the world of imagination."

"Imagination is the most essential part of anybody's equipment—that's why I believe there should be more fairytales." She smiled, and her smile was enchanting.

"There are many kinds of fairies."

Including Mary Poppins. J. M. Barrie wrote in "Peter Pan" that a fairy dies every time you say you don't believe in fairies. I don't think Mary Poppins would die. I think she would come and hit you on the head with her famous umbrella with the parrot handle.

NURSEMAID WHO SLID UP THE BANNISTERS

The world's finest tobacco
is at your fingertips



THE ONLY
VIRGINIA
KING SIZE
PLAIN

The A.B.C. went ghost-hunting

By WINIFRED MUNDAY

● A.B.C. producers and composer John Gordon went ghost-hunting in Campbelltown, N.S.W., for their television production of Gordon's opera "Fisher's Ghost."

THERE are many different stories about the ghost of Fred Fisher, a ticket-of-leave man who was murdered in 1826, and producer Bob Allnutt hoped to catch a glimpse of the famous apparition—or meet someone who had.

Perhaps it wasn't the haunting season, because they had no luck.

Undeterred, Channel 2 is videotaping the opera, which will be seen in all States (September 22 in Sydney).

I went to one rehearsal and for the first time regretted that we have no color television in Australia.

Jack Montgomery, who designed the sets, has done a wonderful job. His ghost gum trees are silver-grey and eerie blue, so are the split-rail fences, and the ghost (played by Donald Philips) is really something to see.

The make-up department has given him a luminous, sickly-green face and hands, grey frosted hair, and an ugly mass of congealed blood down one side of his face. (Fisher's murderer, one George Worrall, bashed him to death.)

The "blood," I discovered later, was a mixture of petroleum jelly and lipstick!

Why the green make-up? A coat of luminous green paint helped to give a transparent appearance.

QUADS AS MODELS

THE Sara quads, who were 13 years old last weekend, will earn their first "professional" pay next week when they receive full modelling fees to appear in teenage fashion parades at Farmer's. The fashions will include some of the clothes they modelled for Teenagers' Weekly in our August 7 issue.

The parades will take place at 11.30 a.m., 12.30, 1.30 p.m. on August 26 and 27 in the Youth Centre, 4th floor.

Tired?

Your Blood Needs IRON for energy

Restore natural vitality. Wake up your system with a regular supply of minerals and vitamins. DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS combine blood-building elements in a proven formula that has helped thousands. Start on a course now. Say "goodbye" to that tired, listless feeling. DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS, reinforced with Vitamin B, supply the iron and mineral your run-down system needs. At all chemists and stores. DRW11.21

"Fisher's Ghost" has been performed in public only once before, at Sydney University Teachers' College, where John Gordon lectures in music. He has completely revised the opera for television.

Sydney policeman John Brosnan plays (of all things!) the murderer, George Worrall. New Zealand schoolteacher Edmund Bohan plays John Hurley, the man who sees the ghost of Fred Fisher and leads the police to discover the body; and Ereach Riley is Birdlime, the pickpocket.

The musical soundtrack

at this woman's-eye view of the "superior sex."

Made in England by an all-woman team (except the technicians, and one felt they were there under duress), the programme set out to show that men, poor dears, are suffering from "arrested development," that women are more efficient, stronger, less vain, and generally much nicer all round.

It would be interesting to see a similar programme called "The Trouble With Women." It's only fair to let all those poor, despised, down-trodden men have their say.

Television

was recorded several weeks ago with the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, with George Humphrey, the opera's musical director, conducting.

The sound had to be completed in advance because there was not enough room in the studio to take the whole orchestra, and off-stage noise could come through on an actual live televising with chorus, orchestra, and principal singers.

So the actors mime to their own voices.

Watching from the control box I thought this Australian production was a pretty good effort. The theme and the settings are familiar, so is the language of the singing, and the diction is clear and easily followed.

If the A.B.C. hopes to capture larger TV opera audiences, I think productions like "Fisher's Ghost" are the way to do it.

FOR the first time in many weeks I gave TV away for a weekend and went off to the country.

Of course it happened to be one of those weekends when at least three "must" programmes were on. Colleague Patricia Kent stood in for me, and here are her comments:

The backward sex

CHANNEL 2's "The Trouble With Men" was billed as "unsuitable for men over the age of 21" — and that was the understatement of the year.

It was a sophisticated, witty, and malicious programme, but the gentleman who watched it with me turned a fine shade of purple

A FRUSTRATED medico from way back, I was delighted to see yet another head-shrinker programme.

REVIEWS OF NEW FILMS

With WINIFRED MUNDAY

★★★ NON UCCIDERE

This is a propaganda film for pacifism, with the case very convincingly presented. Lawrence Terzieff, a young national serviceman, refuses to don a uniform or use a gun. For this he is gaoled for two years. While waiting in prison he meets a German Catholic priest awaiting trial for killing a French Underground worker in 1944. He is freed on the grounds that he was obeying orders. The film is full of bitter irony. A magnificent performance comes from Suzanne Flon as the national serviceman's mother. — Palace, Sydney.

In a word . . . POIGNANT.

★★ LULU

This German film is an artistic experiment which succeeds only in part. Nadja Tiller, as "Lulu," is an orphan who marries a succession of wealthy men, then drives each to suicide or death by her promiscuity. Strong performances come from O. E. Hasse and Hildegarde Neff. Camera work is unusual and evocative. English sub-titles. (P.K.) — Savoy, Sydney.

In a word . . . INTERESTING.

★★ BARABBAS

This biblical epic has all the ingredients of its predecessors—Romans, persecuted Christians, slaves, and gladiators—but it's a cut above some. Anthony Quinn is Barabbas, the robber who was freed from crucifixion in place of Christ and is

"The Human Jungle" (TCN9, Saturday, 8.30 p.m.).

I must say, though, that "The Human Jungle," starring Czech actor Herbert

haunted by it throughout his life. Silvana Mangano is Rachel, and Harry Andrews is the Christian slave who finally makes Barabbas accept and die for the faith. — Barclay, Sydney.

In a word . . . SPECTACULAR.

★★ TAMMY AND THE DOCTOR

Sandra Dee returns as the bright, unsophisticated little miss Tammy in this appealing light comedy. Tammy's dear and only companion, an elderly rich woman, faces a serious heart operation, so Tammy joins the hospital staff to become "just what the doctor ordered."

Although she manages to topsy-turvy the hospital routine, Tammy falls in love with a handsome intern, plays Cupid to a surgeon and his nurse, and matches her elderly friend with another lonely patient. (K.Y.) — Lyceum, Sydney.

In a word . . . ALIVE.

★★ LOVE IS A BALL

A mad, colorful romp on the Riviera by Messrs. Glenn Ford and Charles Boyer, who are grooming Ricardo Montalban (a poor, penniless Count) for marriage to an heiress (Hope Lange). Telly Savalas is very funny as the heiress' uncle who plots to get his niece married off. The film is luxuriously mounted with gorgeous clothes, villas, racing cars, and scenery. Lovely escapist stuff. — Regent, Sydney.

In a word . . . LUXURIOUS.



"FISHER'S GHOST" appears to John Hurley (Edmund Bohan, left). Donald Philips plays the role of the murdered man, Fred Fisher, in the Channel 2 opera production to be screened on September 22.

Lom, was about as savage and untamed as my Aunt Martha's conservatory. And the amount of psychiatry in the first episode, "A Friend of the Sergeant-Major," wasn't nearly enough to satisfy my ghoulish instincts.

Dr. Corder was conned (literally) into appearing as an expert witness in a court-martial. He refused to state positively that an officer was a paranoiac without giving him a full examination, and that, as far as psychiatry was concerned, was that.

However, Mr. Lom has a nice, kind face—a sort of Czech Charles Boyer—and I have the feeling that he will

develop a bedside manner as the series progresses.

Perhaps TV doctors, like TV diners, take a while to digest.

CHANNEL 9 has scored an undoubted winner with the new Sunday-night documentary series, "Perspective on Greatness," screened at 10 p.m.

The premiere, "The World I See," was the poignant and moving story of Helen Keller.

If the rest of the series lives up to the promise of the first episode, I'll gladly forgo my regular early-to-bed Sunday night.

NEW Carnation Magic Crystals

burst instantly into fresh flavor skim milk for less than 6d. a pint

Dissolves instantly—completely—in cold water

FOR COOKING DRINKING OR WHIPPING TRY IT TODAY!



GOOD LUCK FOR YOU, TOO? LUCKY TROLLS

The Little People of Scandinavian Folklore whom the Legend says have the Magic Power to tell the future and MAKE PEOPLE RICH. These enchanting Lovable Characters are made to last a lifetime. Miniature 37/6 Large (8 1/2" high) 57/6

Available leading stores or write MARGINAL MARKETING GROUP (AUST.) 22 City Road, BROADWAY, SYDNEY.



Tommy Hanlon

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought For The Week

Momma once said: Sometimes I think it's a shame that some teenagers get married so young in life. They really don't give themselves time to look around or have a good time or see some of the world. Before they know it, they're married, have a child, and, as you probably know, once you have a child you're tied down a bit. So then she says they never go anywhere any more. There's a fight, they split up — and you have more unhappy people in the world. And the money problem is something again. A lot of times the boy doesn't have a good job, and you know what a money problem can do to a marriage. I guess they figure they can live on love. This almost happened to my sister once. But, as Momma said to her . . .

Momma's moral: The only people who can live on love are the fellows who own drive-in movies.

DID YOU KNOW?

FILM actor James Stewart is considering his first TV series — one about the U.S. Air Force Academy. Stewart, who fought as a pilot in World War II, is a brigadier-general in the Air Force Reserve. Although he has consistently declined TV offers in the past, the producers of the series believe that as a booster for the Air Force he will accept their proposal.

THE girl that "My Three Sons" will get next season is to be Meredith MacRae, daughter of Gordon and Sheila MacRae. Meredith, who is 19, is getting her first important TV role with the Fred MacMurray series and will play the fiancée of the oldest of the three sons, Tim Considine.

PRODUCERS of another military series, "The Lieutenant," are having difficulty finding actors for it. Since the series depicts the U.S. Marines, the actors have to have a regulation haircut — about a quarter of an inch from the scalp. And actors generally like to wear their hair long, ready for any role offered.

NEW YORK'S educational-television outlet is presenting the American Red Cross Home Nursing course in 10 easy lessons, once weekly for 10 weeks.

A TELEVISION version of the musical "Brigadoon" is being prepared by the American Broadcasting Company, with Robert Goulet as star.

VETERAN actress Ethel Gabriel, specially flown over from Sydney to star in Lynne Reid Banks' play "The Wednesday Caller" on British A.B.C., is not resting on her laurels. Before the play was shown she was re-

Television

hearsing for a new children's series to be shown in England later this year.

The story, with a science-fiction background, is in seven episodes, with the intriguing title of "Emerald Soup." It is about some children whose parents are working on research into radioactive seaweed which attracts the attention of various international crooks.

BUDDY EBSEN, co-star of the popular "Beverly Hillbillies," has signed a contract with M.G.M. to star in a movie when the TV series ends its current run. "They are going to call it 'The Wranglers,'" Ebsen said, "I only hope I will be able to wrangle my way into the filming schedule."

KATHY KEEGAN, appearing on U.S. television in "Talent Scouts," is one of the contenders for the job of dubbing the singing sections of Audrey Hepburn's part in the filmed version of "My Fair Lady."

CAROL BURNETT will do the musical "Once Upon a Mattress"—which she played off Broadway and on—as a television special. She's now at work on a TV version of "Colonial Jane," as the first project in her million-dollar contract with C.B.S.

"Sick comedian" Shelley Berman is doing an hour for next season's psychiatric series "The Breaking Point," as a "disturbed" salesman.

"HALL OF FAME" producer George Shaefer wants to do Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra" and repeat the show's earlier presentation of "The Tempest." Richard Burton plays Caliban in "The Tempest," and Shaefer wants Christopher Plummer to play Antony.

ONLY
6/6

Join the happy throng of Australian housewives who have fallen in love with Mr. Sheen. They love Mr. Sheen because he's the quickest, handiest helper they've ever had in the house. Mr. Sheen makes cleaning, waxing and polishing just as easy as dusting. Simply spray on Mr. Sheen and then wipe over for a mirror shine.

Everyone knows how wonderful Mr. Sheen is with furniture, but you should see him with venetian blinds, refrigerators, washing machines and almost everything you clean. Mr. Sheen gets them gleaming as they've never gleamed before.

**to the furniture you clean
wax & polish as you dust
with Mr. Sheen"**



LEADING the cast of ABC-TV's new comedy, song, and dance variety series are (above, from left) Bill Newman, Tiki Taylor, and Johnny Ladd. Below: Singers Phil Lanham and Joan Clarke (at left) watch as choreographer-dancer Kevan Johnston and Jillian Hough rehearse a dance segment.

REVUSICAL

● "Between Ourselves," a bright new half-hour series coming from ABV2 Melbourne, breaks away from normal variety pattern. It has no compere, no leads. It's a team effort.

ITS creator, comedian-actor Johnny Ladd, calls it a "revusical" and it's as good a name as any for a format which combines a cast of seven in comedy, song, and dance — with the accent on the comedy.

Besides Johnny himself, there is pixie-faced comedienne-singer-dancer Tiki Taylor, singers Bill Newman, Joan Clarke, and Phil Lanham, and dancers Kevan Johnston and Jillian Hough.

All well-known solo artists in their own fields, the members of the cast fall into fairly natural groupings — Johnny and Tiki for comedy, Bill, Joan, and Phil for singing, and Kevan and Jillian for dancing.

Johnny and Tiki have worked together before, first in the J. C. Williamson production "Grab Me a Gondola" in 1959 and then in "The Bobby Limb Show" on TV.

Johnny has a well-deserved reputation both as a writer and as a performer on TV. He is best known to ABC-TV audiences for his two previous variety shows, the two "Take Three" series, in which he starred with Sheila Bradley and Bill French.

Three nights a week Johnny takes part in comedy sketches on GTV9's "In Melbourne Tonight" and is seen, as well, in "The Best of Kennedy" in other States.

Tiki has been out of the TV limelight

for more than two and a half years, in which time she has had two children, Paul, who is two, and Mark, eight months.

It's a happy coincidence that tall, good-looking Bill Newman also happens to be Tiki's brother-in-law (her husband is advertising executive John Newman) and, during his weekly dashes from Sydney to Melbourne to tape the show, Bill can make their South Yarra home his headquarters.

Bill, who is making his first regular appearances in a Melbourne TV production, appeared in the Sydney-produced "Sing-along" on Channel 9 last year after his return from overseas.

He has his hands full these days. Besides "Between Ourselves," he has a weekly radio show for the A.B.C. called "Bill Newman Sings," which now goes all over Australia.

He and his wife, singer Eunice Bevege, have three daughters, Jennifer (7), Deborah (4), and Lynne (2).

"Between Ourselves" is being directed by Fred Maxian. The augmented A.B.C. Dance Band provides the music.

—Margaret Berkeley

"Between Ourselves" is seen on Channel 2, Melbourne, Thursdays at 8 p.m. ABC-TV has not yet decided when the 13-week series will begin in other States.



Careful, He Might Hear You



Opening instalment of our new serial—an unforgettable story

By **SUMNER LOCKE ELLIOTT**

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

"P.S.," they said.
And "Vanessa."
Or sometimes "Ness."
P.S. P.S. P.S. P.S. Ness. Ness. Ness.

It sounded through his half sleep like surreptitious mice foraging through tissue paper. It was as mysterious as the lateness of the hour — after nine o'clock — and only as far away as the kitchen door, ajar so as to hear him if he should call to them or have a nightmare.

He turned in bed, listening to the whispering undertones. Now and then a voice would catch on fire and break adrift from the murmuring, but always with the same word, Vanessa, said sharply like hitting a brass gong at dead of night, and then someone would say, "Shhh, was that him?" And tiptoeing would startle the old floorboards while a shadow grew larger on his wall; bent to hear if he was stirring and so, annoyed with their secrets, he would feign sleep until whoever it was retreated to the kitchen and the whispering hissed up again.

They were talking secrets to Mrs. Grindel from next door. He had heard the front gate squeak and her loud voice quickly shushed; then something about scones.

After that had come the familiar summer night sounds of the opening and closing of the ice-chest and the fizzing of ginger-beer bottles being opened by his uncle, George. He had been about to call out that the pillow was hot, and perhaps be given a tin mug of cool ginger beer, when the Vanessas had started. It was a brand-new word and it must be a terrible one, because, when they said it in front of him, they often looked down quickly to see if he had heard, then warningly at each other, winked and shook their heads just a little, which meant "not in front of you-know-who" and then began the spelling out of simple words.

Vanessa had something to do with the Letter. They were always talking now about the Letter and taking it out of the dresser

drawer. It seemed to him a long time since "Postie" had brought the Letter. They had heard the whistle one scorching morning just before Christmas, and Lila, looking as damp as one of her own wet mops, had appeared out of a cloud of steam from the laundry and said, "Go and see what Postie has brought, P.S.," so he had run down to the front gate and held up his hand for the Letter. He had followed Lila back into the white steam cloud while she opened the envelope. She had read the Letter very slowly, turning the pages over shakily and working her mouth the way she did when she added up the grocery bill. Then she had gone into the house to telephone to his Aunt Vere, all the way across the harbor in Kings Cross.

"Vanessa," she had said, "is coming."

Right then, talking to Vere, the spelling-out had begun, and by the time George came home from work at the Trades Hall, Lila had begun the purring sounds in her chest and was breathing through her atomiser, which meant that the house was full of trouble.

George had read the Letter while unlacing his boots, had kicked one of his boots right across the kitchen floor, then had laughed and said that the Assyrian was coming down on the fold.

But Lila was cross and said it was no joke. "Don't joke," Lila told George, pointing to lines on the Letter and spelling them out and breathing in all the time through her atomiser. George finally said, "Now and then won't hurt." Then seeing his upturned face over the edge of the kitchen table, they looked down at him with put-on, birthday-treat smiles and said, overlapping each other to be the first to tell him: "Oh, aren't you lucky, P.S."

To page 54

He was the son of their dead sister . . . his aunts, Agnes, Vere, Lila, and Vanessa, were locked in conflict over him.





How long since you looked at your Insurance Policies?

What about those insurance policies? Are they arranged to the best possible advantage. Do they cover every important need? When, and under what circumstances, will they be paid?

Above all, are they suitable as to size and type to do the job you want them to do?

It's not hard to find the answer to these and other related questions. Ask for an A.M.P. FAMILY SECURITY CHECK-UP.

4

FOUR POINT FAMILY SECURITY CHECK-UP

Your A.M.P. man knows, from training and experience, how to help you—

- 1 Check the facts related to your present family and financial position.
- 2 Check the extent of your needs — what would be required if your family had to live without you — what you will require on retirement or to take advantage of long service leave.
- 3 Check to find if the provisions you have made are adequate.
- 4 If they are not, your A.M.P. man will show you a family security plan tailor-made to your precise needs and circumstances.

An A.M.P. Family Security Check-Up costs you nothing but a little of your time—involves you in no obligation except to those you love. All you have to do is to call in your A.M.P. man or call the nearest A.M.P. Office.



AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY

Head Office: Sydney Cove. Offices in cities and towns throughout Australia and New Zealand and in the United Kingdom.



Every A.M.P. member enjoys the unquestioned security afforded by assets of almost £600,000,000 which the Society seeks to invest to the greatest benefit to members.

IF I SHOULD DIE...

THEY called him down to Emergency just as he was planning to leave. The stretchers were there, and the ambulance attendants, and the sisters, and two of the junior residents. One of the juniors looked at him and then looked quickly away again, so that he knew it was a bad one and he was no longer tired, only very alert.

"Automobile," one of the sisters said, and recited the injuries for his benefit.

The man was unconscious. The girl was conscious. She looked at him and made a little grimace, which was really a facial shrug. It was as if she said: This was never meant to happen to me, but as it has, get me out of here as soon as you can. Already I hate the sight and smell of this place.

"It's my legs," the girl said to him. "You fix me up properly, do you hear? I'm going skiing next month and I like to dance, too."

He lifted the blanket and looked. He replaced the blanket, his face still expressionless.

"We've been a very brave girl, haven't we?" one of the sisters said bracingly to the girl. "And we're going to be brave a little longer, aren't we?"

"Oh, hell," the girl said and closed her eyes as if the sister's use of the third person had confirmed her fears.

The girl wore a beautiful evening gown and there was a heavy bracelet set with dark blue stones on her wrist. Her hands were ringless, and her hair, short and dark, was glossy and disordered.

He looked at the senior sister and gave her the nod to prepare for surgery.

"I don't want to see anyone," the girl said to them. "You hear me? Not anyone, especially not my parents."

She raised her head as far as she could and looked toward the other stretcher. "Is he dead?"

"Of course not," one of the sisters answered. "He was lucky, too. Your husband?"

"No," the girl said bleakly, "somebody else's husband," and resolutely closed her eyes, terminating the conversation.

The senior sister looked at him, eyebrows arched.

"Her parents are on their way." She turned back to the girl. "Just a little prick now and we'll be off to sleep in no time," she said kindly, because she knew the girl would not be skiing next month or the month after. She knew the girl would never ski again, because she had looked beneath the blanket.

"When I was a little girl I used to say a prayer at bedtime," the girl said to the doctor. Her eyes were dark and there was an expression in them which he had sometimes surprised in the eyes of other patients, the ones you could not fool with soothing platitudes. "If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take," the girl said. "That was the last line. My soul is in pretty bad shape. Should I say my prayers now?"

"No," he said truthfully. "You're not going to die before you wake. What's your name?"

"Faith," the girl said dreamily. "Big laugh. What's your name?"

To page 29

"Will I walk again?" Faith asked Doctor Matthew Templeton while Sister Begg stood waiting nearby.

By VALERIE WATKINSON





THE RETURN

By DOROTHY M. ROSE



practical Westinghouse...

With the new Dialamatic priced at 149 gns. there is no reason why you should settle for anything less than all the automatic features you want in your new washer. Why put up with the drudgery of twin tubs when with the Westinghouse Dialamatic your hands need never touch water! Famous Westinghouse tumbling action lifts your clothes clear of the water, sends suds surging through them as they tumble back. And the Dialamatic knows that clean washing depends on effective rinsing . . . and for effective rinsing

you must have clean water. So, as the freed dirt falls to the bottom, Westinghouse sieves it away through special escape holes. Only tumbling action drains dirt away from clothes—not through them. All is common-sense, all is practical and that includes the price—Dialamatic Heater Model: 159 gns. Dialamatic Non-Heater Model: 149 gns. Your Westinghouse retailer's trade-in offer can make either one easy to own. And there's superb after-sales service, too (though you'll probably never need it).

Illustrated is the Westinghouse Dialamatic Heater Model.

AND WASHER PRICES START WAY DOWN LOW (below 150 gns.)

Semi-Automatics	
Non-Heater Model	149 guineas
Heater Model	159 guineas
Fully Automatics	
Non-Heater Model	209 guineas
Heater Model	219 guineas

Prices slightly higher in some areas.



YOU CAN BE SURE...IF IT'S

Westinghouse

ELSIE MARTIN turned into the side street at noon, parked in front of Aunt Clara's and slumped back, exhausted, now the impulsive trip was accomplished. The frame house, home to Elsie from her sixth year until she'd married, stood, unattractive, empty, except for the furniture, the draped windows like closed, reproving eyelids. Mr. Wilkes, the agent, hadn't found a buyer yet in the three months since Aunt Clara's death.

Her hands trembling on the wheel, Elsie wondered why she'd skipped work today and raced back here, over 60 miles of icy roads. Had she left Harry, called quits on their two years together?

She didn't really know yet. She had tried to consider all the aspects during the long drive and had really not come to any satisfactory conclusion.

She thought of Harry, coming home tonight, probably a box of candy in one hand, as if last night had never happened. There was a kind of painful, stubborn satisfaction in picturing his jolt when he'd find her gone. What would he do in that moment, she wondered. Would he be sorry or say "dam good riddance"?

"I pity the man you marry, young lady . . ." Aunt Clara's spinster voice seemed to float from the house, in the comment so frequent during Elsie's childhood. "I don't know where you get that temper; not from your mother or father, rest their souls . . ."

But she had conquered her natural temper long ago, or Aunt Clara had. Childish resentments, rebellions had seldom flared outwardly. And last night, as Harry's voice rose in exasperation, Elsie had managed careful, tight-lipped silence.

It was always hard later to figure out exactly what constituted their squabbles. Taken separately, the grievances seemed no more than pebbles dropped into a cup. But Harry would rattle the cup.

Half the time, coming home to dinner not yet ready, he was irritable from the drinks he maintained he'd had to have with customers at lunch. He kept after her to give up her job, start a family. She had secret reservations about that: bringing a baby into a marriage that was far from perfect. A marriage could be perfect. Her mother and father's had been. Aunt Clara always said she had never heard or seen them quarrelling. As for her father raising his voice . . . well, Aunt Clara said that would never have happened.

"If you're angry, tell me why . . . !" Harry had stormed last night. "Let's clear the air! Don't bottle it up!"

Fortunately, she knew that two people shouting were worse than one. She'd restrained herself, holding fast to Aunt Clara's ingrained advice: it takes two to quarrel; least said, soonest mended; throwing a

The day Elsie decided to revisit her old home she learnt a lesson she was never to forget

tantrum's as indecent as undressing in public . . .

Elsie stirred, fumbled in her purse now, locating the house key. When she'd unlocked the front door and stepped inside, she coughed at the closeted mustiness. In the half-light, familiar objects . . . the dark, depressing plum of the slipcovers, the sedateness of tall lamps . . . assumed a strangeness that absence from them imposed.

Elsie shivered, not entirely from cold. Briskly, she crossed the room to adjust the thermostat, inordinately glad of the companionable answering sound of the oil burner. She pulled back the draperies. She could stay here permanently, if she wanted, the house was hers. And it might be a good idea to stay away from Harry for a while.

After a minute she began a slow, reflective tour of inspection. Toilet articles still ranged neatly on Clara's dressing-table. Absently, Elsie picked up a framed photograph, such an accepted commonplace, she hadn't really looked at it for years.

SHE studied herself curiously: aged 5, with her mother and father, smiling, the three of them, in front of another house, the house across town. It was of white frame and had such a strange front window, all the panes stained glass save one. Elsie felt her lips tremble, tears spurt to her eyes, for the parents she'd scarcely known. She put the picture down gently and quickly wiped away the smarting tears.

Passing quickly to the living-room, she exclaimed impatiently as she caught her gloved hand wiping guiltily at dust on an end table. The girlhood Saturdays she'd spent dusting, moving every object! Aunt Clara had been a fanatic about dust. ("An ordered house makes an ordered life . . ."). No matter now.

Elsie drew off the gloves and searched in her pocket for a cigarette. With it between her lips, the match lighted, she hesitated, casting an unconscious glance over her shoulder, muttering before she went ahead and lighted the cigarette.

The house wasn't really untenanted, was it? Aunt Clara's disapproval lingered. The old woman hadn't countenanced smoking. Elsie, in her late teens, had had to sneak an occasional cigarette. And she could see her own ghost, facing into that corner, in punishment for younger misdemeanors.

She shook herself. It wasn't fair, remembering only the unpleasant part of the years she'd spent under this roof. Aunt Clara had been strict but well meaning. They'd lived together peacefully enough, if in a kind of truce: strait-laced old maid, anxious adolescent.

Elsie choked back a sob, admitting the bleak, lonely truth. This house had never been home. The other, across town, had.

On impulse, she buttoned her coat and ran out to the car, not stopping to examine the motive that moved her, wanting only to find a place that had been home, if only to look at it for a minute or two.

She found the street without trouble, but inched the car along uncertainly, peering. Some houses were gone, apartment houses replacing them. The remaining houses were all alike, but the numbers were wrong, changed, higher than they used to be. Elsie stopped before one, foolishly desperate, wanting to be sure.

The door of the house opened. A man emerged, shouting something angry back over his shoulder

. . . "Oh, shut up!" He came down the steps and strode up the street. A store stood there at the corner. In a minute he reappeared, lighting a cigarette from a package in his hand.

He paused beside Elsie's car. "Can I help you, miss? You looking for someone . . .?"

She shook her head wordlessly, tears smarting again. She was indeed looking for someone: for herself and her parents, who'd lived in idyllic happiness for a time, long ago, in one of these houses. She couldn't find it or them.

The man, shrugging, went up to the house.

Elsie swerved into the driveway to turn around. Then, backing out, her foot fumbled on the clutch and the motor stalled. Were they shouting again inside the house, or did she imagine it?

She sat quite still, straining, listening for raised voices. Or for other lost, submerged voices; she didn't know which, yet.

Hadn't there been a night of raised voices one time? Arguing voices, and . . . yes, a shoe, a little figurine, something . . .

thrown by her mother, hurtling through a stained-glass pane of the window? That window! Of course, with its one clear panel!

Elsie bent her head to the steering wheel in shaking wonder. Aunt Clara, with her silly old-maid conception, or invention: the unmarried, emotionless, sterile perfection of a younger sister's marriage, the only proper heritage and guide to pass along to a growing girl!

The memory, the truth, was misty but sure. Yes, her mother and father had loved each other. But their marriage, like anyone's,

had had its secret places: bumpy spots, temporary detours, reconciliations.

Quickly, Elsie got the motor going again, stepped on the gas. She'd be home before Harry and have supper ready, too. And she was going to shake that cup of pesky pebbles, start the row of their lives, two-sided this time, to clear the air. She knew how this fight would turn out, though: in Harry's arms. They loved each other.

(Copyright)



duck a l'orange

THIS kind of cooking takes more than plump ducks and a cookbook: the bird so tender under the glistening brown of its crisp skin, orange-slices gleaming, bright and juicy; compliments moving quickly around the table. A delightful dish that suggests time and care and personal skill . . . and from the moment you finger-tipped the handsome controls of your Westinghouse, you've felt so good!

Right away this Fully-Automatic Range takes over your cookery's bothersome problems. Leaves you free for the pretty planning: dress the house; arrange the table; even catch up with the shopping. The Westinghouse Automatic Range quietly attends to the tasks you've set it: switches itself on at the time you've pre-selected; cooks at the temperature you've set, until the time you've selected for it to turn itself off.

Simply dial for dinner at 7.15 and on the dot it's done. Now you serve it. With a flourish. It remains merely to open the wine.

Quite a friend, this Westinghouse, the range with all the features most wanted in modern cooking.

And surprise! Your Westinghouse retailer's trade-in offer makes Westinghouse easy to own. There's superb after-sales service, too (though you'll probably never need it).

Illustrated is the Westinghouse fully automatic model PAC224.

And Westinghouse prices start way down low.

Standard Automatics		Fully Automatics	
Model 331T	95 gns.	Model 311A	112 gns.
Model 358GW (elevated)	£126.0.0	Model PAC223	125 gns.
Built-in oven	£72.10.0	Model PAC224	139 gns.
Built-in hotplate	£47.10.0	Model 359GW (elevated)	139 gns.

Prices slightly higher in some areas.

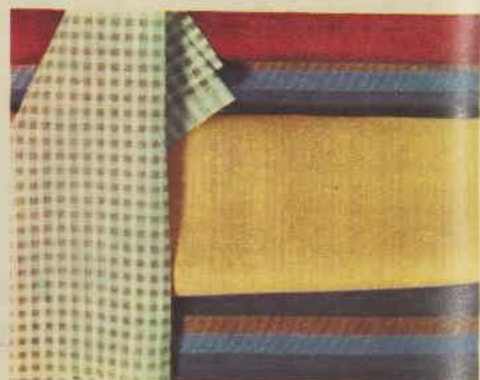


YOU CAN BE SURE..IF IT'S

Westinghouse



Country Club



Superbly tailored sports shirts, dress pyjamas and dress robes

From Switzerland . . . from the world's master weavers . . . the most exciting and colourful fabric collection ever assembled. New weaves. New cool-toned shades. A whole new range of lighter-than-light, cooling-to-wear cottons with a finish so fine they have the sheen of silk. SPORTS SHIRTS: still from only 59/9. Long sleeves or new tapered short sleeves with special fashion accent. Sports shirts for boys, too. DRESS ROBES AND PYJAMAS: luxurious fabrics. Detail tailored with extra features. This will be a **Swiss fabric summer**. A **Country Club summer**.

COUNTRY CLUB — MAKERS OF FINE SPORTS SHIRTS FOR MEN AND BOYS, DRESS PYJAMAS AND ROBES



CC3943.FPC

It was a pretty picture to see Paula at work in the little flower shop.

ILLUSTRATED BY LACIS

TWICE ROUND THE PARK

A romantic short story by CATHLEEN ROGERS

MONTILLO'S was the best place in town to eat, unless you preferred chopsticks, Keith had said, so they would go there. Paula was delighted, because she had known Montillo's when she had a little — just a little money to spend, and it was nice to be here again.

Keith was looking at her as though he had never seen a woman before. She told him so, impishly smiling, when he had coped with the menu and the solitary, flattering violinist was moving towards their table.

"Tell me something better to look at," he said. "I could write a thesis about you. Your nose is slightly not straight. There's a small mole seven-eighths of an inch below your eye. Shall I go on?"

Her eyes were on the violinist, now breaking into an impassioned Hungarian tune. "I'm sorry about my nose."

"Don't be. I like it very well that way. You see, I love you and I want you to marry me."

Those flying fingers, that madly gyrating bow . . . She looked slowly from the violinist to Keith. "What do you expect me to say? That I feel the same way about you? How can I say that, when I know nothing about you at all?"

She did know a little about him, of course; the little that he had told her in the park. That he hadn't a care in the world, no strings, no responsibilities . . . And she had. Three reasons, at least, why it would be stupidly foolish to marry him.

Sitting there with the shaded light between them, the violinist hovering, she thought of the park. The main entrance was alongside the hospital annexe. For a week, he hadn't left the annexe grounds. He had sat just beyond the wall, watching the traffic and the people go past.

And watching her, Paula thought.

The flower-shop was strategically placed opposite the annexe gate. When she left at five-thirty, he would get up slowly from his seat, almost as if she had come into a room where he had been sitting. It was a little gesture that pleased her. A salute from a stranger . . .

On Monday, like a small boy slipping away from school, he came through the gates and went into the park, walking with great care. By Thursday he was walking more quickly and stayed in the park longer.

And on Friday he came across the road into the shop.

"Hello!" he said, in a slow, deep voice. "I've been wondering for two weeks if you'd cross the road one of these days. You haven't. So I've come over to you."

"I can't think why!" she said.

"Well, these two weeks you've been the pleasantest thing to look at over the wall. You've noticed me, too."

He smiled. "Haven't you?"

She had, of course, but she only admitted it by smiling too, aloofly.

"They're turning me loose tomorrow. I can walk twice round the park now."

"That's fine!" She glanced uneasily at her two young assistants.

"I'd like some flowers," he said. "Now, what would you think? Exclusive, expensive sort of place, isn't it? Those orchids . . ."

"Exclusive and expensive, yes."

"Do you own this shop?"

"No, I manage it . . . These orchids . . ."

"On second thoughts, I don't think she's the orchid type. Let's settle for roses. Those roses — over there. Five dozen! No, that would look a bit showy. Say three dozen."

He waited till she carefully selected the long-

stemmed blooms and wrapped them in tissue. Then he took the box from her, held it a moment, whimsically smiling, and handed it back.

"You're not the orchid type! Shall we celebrate tomorrow night?"

She opened the box and took out the roses. The faint flush on her cheeks just might have been their reflection.

"That's quite charming," she said. "Almost too charming."

"I said, shall we celebrate my release? We could find some place where they have shaded lights and a more varied cuisine than I've been enjoying for the past few weeks. Say Montillo's . . ."

"Why on earth should you want to celebrate with someone you don't know?" she asked.

"But I do know you. Twenty-two, or three. Your name's Paula—"

"How do you know that?"

"I asked the lodge-porter. He also told me that no one ever meets you at five-thirty. That's something else I like."

She began to laugh, feeling horribly embarrassed because the two girls were avidly listening. "The point is," she said slowly, "that I still know nothing about you."

One of the roses fell on the floor and he stooped to pick it up.

"My name's Keith Stunway. I'm a happy, carefree man. I've had a wonderful time in this wonderful hospital. Motherly matron, pretty nurses . . . I haven't a care in the world. No strings, no responsibilities I can't face, and no worries."

"Then you're a lucky man . . . Or a selfish one."

To page 26

"You can decide which tomorrow. I'm quite serious, Paula."

"I do believe you are!" she said, mildly surprised that she, too, felt serious about it. "But I'm in a terrible hurry. I've the shop to close, letters to post, a bus to catch, a home to go to."

"Sorry! I mustn't keep you. Shall I call home for you tomorrow or meet you here?"

She looked at him steadily. "Mr. Stanway, you're a sensible man. Or you look sensible, anyway. It's nice of you to ask me, but I can't do things like that just because you happen to sit all day long opposite the place where I work."

"Left you breathless, hasn't it? You look sensible, too. You should realise that I'm not the sort to ask just any attractive girl to have dinner with me on the day they turn me out of hospital."

He was smiling again, twirling the rose in his fingers. "All right!" she said suddenly. "Where shall I meet you?"

"Here, at seven. I'll go home first, then come back. You don't want me to carry these roses? Make up a corsage," he told her. "And charge it up to me."

That night it had taken Paula half an hour to reach Watton Mansions, a terrace of high, thin houses among a fringe of sad-looking trees, where Hampstead comes downhill and loses its identity in the tide of streets.

No. 26 had never known a lift. She climbed steadily to the third floor. A tall, aggressive-looking young man gave her a brief stare.

"Hello, Don!" she said, and he muttered something ungraciously before turning away.

As she opened the door two small children rushed to meet her, and she held them close for a moment

Continued from page 25

details? And he kept her waiting for the rest till the violinist had moved away in search of fresh victims, and cigarette smoke mingled with the fragrance of coffee in the tiny cups.

"You said I was lucky or selfish," he reminded her. "I don't think I'm either. A little disillusioned, perhaps."

"Whoever says that, it's usually a pose . . ."

"Oh, I'm not sure! Do you know Fosse Road, right up beyond your place and the park? I have a mile of roses up there . . ."

"Stanways!" she broke in.

"I wondered when you'd tie up my name with it. Your people buy

a lot of their stuff from me. I wouldn't wonder if we grew the roses I gave back to you."

"And you're disillusioned!" she said, amazed. "A paradise like that!"

"A paradise created by my great-grandfather, not by me," he explained. "We're an old firm."

"And that lovely white house!"

"I'm not disillusioned about the house, or the flowers, or my great-grandmother. But I had a brother who jumped out of the business because it wasn't good enough . . ."

He ground out his cigarette.

"Sorry, I'm probably boring you."

"You're not. No. Tell me about it."

"He married a supercilious little

wretch and didn't even trouble to send Christmas cards till he needed money. Then he came running home."

"And you took him back into the firm?"

"I did that, of course. But he and his wife killed themselves in a car smash soon afterwards and left a boy for me to take care of." His smile was a little bitter now. "It hasn't been easy. Steve and Lou did their best to ruin him."

"But you have taken care of him?"

"The best way I could. A few weeks ago I got him away to school. So I went into hospital for an operation I should have had years ago if there'd been time. That's why I got

a kick out of lying back and letting people do things for me. It made a pleasant change. And from now on—no strings!"

Lucky that her dreams had scarcely taken shape. That would have shaken their foundations.

"But if people appreciate the things you do, doesn't it make it worth while?" she asked.

"I wouldn't know. The more I did for Steve and Lou, the less they liked me. Lou said I should make Steve a partner. Steve said I was making love to Lou."

"But everyone isn't the same!"

"I agree. Young Bryan happens to be a shade worse."

"By way of thanking me he put sugar in my fuel-tank. I think he's happy at school, but he hasn't troubled to write to me."

To page 27

Pick a make-up. The right make-up...

Only **MAX FACTOR** can make this promise (and keep it). For only **MAX FACTOR** has 7 different types of make-up. One of them is what

FROM THE BIBLE

● "Oh how great is Thy goodness, which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee."

— Psalm 31:19.

till the inner door opened and her sister came out. Fay, scarcely out of her teens, thinner than Paula, her young face creased with discontent.

"There's a cup of tea," Fay said.

"Tired?"

"Not terribly."

She took the tea into the next room and shut the door. This at least was still hers—mercifully hers. Till Fay and Don and the children came, all of that small top-floor flat had been neat and cool and fragrant. You couldn't expect that now.

She lay back on the divan, eyes closed, thinking about tomorrow's date and wondering what she would wear. She hadn't moved when Fay came in, listless and defeated.

"I thought I'd better tell you, Paula. That flat isn't any use. Too big, and a month's rent in one week."

"So why worry?" Paula tried to say it as if she couldn't care less, but it was an effort.

"I do worry. So does Don. I know he's hateful to you sometimes, but it's the awful feeling he has that we're dependent on you. And he tries so hard."

"I know he does, darling."

"And the children . . . They've made such a terrible mess everywhere. You pretend not to mind, but you do. I know you do. I'd hate it just as much if I were you."

Paula got up from the divan and hugged her sister. "You wouldn't! You'd do just the same for me."

She kissed Fay. "Now I'm going to the shops. I'm going to bring in—oh, I don't know, something exciting. We're going to celebrate!"

"Celebrate what?" Fay asked, and Paula smiled, remembering tomorrow's date . . .

She thought of it all, sitting there with Keith in Montillo's.

Keith had started telling her about himself, then stopped, saying why spoil a good meal with trivial

Page 26



For a natural, "dewy" look. Moisturises, too

HI-FI FLUID MAKE-UP Only Hi-Fi Fluid imparts a delicate dewy look so natural no-one can tell you're wearing make-up. Hi-Fi, a blend of beauty oils and moisturisers, glides on at a finger-touch, covers completely. Never streaks or changes color. 7 complexion tones, 11/3; purse-size tube, 7/11.



Penny Pardee (Mosman) likes the soft, dewy look of Hi-Fi



Dresden-smooth, yet it covers as no other make-up can

PAN-CAKE It's exclusive to Max Factor, and the ultimate in make-up. For Pan-Cake is superbly smooth, gives a soft, natural finish. Yet it covers flaws, freckles, blemishes as no other make-up can. Enriched with beauty oils, it never dries your skin. 10 complexion-balanced shades: 9/6, 13/11.



Belinda Wilton (Fairlight) loves the flawless cover of Pan-Cake



Flawless creamy beauty that moisturises dry skin

PAN-STIK No-one but Max Factor has it; this creamy make-up designed for the woman who wants flawless coverage and creamy beauty. Pan-Stik contains precious creams that lock moisture in. In one application it softens, covers and beautifies. Easy to use swivel stick in 7 complexion-matched tones, 12/11.



Colleen Bates (Wooliebra) prefers the creaminess of Pan-Stik

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 28, 1963

He bent across the table, putting his hand over hers. "I'm not bitter about it all, Paula, I can laugh at a lot of it now. But from now on I'm letting people run their own lives. I'm looking after Keith Stanley . . . And you, if you'll let me."

In the wreathing smoke, she seemed to see the top-floor flat. Fay, and Don, and the children. No strings? But how do you cut them, break them, when they twine so closely around your own heart?

The night was warm and misty as he swung the car into the main road.

"It's getting late. But there's time to show you that lovely white house before I take you home."

"I'd rather not go," she told him.

He gave her a quick glance. "You're bored — the party's over? Is that it?"

Continued from page 26

"Not quite. I don't want to hurt you or myself, that all."

"Paula, I'm in love with you."

She was trying to be quite practical about things. You don't have to choose between being in love and taking care of your sister. But those overcrowded little rooms at the top of Wratten Mansions were a world away from Montillo's and that cool white house among the roses.

If he knew, he would despise Don and Fay. Or for her sake he would help them, which would be worse.

He turned into a side street and switched off the engine.

"I know you're in love with me," she said eventually. "But I don't want you to be."

"How do I stop?"

TWICE ROUND THE PARK

"I don't know that."

"There — there's someone else?" The riotous disorder of those high, hot rooms . . . "It isn't that at all."

"Then what is it? Look, Paula, I'm not pleading! You wouldn't like me any better for that. But let me try. Let me see you again tomorrow, next week."

"What good would it do?"

"Good? I don't know! Maybe no good at all, but at least I wouldn't feel I was losing you without trying."

Tomorrow, next week . . . By then, Fay and Don might have gone. But they wouldn't . . . Deep in her heart, she knew that.

And it wasn't only the shelter

and the money she gave Fay, the things she could do for the children. Fay was so much younger, so terribly unhappy. She couldn't explain all that, any more than she could endure the humiliation of taking Keith into those drab, untidy rooms.

"We've celebrated!" she said, "Now let me go home."

"If that's the way you want it, very well."

He drove on till they came to an Underground. It was rather like an absurd dream. When she had bought her ticket, she came back to him and kissed him.

Then she hurried down the steps, pressing against the stifling uprush of warm air. She was still in that

absurd dream when she climbed to the top floor and Don opened the door.

Sitting on the edge of the divan, listening to Fay and Don arguing in the next room, she told herself that it was the only way. Keith wanted no strings.

She said it over and over to herself all next day, that featureless, dreary Sunday, and all Monday whenever she glanced at that empty seat in the annexe grounds.

Then, coming home that night, she saw him again.

The car was a splash of color against the worn steps of Wratten Mansions. Keith was leaning against the rails, talking to Don. She would have turned away, but Don saw her and waved.

"Your friend came looking for you," he said. "I told him you wouldn't be long."

He stalked indoors, while Keith stood looking at her.

"Sorry, Paula," he said quietly. "But one of your assistants — the giggly blond one — gave me your address when you were out having lunch."

"You've been up to the flat?" she asked in a low voice.

"I have," came the reply, and she wondered if Don had been in one of his moods, if Fay had been crying, if the children . . .

"Paula, who was or is Phil Harsch?" Keith asked.

"It's a jazz quartet," she replied mechanically. "A pretty good one."

"And your brother-in-law, Don, played the piano in the Phil Harsch Quartet!"

"He's quite brilliant in his way."

Keith nodded. "Or was, till the fridge door slammed on his left hand."

"So he told you? He's having all kinds of therapy. There's a good chance that in time he'll be able to play again. But he's losing confidence. There was insurance, of course, but that didn't go far."

"So you're carrying the burden?"

"I don't think of it as a burden. I don't want them to think so, either."

He looked up at the windows of the top flat. "Do they know you're

To page 28

HAZEL . . . by Ted Key



"For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's —"

Hazel can be seen on
Sydney's Channel 9 at 7 p.m.,
Fridays; Adelaide's Channel 7 at
7 p.m., Tuesdays; Melbourne's
Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m., Wednes-
days; Brisbane's Channel 7 at 7
p.m., Thursdays; Launceston's
Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Thursdays;
and Perth's Channel 7 at 8 p.m.,
Thursdays.

and look BORN beautiful!

you have been searching for. A make-up
that gives you the exact "Look" you want...
...and the exact care your individual skin needs



The final flattering touch (with a special formula for each skin type)

CREME PUFF This is the "must" that perfects any make-up. For Creme Puff applies invisibly, imparting delicate, natural beauty. Choose it in the formula made especially for your skin. *Dry, Oily or Normal* . . . and only from Max Factor. In 7 complexion-matched shades. Standard refill with puff from 10/6.



A natural, sheer matte finish?
Or extra cover extra matte finish?

SHEER GENIUS Only Max Factor has it: this complete make-up-in-one. Sheer Genius blends the lustre of liquid and the soft flattery of powder to give you a velvety perfection even hours after it has been applied. Two formulas: *Natural Finish*, 9 shades, 9/11. Or *Fashion-Matte finish*, 8 lovely shades, 11/3.



Secret cover-up for all skin types

ERACE Every face needs Max Factor Erace sometimes, some place. Even the most beautiful women find this clever, creamy touch-up stick indispensable to make dark circles, lines, flaws, instantly invisible. It's slim; as easy to use as a lipstick. In 5 complexion-perfecting tones, 10/6.



Ann Bucknell (Edgecliff) prefers
Creme Puff, for its natural look



Diana Seale (Mona Vale) loves
the matte-finish of Sheer Genius



Helen Harper (Melbourne)
uses Erace to perfect her make-up



Continued from page 27

TWICE ROUND THE PARK

throwing me to the wolves so that you can go on taking care of them?"

"It isn't a choice!" she protested. "But I won't let you be dragged into it. You wanted to be free, you are free, and you're going to stay that way. That's what you said."

"I said that last week. It's different now. I don't care if you've got a streetful of dependent relations."

"You're only talking this way because you think you're in love."

"Think?" he repeated, and the sudden anger in his voice quietened her. They stared at each other dumbly till she said unsteadily,

"They can see us from the windows. Please, Keith!"

He got into his car. He wound down the window, but she was already hurrying up the steps. Near the top she stood a moment, eyes closed, till she could go in with a smile. And all because of a man she had met only a few days ago!

It was late next afternoon when Fay rang the shop. A breathless, excited Fay.

"Paula! I'm so terribly happy! That nice friend of yours who called yesterday afternoon..."

"You mean Keith?"

"Is that his name? Don's going to work for him."

"Going to work... But, Fay, how on earth has that happened?"

"I don't know, I just don't know! Don came in just now and told me."

"But Don's never done anything like that in his life! Fay, it's work, it's the good earth and fertiliser and frosty mornings and rain!"

"So what? Isn't it better than sitting around getting morbid and waiting for something to turn up that never does?"

"I know! But what about Keith's part of the bargain?"

Silence for a moment. Then Fay, slow and puzzled: "I—I don't quite know what you mean, Paula."

"Don will know what I mean."

I'll explain when I come home, but I want to see Keith first."

It was seven o'clock when she got off the bus and stood looking across those long aisles of roses toward the low, white house.

She opened a gate. No one was about. She walked past the glass-houses and the packing-sheds. There had been a shower of rain, and the smell of the earth and the grass was sweet, and nearer the house it mingled with the heady scent of honeysuckle and new-mown hay.

She climbed three wide steps to the porch. The door stood open, and before she could ring Keith saw her.

"Paula!" he said. "Paula, darling!"

He took her into a room with wide windows overlooking those acres of roses.

"I want to talk to you about Don," she told him.

"What about Don?"

"I didn't think he would cash in quite so quickly. I'm sorry, Keith."

He reached for a pipe from the mantelpiece. "You'd better sit down, Paula. What makes you think Don cashed in?"

"I know him. I suppose you asked him to come and see you. To make things easier for me, you've found a way of giving him money. You..."

"You're getting breathless again, Paula. Your brother-in-law, Don, is coming here to work for me."

God has given us two hands — one to receive with and the other to give with.

— Billy Graham

"Work for you! Just what can Don do around here? Tell me that!"

"Quite a lot of things. Packing up stuff for transit, taking care of the fires when we put the heat on, driving the tractor. Using his hand, instead of keeping it in his pocket. There's the piano, too."

"Piano?"

Keith nodded. "In the next room. It seems he brought his piano to your flat but can't use it because of the people below. I've told him to come in any time he likes and make as loud a noise as he likes." To keep back the tears, she blinked down at her twining, restless fingers. "I suppose I should — I should apologise and thank you."

"You'd better get up on tip-toe and kiss me. There's nothing to thank me for. Don asked for the job."

"He asked?"

"Yes. I was going to drop him a line and tell him I might be able to help. But he beat me to it. He came this afternoon. Said you're the best woman in the world, after his own wife, of course."

"I don't believe Don ever said that!"

"He did. But he can't let you pay the bills any longer. He's felt humiliated and ashamed. He's been hateful to you because he resented it so much. Shall I go on?"

"Don't!" she said. "Please don't."

"I've been wondering, Paula! My brother and his wife hated me for all I did. Your sister and her husband love you for it. Why?"

"I — I don't know that, Keith."

"It could be that I did it because it was my duty. You did it for love. There's a difference."

"I suppose there is."

"I love you, so there isn't any taking or giving. I've given Don a lift because I think he deserves one. And because I love you. But you're free to go and never come back if you don't want to stay."

She was silent a long, long time. She thought it all over. Then she said, very clearly, "I want to stay."

It was minutes later when she said breathlessly: "I was so upset, I came out in such a hurry, I can't remember if I locked up the shop."

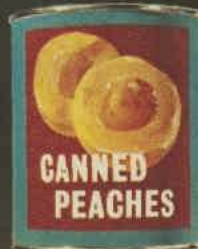
He kissed her hand tenderly. "We'll go and see. And then there'll be time for just twice round the park before dark."

(Copyright)

White Wings Peach Halo Cake

WHITE WINGS CAKE MIX AND CANNED PEACHES

Mix a White Wings Buttercup Yellow Cake Mix and leave in bowl. Melt 3 tablespoons butter in the bottom of a 9" x 2½" round cake pan. Add ½ cup firmly packed brown sugar and ¾ cup coarse desiccated coconut and spread evenly over butter. Arrange well-drained sliced peaches evenly on top, then pour cake mix over. Bake in 350° oven for 35-40 minutes. When baked, turn out immediately. Serve hot or cold.



"Matthew," Matt Templeton said.

"You do a good job on me, Matthew. These aren't just anybody's legs. They're mine and I can't get along without them. You understand?"

"I understand," he said. "I'll do my best."

"His best is very good," the sister promised. "We're going to wheel you away now. Just relax. We'll be tucked up in bed in no time, all prettied up and ready to receive visitors."

"Oh, hell," Faith said again, despairingly this time. "If he'd let me drive like I wanted it would never have happened. He's a lousy driver. I always said so, and this proves it."

"Under age," the sister murmured cryptically as she passed him. He knew why she said it.

If amputation was necessary the girl's parents could give their consent, for she was still a minor. He knew and the sister knew the girl would never consent. She was the sort of girl who danced and skied, and sailed and drove fast cars, and was involved in automobile accidents with other women's husbands. She would rather die than lose part of herself. If she did lose part of herself maybe she would die, anyway, rather than go on living.

"Let's take a proper look," Matt said to the junior residents.

He shoved his hands in his pockets and slouched toward the elevators, his lips pursed in a noiseless whistle.

The juniors looked at each other, admiring and a little askance. He was a cold fish all right. Some day they were going to be just like him, so that the senior sisters treated them with deferential familiarity instead of the chilling detachment reserved for probationers and visitors who overstayed their time.

THE girl's parents arrived before they took her into surgery, and the mother leaned over the girl and sobbed.

"Why did you do it? How could you?"

"Get them out of here," Matt said tersely, for the girl's dreaminess was lifting.

"I told you," Faith said, accusingly to nobody and everybody. "Not anybody, I said, especially not my parents."

The sister took the mother's arm and led her, still sobbing, away.

"You don't understand," the mother said to Matt in the corridor.

"I understand," Matt said. He could not really be bothered with this, but even while death threatened and life ebbed forms had to be signed and permissions granted. "I gather she was with a married man. Her morals aren't my concern, but her legs are, and they are in a very bad way."

That silenced her. She stared at him and he talked to her. He was not really such a cold fish. It was just that he had seen so much of joy and sorrow, death and birth that a small thing like a silly girl running off with a married man was not shocking, only wasteful.

"We'll do whatever is needed," the father assured him. "You understand, money is no object. We always have the best. There must be people who specialise in things like this."

"There are," Matt said. "Go and talk with the Superintendent. He'll make whatever arrangements you wish."

He knew the Superintendent would tell them what he could not; that they had already spoken with the best, that it was a stroke of pure good fortune Matt Templeton had happened to be in the hospital just as their daughter had been brought in.

He was still with her. She was glad of that, glad he was not one of those surgeons who remained aloof, entering the theatre, shrouded and gloved like some high priest, only when the patient was uncaring.

"Talk to me," Matt invited.

His eyes were light and his hair was light. He did not look like a doctor. He looked like someone who could sail a boat and handle a rifle.

"She's fighting it," someone said.

Continued from page 21

"No," Matt said. "She's too intelligent to fight it."

Immediately she stopped fighting it and began to talk to him.

There was a great round light above her head, a great soup bowl of a light, all yellow and segmented. The light was no longer a light. It was the pool in the garden of her home, and the water was yellow and segmented, because her father had had the pool done with yellow diamond-shaped tiles. They were standing round the pool, all of them, all her family.

"We're by the pool," she said to Matt. "It's beautiful—all golden and clear."

"Who're we?"

"All my family, and a lot of

IF I SHOULD DIE

others, too—strange people, but I know them. Crazy."

"Count the people for me," Matt invited. "Come on now. Come on, Faith—count."

"One, two, three, four . . ."

It was becoming harder. Her tongue was swelling. Her body no longer belonged to her. "If I should die before I wake . . ."

Darkness and light. "Five, six . . ." Clouds and water. Strangers who were friends. The one called Matthew, and the sister who addressed her in the third person, as if she were a stupid child who had to be placated. Nothing. Pure, terrifying nothing. This was death.

He had lied to her. Matthew had lied to her. Matthew had lied to her.

"Let's go," Matt said to them, as if, shrouded and gloved, they were going on an excursion into another dimension, as perhaps they were.

They were round the pool, but her father was not there, and she knew he was dead, had been dead for a long time. Crazy. How could she know such a thing? Children were there, and the youngest ran to her, all sleek and wet, and she held him against her, not minding the wetness, loving his body and his eyes and his square white teeth.

Her limp was hardly noticeable today. It was only noticeable when she became tired. Matthew was there, but now she called him Matt. The children were his, too, so she and Matt must be one. But how

could you be one with a stranger? Crazy.

He put his arm around her, and her mother was watching them. She could see into her mother's mind with the terrible clarity of someone beyond life and beyond death. Her mother was thinking, as mothers do: I would never have believed it. I'm glad it happened, because out of one terrible thing so much happiness has come.

The pool was gone and she was asleep on a couch in the hospital waiting-room. She wore a beautiful dress, but there was nobody to admire it, because they had not made the party. Matt had been called to Emergency and she had come, too, just to wait and be near.

Matt was in the doorway, and he looked tired and a little cantankerous.

To page 77

A FLOOR OF BEAUTY

Yes, your Olympic Vinyl Tile floor will glamorise your home — choose from the Olympic range of vinyl tiles — the most comprehensive range in Australia — including rugged Asbestaflex, popular Supaflex, gay Terrazzoflex, modern Picassoflex, or the cool elegance of Nuclear marble designs — modern colours and styles which bring long-lasting loveliness to your home or office.

Olympic Sales Offices in all States or leading stores everywhere.



NEW FASHION LUX

for the special washing care these lovely woollens need

How to keep woollies soft and shapely

— that's an art you can master only with New Fashion Lux. Harsh washing methods can mat and shrink a precious woollie in just one go. But New Fashion Lux is all pure soap — the natural washing care that suits natural fibres, keeps them soft and supple, colour-true. That's why New Fashion Lux is the one safe care for all woollens, from cashmere to inch thick mohair . . . and for all fine machine-washables, too.

- * Pure, soft, gentle flakes
- * Delicate new fragrance
- * Smart, New pack



Twinset and skirt from David Jones. Jacket and skirt by Claude Ludlow. Sweater, Villawool "Ski and Sail." They all say, "Use pure, mild New Fashion Lux."

If it's safe in water, it's safe in New Fashion Lux

Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

● This week I have chosen the dress illustrated at right for numbers of my readers who prefer a waisted design to the currently popular shift. Both designs are in fashion.

HERE is an extract from a typical letter:

"Is the frock with a belted waist still being worn? The shops are full of up-and-down shapeless styles; I don't want to look out of date, but I really don't like the so-called shift. Could I have a pattern for something a little more shapely and a suggestion for a new spring shade? I want the frock in a very lightweight wool."

The shift is still very popular, but there are plenty of waisted designs in spring fashions. In my opinion the dress at right is a perfect example of this theme. Made in a pastel wool to flatter your eyes and hair, the design would be the answer to your problem.

A paper pattern is available for the design. The pattern also includes a sleeveless design suitable for summer. Beside the illustration are further details and how to order.

"What shades are most flattering to sallow skin and dark hair?"

Clear colors are the most flattering to your type—clear pink and blue. Creamy-white—not chalk-white—is another color to consider. If and when you wear a print it should have a white ground and be printed in clear colors only. Avoid beige, black, and murky-brown.

"Is there a high neckline that looks correct on a silk frock? I have an ugly scar I want to disguise."

Choose a turtle neckline, which is no longer exclusive to knitwear. For the spring-summer season it can smartly finish a sleeveless shift and look the height of fashion.

"Would you please suggest a bridal headdress suitable for a summer wedding? The bride-to-be is 19, and rather short. The frock chosen is silk organza and has an ankle-length skirt."

A flower wreath would be a charming headdress for a summer wedding. Any small white flower would be suitable. The wreath should be worn well back from the face and flat on the head. Attach a circle of nylon tulle to the wreath; the tulle will look best if it is cut just short of the shoulder-line.

"I am going to buy slacks and a contrasting shirt for my summer holiday. What colors are new?"

Exotic colors are in for pants and shirts. My suggestion—a blaze of peacock-blues worn with deep sea-blue pants. You didn't mention your own coloring, but another color combination would be a riot of reds for the shirt and pink for the slacks.

"At my wedding I am carrying a family Bible instead of a bouquet. The Bible has been covered with white satin, and now I would like to add flowers. Would this be correct?"

It would be quite correct, and pretty, too. I suggest a single white rose, a white orchid, or a cluster of gardenias. Whichever flower you choose, add a cascade of white satin ribbon.

"Is it correct to wear gloves to a formal dance?"
Yes, it is.

"I want to buy a dress and coat for spring, but I'm a bit uncertain if coat-and-dress ensembles are still in fashion. I would like your advice, with suggestions for color and fabric. I am 24 years old and rather petite."

This spring there's a new approach to the dress-coat theme. Choose uncluttered, fairly skimpy designs for both the dress and the coat and have the coat front-buttoned to the hemline. Then you can wear the outfit as an ensemble or as separates—the coat can be worn either as a coat or, buttoned up, as a coat-dress. I suggest pale pink lightweight wool for the coat and a deeper pink in silk or cotton for the dress.

"Is there anything new for a winter dressing-gown? It's to be included in a trousseau."

The belted bathrobe made in glamorous fabrics such as fake leopard brocade or flannel faced with striped silk is new.

"I wish to combine brocade and fancy jewelled buttons for a street-length theatre wrap. What style would be extra smart and new?"

The perfectly tailored collarless line of a rajah-type coat would be ideal.

"I would like your advice on the color and material for a blouse to wear under an off-white wool suit."

Dark brown chiffon if you are a blonde and rose-pink chiffon if you are a brunette.

● Continued overleaf

5824. One-piece dress in lightweight wool. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 1½ to 2½yds. 54in. material; sleeveless design in silk, 2½ to 2½yds. 36in. material. Vogue pattern No. 5824, price 6/-. Postage 6d. extra. Address orders to Betty Keep, Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



Dress Sense continued

SOME of the most frequent requests I receive are from married women in the 25 to 30 age group. They ask for a simple, easy-to-make design suitable for visiting friends, lunch in the city, a movie, or similar social occasion.

I have answered their request with the two-piece dress illustrated on this page. The easy-fit overblouse can be made with or without the standing band collar, with below-elbow-length sleeves, or sleeveless. The slim skirt with front gathers joins a shallow hip yoke.

I made the choice not only because I consider the dress elegant, but because it would look so right in many different materials, from cotton to pure silk. Under the illustration are further details and how to order.

"What type of hat should I wear with a yellow linen coat-dress? The outfit is being planned for spring."

When it comes to hats, taste becomes a purely personal question. My choice would be a shiny navy-blue straw with a wide rolled-back brim. The newest way to wear this type of hat—as far back on the head as possible.

"I have a short-skirted lace dress and wondered if it would be suitable for day wear. Also is lace suitable for winter weather?"

No to the first question; yes to the second. Lace is an all-seasons material, but is only suitable for after-five wear.

"Please suggest a smart coat style suitable for a sea cruise. The fabric chosen is a soft nylon wool."

You couldn't have anything newer than a bathrobe coat. This design, as the name suggests, is quite straight with no fastenings, has large sleeves, and ties at the natural waistline with a wide self-material sash belt.

"Would a lace evening top need to be lined?"

Yes, it would be best fully lined. The most suitable material would be matching colored net.

"What clothes would be necessary for a three-week stay in London?"

British taste is rather simple, and from a tourist point of view it is not dressy. You'll find a simple suit or a group of tailored separates practical and neat for sight-seeing, walking around galleries, etc. You will also need a topcoat and a late-day dress for theatre, cocktails, or any other late-day occasion you might be attending. Choose according to your type, age, and preference.

"Please advise me about colors for accessories to wear with a carnation-pink coat."

Shoes, handbag, and gloves in creamy beige and a deeper shade of pink for the hat.

"Would you please suggest a suitable outfit for an afternoon wedding in September? I have dark hair and pale creamy skin."

Wear something in a pretty color—pale pink would suit your coloring and is right in fashion. A silk suit or dress and jacket would be a good choice. With it, wear a small flowered hat in a matching shade of pink, and bone-colored gloves, handbag, and shoes.

"Could I have a suggestion for a daytime dress, something a little different but easy and casual? My fabric is a very soft silk."

I suggest a two-piece dress, the top sleeveless and skimming the waist, the slim skirt on a hip yoke to achieve the pared-down, slender look of the season.

Live in the exciting new world of **BRI-NYLON**

The Covered-Up Look, the Shift, the 'Roaring Twenties'—or the Classic
— or the Classic
Fabulous new swimsuit styles in 'BRI-NYLON'.
Hawaiian prints, tiger prints, checks, plaids or stripes—sunproof, high-fashion water-wear in new lightweight fabrics that will delight you with their figure control. In hipster or high neck; from classic to swim dress (illustrated); one piece or two. Choose from vivid sunshine colours, sparkling monotonies or black and white.
The BRI is your protection.
For top value and tested quality, ask for 'BRI-NYLON' by name.



FIBREMAKERS LTD

* Registered trade mark.



5813. Two-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 3½ to 3¾yds. 36in. material. Vogue Pattern No. 5813, price 6/-, postage 6d. extra. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W.

"I am very anxious to make a floor-length evening dress for a special occasion. Do you think it would be best made on slim lines? I am tall, with an SSW fitting."

The sinuous floor-length sheath, with a deeply scooped neckline and often slashed centre-front in the skirt, is one of the new looks in evening formals. Crepe is one of the most suitable fabrics, and white the top color.



"If Brockhoff Biscuits

There I'd be, with trowel and watering can, counting the shoots! Gardening can be fun, but I think I'll stick to flowers, because my store keeper always has a good supply of my favorite biscuits. **Like them sweet?** You'll like Edinburgh Shortbread, the *real* Scotch shortbread made with pure dairy butter. **Like them dry?** Try Cheds, the ready-made cheese savoury. **Like them Chocolate coated?** There's more pure chocolate in Chocolate Royals. You'll find value, variety and quality in the biscuits baked oven-crisp by Brockhoff.



grew on trees.. I'd plant a forest"

baked oven-crisp by



BROCKHOFF

AMERICANS who are crazy about their dogs but not about their smell can now buy special perfumes for them.

It comes in two varieties—"Le Chien No. 5," which is described as "a light scent for summer days," and "Arl-peggio," which has a stronger, spicier smell, presumably for stronger, spicier dogs.

Also on the market, for pampered cats and canines, are a dozen different perfumed deodorants ("something feminine for the cats—the dogs' are more like after-shave lotions"), and four different scented shampoos.

Then there's the final fad—poodle nail polish. It comes in eight different shades.

★ ★ ★
WE know King Edward VII was a racing man, but we learned recently that he even "raced" bread and butter.

Sonia Keppel, daughter of Mrs. George Keppel, to whom Edward was devoted, said in a B.B.C. broadcast that when the King came to tea he used to entertain her by sliding two pieces of buttered bread (buttered side down) down the legs of his trousers—and would bet on which piece would reach the end first.

"Of course, it depended on which was the most buttery," Miss Keppel said. "What his poor valet thought when he came back each time with an absolutely wrecked pair of trousers I don't know!"

ASKED for an essay on "Rain," an 11-year-old English schoolboy wrote: "On a showery day it rains on and off. On a rainy day it rains on and on." We don't think an experienced weather commentator could have said so much so neatly—do you?

Dinner in a handbag

CAN you imagine being able to carry home the ingredients for a family dinner in your handbag?

We can, after learning about a new dehydrating process being perfected in New Zealand.

It reduces a large beef-steak to a disc about two inches in diameter and a sizeable cabbage to the size of a small egg.

You put them in water—and they expand to their normal size.

Then there's "instant marmalade." Just one tiny cube will make enough to fill an average jam jar.

The process, which is called accelerated freeze-dry, can be used on a wide variety of foods. New Zealand is already exporting "reduced" sausages, beef, spinach, cabbages, and peas to the U.S.

It is claimed that the process does not destroy the properties of the foods, and that they will keep for two years without deterioration. And you don't need to keep them in the refrigerator!

Worth Reporting

History the easy way

A GROUP of Australian schoolgirls will "brush up" their history during the Christmas holidays in the pleasantest way we can think of. They'll visit the places where it was made.

The girls will leave Sydney on December 9 in the Galileo on a specially planned educational tour which will last almost eight weeks. They will be chaperoned by Mrs. Frances Ball, a petite and charming schoolmistress whose husband is on the staff of Scots College, Sydney.

"We'll see the Pyramids, the Colosseum, the Leaning Tower of Pisa, Notre Dame, Napoleon's Tomb, the Tower of London, Stratford-on-Avon, and lots of other famous places," Mrs. Ball said.

Tours have been arranged at all the Eastern ports, and at Naples the party will have their own coach and courier waiting to take them on a leisurely tour of Italy, Switzerland, then through the Moselle Valley to Paris.

They'll fly to London for a week before flying home.

Thirteen girls have already booked for the tour. Their ages range from 13 to 19. Mrs. Ball hopes to take about 20 girls.

Folk dress for Sundays

IS national dress worn very often in Switzerland today—or is it reserved for festivals and national days?

We asked this question of a group of Swiss people in colorful national attire at the opening of the Sydney Trades Fair recently.

"I always wore mine for Sunday best and when I went to dances," Miss Ida Gugger told us.

"It's a general trend now. Some years ago a vogue for reviving national traditions started and lots of costume groups were formed.

"Not many years ago it used to be the custom to be married in national dress. My mother wore it for her wedding. And one of my sisters at home still wears costume most of the time."

Miss Gugger, who is a teacher of languages at Fort Street Girls' High School, Sydney, was wearing a costume of heavy linen which she brought with her when she came to Australia from Canton Bern 12 years ago.

Mrs. Elizabeth Furrer and Miss Anne Leuzinger (both secretaries on the Swiss Consular-General's staff) and Mr. Dolf Huber, a 23-year-old mechanical engineer, wore more "formal" costumes from the Engadine (near St. Moritz) and Appenzell districts.



● In Switzerland, many people wear picturesque costumes like these to go dancing and on Sundays. From left to right: Mrs. Elizabeth Furrer, Miss Ida Gugger, Miss Anne Leuzinger, and Mr. Dolf Huber, of Sydney's Swiss community.

We were particularly intrigued by the trimming of silver brooches and chains—and by Miss Leuzinger's butterfly-shaped hat.

"These more elaborate costumes are often handed down from mother to daughter and father to son," Miss Gugger explained.

"Each canton (or district) has its own national dress, and even these vary—simpler ones for everyday wear and richer ones for special occasions. There is a big firm which specialises

in costume-making. Some of them are very expensive."

"I have one at home in Schwyz which cost about £60. I used to wear it to dances," Dolf Huber said. "When I came to Australia two years ago, people said, 'Don't bother to take it with you.'"

"Now I'm sorry I didn't. I could have worn it to the Swiss Ball." The Swiss Ball was held in Sydney on August 3, the first Saturday after Switzerland's National Day, which, we were interested to learn, coincides with Australia's Wattle Day—August 1.



for *HIGH SPEED* cough relief
look to BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL

ACTIVE TASTE MEANS ACTIVE COUGH CLEARING ACTION!

Suddenly, breathing is easier! You've cared for him with Buckley's.

And right away, the clean and active cooling taste tells how it's working: easing and clearing away the cause of his cough. And while

Buckley's soothes him, the lively medication brings stimulating refreshment. As the coughing spasms stop, he feels more than relieved... he feels good. That's the active action of Buckley's!

HOW BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL WORKS to clear away the cold or flu cough. First, there's the cooling decongestant action; Buckley's attacks the congestion simply and directly, breaking up the tightness that causes the cough. As congestion goes, the cough stops... and

Buckley's next swift step is to help the system shake off the very cause of the congestion. And all the time, that crisp and active taste lingers on and on... freshening the throat and gently soothing the chest.

For bronchial coughs, Buckley's has no equal. Make Buckley's your family standby, against any kind of cough.

4/9 at all chemists and stores.

the decongestant mixture
with active taste...
active action!

Buckley's is all medication.
No syrup. No sugar;
ideal for diabetics.



Give yourself
a "coffee break"

Nothing in the world like the rousing good taste of coffee

Coffee is mighty good company —
and it makes you better company.

A "Coffee-break" cheers you up.
Gives you a little extra get-up-and-go.
And see how you spark to the

hearty, rich taste of coffee!

Enjoy coffee at mealtimes! Out-of-doors! Relax over coffee at your favourite restaurant. For lively satisfaction nothing else comes close.



THE ASTONISHINGLY AUTOMATIC
HOOVER KEYMATIC!

THE DREAM MACHINE...



*...with all the features
you ever dreamed of
in an automatic washer!*

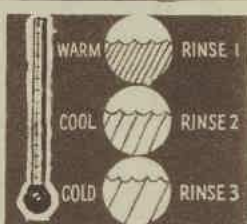
Keymatic fulfils your every washday dream. It's the simplest of all to operate; it washes different fabrics different ways; it has temperature-controlled deep rinses and the driest spin dry. Just one touch from you and Keymatic's exclusive wash-features automatically give you the ideal wash—the wash women call "perfect!"



One simple control Keymatic's keyplate is marked with 8 complete wash-programmes to perfectly handle any fabric. Select the programme you want, click in the key, and Keymatic automatically does your entire wash.



Two different washing-actions for different fabrics. Keymatic is the only automatic with 2 entirely different washing-actions — vigorous Pulsator Boiling Action for all sturdy fabrics, gentle Tilted Tumble Action for delicate things.



Temperature-reduced rinses. Keymatic gives your wash separate temperature-controlled rinses, each rinse in fresh water of gradually reduced temperature. This safeguards against shrinkage — clothes are completely free of suds.



Most compact of all automatics. Keymatic is so skillfully designed it takes up much less room than other automatics. Yet Keymatic takes a bigger washload than most—a full 10 lb! See Keymatic demonstrated!



HOOVER
Keymatic
AUTOMATIC WASHER

THE SIMPLEST, MOST ADVANCED
AUTOMATIC WASHER EVER MADE



LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Travel — or help family?

REPLYING to "Undecided" (Qld.), who is wondering whether she should use her maturing insurance policy to help her engaged daughter make a home when she is married, or spend the money herself on a long-hoped-for trip abroad, I advise her to have the trip. As an engaged girl getting my trousseau together and saving for our home, I would be very upset if my mother were in the same position and did not choose the trip. Mothers never seem to be happy unless they are "giving."

£1/1/- to Jan Key, Enmore, N.S.W.

ALTHOUGH I would strongly advise "Undecided" to spend the money on herself, I know that, in her place, I would settle for a new hat and buy my daughter a washing-machine or a refrigerator — or both. And I wouldn't expect much appreciation, either. We do these things because we want to do them.

£1/1/- to "Sucker" (name supplied), Nedlands, W.A.

GO pack your bags, take the trip abroad, and have lots of fun. Your daughter and her future husband will be able to make a home for themselves. And, as you will be alone after your daughter's wedding, travel will broaden your outlook and give you time to become adjusted to the new situation. Who knows — you may also meet someone you care for abroad and not be alone any more.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Frieda Harris, Rossmore, N.S.W.

WHY not compromise and have a trip around Australia instead of going abroad? By doing this you could help your daughter as well, because the cost would be considerably less than an overseas tour. I suggest travel through Mt. Isa to Alice Springs, Darwin, and the Kimberleys. Western Australia in the wildflower season and Tasmania are also both worth seeing.

£1/1/- to Doris Hanson, Caloundra, Qld.

TAKE the trip. Too many parents make sacrifices for their children, who just take it all for granted and do not show any appreciation.

£1/1/- to "Practical" (name supplied), Tighes Hill, N.S.W.

I THINK "Undecided" should do whatever will give her the greatest pleasure, and only she, in her heart of hearts, could know this.

£1/1/- to "Adviser" (name supplied), New Farm, Brisbane.

She had to clock-in

WHEN our daughter became involved in the "social round" a few years ago, my husband and I found waiting up for her so many nights a week very tedious. We solved the problem by setting an alarm clock at the hour she promised to be home, and left the clock on a hall table. We were then able to go to bed and sleep, knowing our daughter would return in time to turn off the alarm—or else! Never once did it ring before she got in.

£1/1/- to "Tired Parents" (name supplied), Box Hill South, Vic.

Fearful of thunderstorms

HOW do thunderstorms affect other women? To me they are fearsome. I love reading, but during a storm I can't read. In fact I can't do anything to take my mind off it.

£1/1/- to "Em Eli" (name supplied), Gympie, Qld.

They coo-ee in Flinders' time

IN answer to D.B.M. (N.S.W.), who queried the origin of the Australian coo-ee—Captain Matthew Flinders recorded in his journal, when circumnavigating Australia, that "the natives of Southern Australia, like those of Port Jackson, called to each other by coo-eeing."

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. A. Causby, North Adelaide, S.A.

In praise of Australian cooking

AUSTRALIAN housewives have an overrated idea of Continental cookery. They imagine anything with a Continental tag is superior to their own preparations. Being from Europe myself, I can assure them this is a foolish view. I find Australian dishes as good, if not in some cases better than their Continental counterparts. Australian dishes are not only easier and quicker to prepare but are also much healthier, because they are not greasy.

£1/1/- to "Mrs. M.A." (name supplied), Ballarat, Vic.

Give-away mannerisms

WHEN my daughter is "up to no good" she sings in an airy, self-conscious manner. My small son, sneaking in from outdoors mischief, always folds his arms tightly. When I am about to divulge a new purchase, my husband whistles in a particular manner, because I always take some big breaths before breaking such news. Do others have "give-away" mannerisms, too?

£1/1/- to Roxanne Pursey, Auckland, N.Z.

Ross Campbell writes...

THE old trouble of cats versus pussies has come up again.

I am fond of the sleek, purring creatures known as pussies. It would not be going too far to say that I love little pussy, his coat is so warm.

But one has to accept that pussies have another less attractive side to them—they are cats.

As cats they lead passionate private lives full of love and hate, like movie stars. Also they make noises at night.

Pussies are petted and admired and sometimes even get their pictures on the cover of The Australian Women's Weekly. But cats are liable to have boots thrown at them.

What has happened at our place more than once is this:

Intense pressure is put on my wife and myself to get a pussy.

The pussy is obtained at an early age. It is cute and everyone is mad about it. Then it becomes a cat and the worries start.

One of our cats had kittens at a time when there was a glut of kittens in the district. We had great

HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE

trouble in disposing of them at the school fete.

Another one, named Antony, had so many fights that we decided he needed medical treatment. He heard us discussing it and vapished, never to return.



Then there was poor Tanya, who was bitten by ticks and had to be sent to an expensive cat hospital.

All these calamities led to weeping and wailing. So much so that we swore we would never get a pussy again.

Circumstances favored us in sticking to this resolve.

A gang of stray cats howled

This Week in Verse

MUSHROOMS IN THE SKY

Too many cooks may spoil the broth, they say,
Most proverbs can be turned the other way.
The theory is, that operations clash.
But one alone may risk a fearful hash.

What cooks in France? The Big Chef only knows.

He plans the menu. What he chooses, goes.

It seems he'd serve without undue remorse

A Bombe Atomique as a final course.

— Dorothy Drain

Letter-answering hint

WHENEVER I receive a letter I immediately address an envelope to the person who sent it. As I write to about 12 people, the empty addressed envelopes are a reminder to me of letters awaiting a reply.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Goodwin, Gold Coast, Qld.

After the accident, a plea

HAVING just put £18 worth of dents in my husband's car after overshooting the front gate (which was closed at the time), I am wondering why cars have not thick, shock-absorbing rubber bands around them, after the style of "dodg'em" cars.

£1/1/- to Lorraine Jackson, Miranda, N.S.W.

Critic of Queenslanders' manners

LIVING in Queensland since my marriage in 1956, I have been amazed at the lack of manners of Queensland girls. Although we have attended many weddings and birthday parties, not once have our gifts on these occasions been acknowledged by even a small Thank You note. This has astounded me because in my home State of Western Australia writing one's thanks for a gift, however small, was the natural thing to do. I received more than 200 wedding presents, and I was proud to reply personally to them all. Am I old-fashioned in thinking gifts should be acknowledged?

£1/1/- to "Western Australia," Kingshorpe, Qld.

A question of priority

I WOULD like to have a TV set, I need a new washing-machine, I would like a brand-new stove in the kitchen, and my refrigerator should be replaced next summer. As I can only buy one article at a time, I am undecided which of my needs should have priority. What do other readers advise?

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Casely, Sunshine, Vic.

It's closer than you think... fabulous Ceylon

All the enchantment that Ceylon has to offer is yours in just a few short hours by Qantas or B.O.A.C. jetliners in association with Air Ceylon Services.



Fabulous Ceylon — gateway to Asia

Unique cities 2,500 years old, fascinating coral gardens, spectacular festivals and sporting activities such as skindiving, power-boating, golf and tennis.

Tours at special excursion rates depart Adelaide from Nov. 23rd.

Ask your Travel Agent or write to

The Ceylon Trade Commissioner
66 Pitt Street, Sydney, N.S.W.,
or to the Director, Government Tourist Office, Colombo, Ceylon.
C1145-WO

SAD JACK YESTERDAY



Jumping Jack today

Based on a real life story.
Jack's the new under-12 gym champion.

"What a change in a child," says Jack's mother.

"Only yesterday he was tired and listless. No energy at all. Good thing I remembered Laxettes. Today he's full of beans."

When childhood constipation upsets your family, Laxettes help restore regularity overnight. Each milk chocolate square contains an exact dose of safe, gentle laxative.

When Nature forgets, remember Laxettes. Only 3/3.

THE IDEAL GIFT! A SUBSCRIPTION TO The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Rates	1/2 Year	1 Year
Aust.	£1/14/6	£3/8/-
N. Guinea	£2/3/6	£4/7/-
New Zealand		
& Pip	£2/12/-	£5/4/-
Brit. Dom.	£2/12/6	£5/4/-
Foreign	£3/5/6	£6/11/-

THE IDEAL GIFT!



Luxury cabin ...

... whatever your travel budget there's a cabin specially for you
in the beautiful new luxury liners Marconi and Galileo

If you prefer to do your seafaring in the grand manner it's hard to imagine anything more gracious or elegant than the palatial first class staterooms aboard the imposing new 27,500 ton Galileo, now in regular service, and her sister-ship Marconi, which commences her maiden voyage from Australian ports in November. You'll fall in love with the sophisticated splendour of the decor and lavish stateroom appointments ... no expense has been spared in these swift, stabilised £13 million liners.

But don't imagine for one instant that Galileo and Marconi were designed exclusively for millionaires and maharajahs. They just look that way!



Low cost cabin ...

In fact, there's a wonderful range of modestly priced first and tourist class cabins. Lloyd Triestino's off-season fares to Europe (between July and December) start as low as £A127 tourist class ... even less if you embark at Melbourne, Adelaide or Fremantle. That's true economy travel especially when every cabin in these magnificent, fully air-conditioned ships is spacious and attractive ... each a masterpiece of modern design. *Most have showers and toilets, too!*

Visit your travel agent or the general agents today for full information on Marconi and Galileo. Ask, too, for details of Lloyd Triestino's low off-season fares and rail tours through Europe and to the U.K. at substantially reduced rates.

Lloyd Triestino

VIA THE ORIENT TO MESSINA, NAPLES AND GENOA

GENERAL AGENTS

SYDNEY: GILCHRIST, WATT & SANDERSON PTY. LTD., 17 O'Connell Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Tel. 25 5801

MELBOURNE: JOHN SANDERSON & CO. (Shipping) Pty. Ltd., Sanderson House, 505 Little Collins St. Tel. 62 0441

ADLAIDE: GEORGE WILLS & CO. LTD., Gilbert Place (off Currie St.), Tel. 51 1211, also Pt. Adelaide (4 1641)

PERTH: GEORGE WILLS & CO. LIMITED, 133 St. George's Terrace, Telephone 21 2085, also Fremantle (5 1176)

BRISBANE: WILLS, GILCHRIST & SANDERSON PTY. LTD., 262 Adelaide Street, Brisbane. Telephone 31 1551

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 28, 1964



Home and Family

Those moments mothers wish they were invisible

● I am constantly struck by the perfect decorum of the children of famous people. Does Princess Grace's daughter ever refuse to give Elsa Maxwell a nice hug and kiss? Didn't Bonnie Prince Charles ever ask to go to the bathroom in the middle of a stately procession?

IS it possible that these things happen only to us mortal mothers?

Because as a middle-class mother I find it difficult—that is to say, utterly unnerving—to venture into the outside world with a small, middle-class child.

Last week, for example, I got on a bus with my three-year-old.

We sat down behind a bald-headed man. Well, he was almost bald.

What he'd done was to let his few remaining hairs grow long on one side of his head, sweep them over the top and paste them down on the other side.

I noticed this fruitless camouflage arrangement and then turned my mind to other matters.

My child, however, was electrified. "Mummy," she shouted, "look at that man's funny hair!"

As an old hand I can tell you that a mother's choices

in such a situation are abysmal.

She can smack the child; this will mollify the injured party but will depress the mother and arouse the rest of the passengers.

She can try reason; strangers love to see mothers talking calmly and reasonably with little children.

But the child will simply reply to a reasoned approach, "But, Mother, his hair is growing sideways," or, "He's only got one-two-three-four hairs."

The last possibility is the so-called coward's ploy—you get off the bus. This, unfortunately, can mean a five-block walk in the pouring rain.

For some reason or other, children are drawn like magnets to the bizarre or the unusual.

Living in a large city as we do, we occasionally do run into the sort of eccentric lady who wanders round wearing three winter coats topped off by a feather hat.

Unless I am constantly on the alert, my daughter will drop my hand, run over to the lady, and ask why she is wearing one shoe and one slipper.

A spooky conversation follows, and before I can say, "Hurry, dear," we're in the middle of a ring of curious bystanders.

A child can also spot a plaster cast three blocks away. "Where is that man's other leg?" is a fairly standard question.

Distracting

And children adore arguments. If not watched, they will get as close as possible to people having a heated discussion and hang on every word, often entering into the fray with interested questions of their own, such as: "Why are you such a crosspatch?"

This can be extremely distracting to the participants. The tiny generation manages to store away all its toughest questions for some public place.

Try explaining what makes clouds, or where does smoke go, in front of four strangers. It's tough, and especially so if you don't happen to have an answer.

Rather specific questions about s-e-x and m-o-n-e-y seem to be saved for cafes or trains.

Although my child doesn't know much about s-e-x, she does know about m-o-n-e-y, and in these cosy chats

By
ROBERTA ASHLEY

about it Daddy is usually quoted in a very bad light.

If anyone could work out a way to get small children to react properly to gifts, he would be immortalised by Australian mothers.

I've done very well with the enforced "Thank you very much for the LOVELY PRESENT, Aunt Julia," but the next comment is usually, "I already have lots of sweaters," or "Ducks with strings are for tiny babies." Rattling of teacups helps drown out the voice, as does a loud rendition by the mother of "Pop Goes the Weasel."

The only trouble is that Aunt Julia begins to see you in a strange new way.

Social sense

Children also have their own very special, built-in social sense. They choose their own favorite people, and rarely do their tastes in grown-up friends coincide with your own.

Dearest friends and rich relatives are often ignored, while the grumpy clerk at the market gets a big hello and kiss.

The chatty, friendly postman gets a bare nod, while the sulky boy from the dry cleaner's is treated to a full rendition of "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star" and a slice of chocolate cake.

I don't much hold with the theory that children are intuitive, either. There's absolutely no excuse for that delivery boy—he leans on the doorbell and won't even say good morning.

A child psychologist I once talked to pointed out that children grow more sensible and selective as they grow older. All that's needed is a little patience.

Someone else suggested that entire families lead the life of hermits until the children are at least 15, but this doesn't seem practical.

The other possibility is to pretend to be deaf so that you won't feel called upon to react to your child's comments.

Nevertheless, I don't think I can ever go into an elevator again with a four-year-old who says, just as the doors close for an express ride to the 12th floor, "Mummy, somebody smells funny in here."

Cashmere Bouquet

TALCUM POWDER

keeps you

fresher...

smoother..

daintier...



You'll love the feel of Cashmere Bouquet talcum powder—so soothing, so fresh and romantic. It drifts on to your skin, wraps you in a cloud of flower-scented fragrance that lasts day long. Cashmere Bouquet talc—the talc you will love to use every single day.

REGULAR SIZE: 3/9 • MEDIUM SIZE: 3/-



Here is an extra
comfort hint

Cashmere Bouquet talc helps girdles, stockings and shoes slide on smoothly. So cooling, so fragrant and refreshing to hot, sticky skin.

CASHMERE BOUQUET TALC KEEPS YOU FEELING LOVELY ALWAYS

LOVELY CURLS FOR YOUR BABY

CURLYPET will give your baby beautiful curls, healthy hair, soothes scalp irritation and leaves baby's tender scalp so clean, fresh and fragrant.

Curlypet

Makes baby's hair grow curly



Look at all the places you can use a

FERRIS
PORTABLE CAR RADIO



A TRUE
CAR RADIO

Correctly designed
and shielded to
eliminate ignition
noise.

AND A
TRANSISTOR
PORTABLE

INSTALL IT
YOURSELF

8 TRANSISTORS
600-HOUR BATTERY
39 GNS.

Fit-it-yourself car aerial
and safety seat strap.
£7/19/- Cradle for under-
dash fitting connects set
to car battery. £6/19/-

So much more value than an expensive car radio fixed into your car. You get true car radio reception from a car aerial and the set is quickly and easily removed as a slim, handsome transistor portable or cordless home radio. Ferris sets are backed by 20 years' specialised portable car radio production. Over 40,000 in use in Australia.



ANOTHER FERRIS QUALITY PRODUCT

MOON FLIGHT

HOW TO PLAY

THE ideal number of players are two to four, though more can play. Each player needs a counter (a button would do). Throws with two dice move the players as in similar games (Snakes and Ladders, for instance).

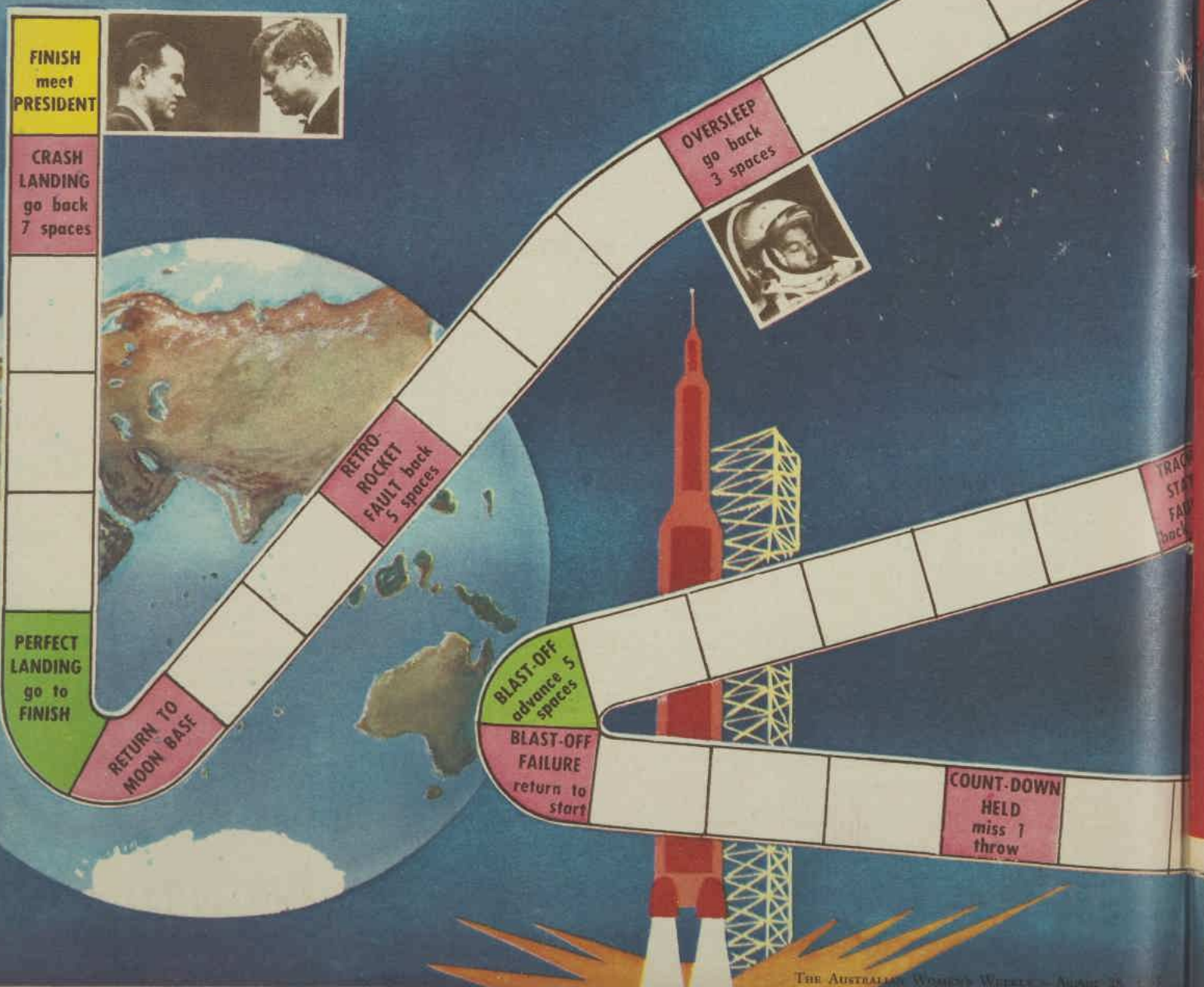
Near the end of the game, if a dice throw would move a player **BEYOND** the Finish square, he should advance to Finish and then **GO BACK THE NUMBER OF MOVES LEFT**.

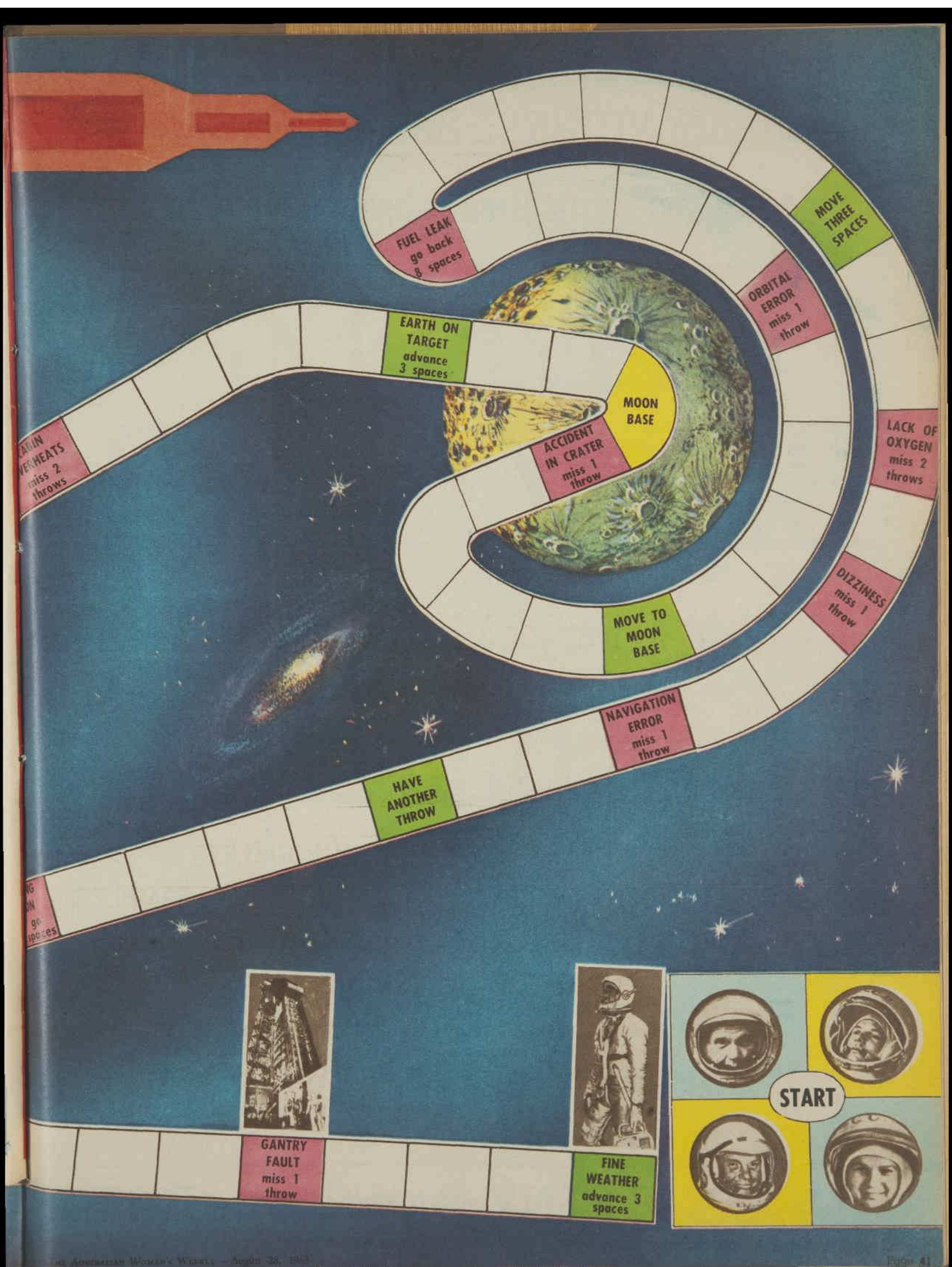
Example: Three moves are needed to finish, but a player throws five. He moves to Finish then goes back two squares.

When he throws a "double" on the dice, a player takes another throw. If he throws three consecutive "doubles," he returns to Start.

(Mount game on cardboard.)

—Devised by ROBIN ADAIR





there is still time to enter the
'HAPPY MOTHER & BABY CONTEST'

(closes August 26th)

on page 45 and automatically become a member of

HEINZ BABY CLUB

(For Babies up to 18 months old)

which gives you all these benefits

FREE

* FREE GIFT PACKS * FREE BABY BOOKLETS

* FREE £500 ACCIDENT INSURANCE and FREE CEREAL SAMPLES
(For babies up to 12 months old)

* FREE CAN CAPS * SPECIAL OFFERS TO MEMBERS ONLY

YOU CAN JOIN HEINZ BABY CLUB AT ANY TIME

By entering 'Happy Mother and Baby Contest' before August 26 you automatically become a member of Heinz Baby Club and enjoy all the free benefits. But membership of the Club is available always to mothers with babies under 18 months of age. There is nothing to pay, nothing to buy. Simply send your name and address, together with baby's name and date of birth, to "Baby Club, P.O. Box 57, Dandenong, Victoria" and you will be enrolled. Remember . . . the younger your baby is at joining date, the more benefits you receive from HEINZ BABY CLUB.

RELY ON HEINZ *naturally better* BABY

HEINZ babies are happy and healthy because HEINZ BABY FOODS are naturally better

What makes Heinz Baby Foods so much better? Heinz use only the finest ingredients, prepare them with care, cook them with skill, preserve the goodness for baby's benefit. There are no artificial thickeners — just natural flavour, natural consistency, pure nourishment to help baby grow big and strong. Isn't it reassuring to know that this kind of 'betterness' applies to just on 100 kinds of Heinz Baby Foods!



FOODS *every meal, every day*



He wants **Jockey** BRAND



Jockey BRIEF	Jockey ATHLETIC	Jockey SHIRT	Jockey T.K.O. BOXER	Jockey JOCKETTE	Jockey MIDWAY	Jockey JUNIOR BRIEF
COTTON INTERLOCK 9/11 *	COTTON INTERLOCK 9/11 *	COTTON INTERLOCK 12/11 *	IN PLAIN AND PRINTED COTTON 12/6	STRETCH NYLON 14/11	COTTON INTERLOCK 12/6	COTTON INTERLOCK 6/11

LONGER LASTING — EASIER WASHING **Jockey** BRAND

When your man wants underwear he really means "Jockey" Brand underwear. There's a "Jockey" Brand garment for every boy in your house. Full grown (like Dad) or just growing (like Junior). Above is the complete "Jockey" range including the Junior Brief especially made for the rough and tumble world of growing boys. When wash days roll round, you'll appreciate the way "Jockey" Brand washes new-clean, dries

healthy-white time after time, and keeps on fitting perfectly. When new underwear is needed, "Jockey" Brand is wanted! (Great idea for gifts too!) Be sure to ask for "Jockey" Brand. Accept no substitute — look for the "Jockey" man to be sure.

*These garments also available in "Sportaire" mesh for only one shilling more.

Every garment carries an unconditional replacement guarantee against any manufacturing fault.

LOOK FOR THE JOCKEY...  ON EVERY PACK OF **Jockey** BRAND UNDERWEAR

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING BRAND OF BETTER UNDERWEAR.

MADE IN AUSTRALIA UNDER LICENCE BY SPEEDO.

Final days of our £2250 baby contest

● Only a few days now remain before entries close in our £2250 "Happy Mother and Baby" contest, which seeks an obviously happy, healthy mother and child.

ALL you have to do to have a chance of winning the first prize of £1100 plus a luxury three-day holiday in Sydney is to number in order of importance the 12 factors on the free entry form below and complete one sentence.

Don't delay, however, as entries close with the last mail on August 26.

The contest, which is open to all mothers in Australia with babies up to 18 months, is being conducted by The Australian Women's Weekly in conjunction with the H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd.

Many prizes

The mother and baby who are judged first in all Australia will receive £1000, comprising £500 cash payable to the mother and £500 to be paid into a Trust account to be opened with a savings bank, with the mother and bank manager as Trustees, and to mature when the child reaches 14.

In addition they will receive the prize which goes to all State winners — £100 to each successful mother-and-baby team (£50 cash and £50 in a savings account in the mother's name), plus a three-day luxury trip to Sydney, with all expenses paid, for the final judging.

The ten finalists in each State (A.C.T. will be treated as part of N.S.W.) will receive prizes of six months' supplies of Heinz Baby Food, and ALL entrants in the contest who are not already members of the Heinz Baby Club will receive a gift pack and all the benefits of the Club.

Each mother entering this contest must basically decide which factors she thinks are most important in providing her child with a happy home.

A leading Australian child-care expert, in commenting on the 12 factors on the entry form, said:

"When children feel loved and accepted, they grow up secure and ready to accept positive suggestions from their parents with little resistance.

"This kind of relationship between parents and their children is the best basis for good discipline and consequently a happy family.

"The child who feels alone, struggling against criticism and hostile feelings, has little chance.

"But for the child who knows there are adults who will help when needed and who have confidence in him, the doors of life are open wide."

How to enter

Our new "Happy Mother and Baby" contest has been designed to make it easy for every mother with a baby under 18 months on August 26, 1963, to enter.

She simply has to number in order of importance (according to her personal views) the 12 statements printed on the entry form and complete the sentence: "My child and I are happy because . . ." (in not more than 10 additional words).

There is no entrance fee. Entry forms printed in The Australian Women's Weekly or those distributed in grocers' shops throughout Australia can be used.

PLEASE DO NOT SEND ANY PHOTOGRAPHS.

It does not matter if either the entrant or her baby was not born in Australia.

Entries must be sent to "Happy Mother and Baby," Box 57, P.O., Dandenong, Victoria, by the last mail delivered on August 26.

Judges will select the finalists in each State on the basis of the placing of the 12 factors and on the completion of the unfinished sentence.

State finalists will then be



judged in person in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane, Perth, and Hobart by panels of two leading child-care specialists and a prominent member of the mothercraft nursing profession.

The winning mother and baby in each State will be flown to Sydney on September 24 for a free three-day holiday, during which the national winning pair will be chosen.

National judges will be two well-known Sydney doctors, both senior child-care specialists, and a triple-certificated nursing sister considerably experienced in infant welfare.

All State winners will be present at a National Baby Day to be held in Sydney on September 26, and the national winners will be announced later in The Australian Women's Weekly.

Johnson's cotton buds



For baby's delicate
cleansing needs

Now with **NEW
SAFE-STEMS***
that bend when
they should!

For Baby Care — Use Johnson's Cotton Buds with new Safe-Stems for baby's eyes, for nose, for ears — hygienic, ready to use — made specially for baby's most delicate cleansing needs.

For Cosmetic Use — Use Johnson's Cotton Buds with new Safe-Stems to apply make-up easily.

For First Aid — Use Johnson's Cotton Buds with new Safe-Stems for cleansing small hurts, applying medication to affected areas.

**Cotton Buds with NEW
SAFE-STEMS**

Safe stems bend gently "give" under pressure . . . guard against hurts. Safe even for the most delicate cleansing needs.



*REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Johnson & Johnson

HEINZ-AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY £2250 "HAPPY MOTHER AND BABY" CONTEST

- 1. WHAT TO DO.** On the official entry form indicate, in your opinion, in order of importance, the 12 characteristics of a Happy Mother and Baby relationship (use numbers 1 to 12 in order of importance). Next, complete in not more than 10 words the sentence "My child and I are happy because . . ." Only one entry per person is allowed and the entry must be on the official form.
- 2. CLOSING DATE.** Contest closes on delivery of the last mail 26th August, 1963. Entries received after that date will not be considered and no responsibility will be accepted for entries delayed, damaged, or lost in transit.
- 3. WHO CAN ENTER.** This contest is open to all Mothers in Australia of a child under the age of 18 months on 26th August, 1963. Employees and their families of H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd., its advertising agents, and Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. are ineligible.
- 4. JUDGING AND PRIZES.** All entries will be considered. The State finalists will be determined by a panel of judges, judging being based firstly on the placing of the 12 characteristics of a happy mother/child relationship in the order selected by a panel of expert Child Care Specialists. If there are more than 10 correct State entries, State finalists will be judged on their completion of the unfinished sentence. Decision of the judges is final and no correspondence relating to this contest will be entered into.
- 5. NOTIFYING WINNERS.** All winners will be notified by mail.

YOUR FREE ENTRY FORM

Read the rules carefully — then number the 12 characteristics of a happy mother/baby relationship in the order which you consider most important.

(You must place a number in each square.)

Then, in no more than 10 words, complete the sentence below.

- | | |
|--|--|
| ☐ Father in regular job with no serious money worries. | ☐ Child wanted and loved by both parents. |
| ☐ Mother who is reasonably calm, consistent and loving in caring for her child. | ☐ Adequate unshared accommodation. |
| ☐ Child who is healthy, enterprising, but manageable and responsive. | ☐ Father interested in helping with child and care of home. |
| ☐ Good family health. | ☐ Parents with a sense of responsibility to their fellow men. |
| ☐ Secure and happy marriage. | ☐ Access to regular expert advice on health and child care. |
| ☐ Grandparents or other relatives who help without interfering. | ☐ Mother who has good average knowledge of nutrition, hygiene, child development and behaviour. |

*My child and I are happy because

(Completed in not more than 10 additional words)

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

BABY'S NAME

BABY'S DATE OF BIRTH

Mail your Entry to

"HAPPY MOTHER AND BABY," BOX 57, P.O., DANDENONG, VICTORIA.

CONTEST CLOSES WITH LAST MAIL, AUGUST 26, 1963

Chuck out your chest,
Charlie



Charlie is going to have a fine figure. In particular, he'll have a strong chest, that will throw off coughs and colds while others go under. Charlie's mother adds an extra food to his winter meals — one spoonful of Lane's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. Lane's gives him the real body-building oil, the oil you just can't get into a pill or tablet. It gives him extra Vitamins, Hypophosphites and the goodness of fresh eggs, too. Now's the time to protect your family's chests, with Lane's. Plain (with creosote, for bad coughs) or orange-flavoured.

Kelvinator announces a new **FOODARAMA** 2 separate doors to give better freezing and refrigeration



Fabulous 2-door Kelvinator Foodarama — Model 693 — 13.6 cu. ft. of net usable capacity including 3 cu. ft. freezer, 21 sq. ft. shelf area. Cyclic Automatic Defrost. Powered by a new 1/2 H.P. "Polariscope" Sealed Unit. Price 289 gns. Also available — Model 493 — similar in all respects to 693 — 11.1 net cu. ft. capacity. Price 259 gns. Other Kelvinator models priced from only 85 gns. The Kelvinator 2-door Foodarama is available in left or right hand door.
(Prices slightly higher in some areas.)

This is Australia's largest capacity refrigerator-freezer with 13.6 cu. ft. of net usable space. Fully automatic Cyclic Defrost ends messy defrosting. More and better features for better living.

This is the Refrigerator-Home Freezer combination you've seen (and envied) only in glossy U.S. magazines.

Featuring two doors, it opens up a completely new and advanced concept of home refrigeration.

With 2 doors you get better freezing and also better refrigeration than you ever did before.

With 2 doors you open the freezer door only when you want your frozen foods — and so you cannot let warm air into the refrigerator section.

With 2 doors you'll find it more convenient and easier to store and remove food from any section of your Foodarama.

105 lbs. capacity Freezer Separately insulated and refrigerated for more efficient freezing. Foodarama's Freezer holds 105 lbs. of frozen foods — safely stores them for months.

Cyclic Defrost ends messy defrosting. Now you're finished with defrosting in the refrigerator section forever.

The secret? Cyclic Automatic Defrost — an advanced method of defrosting that just doesn't give frost a chance to build up. No water to empty! There just isn't any.

AUSTRALIA'S MOST ADVANCED FEATURES!

Deep Twin Crispers have enormous capacity — keep your salad vegetables and greens and fruit as garden fresh and crisp as the day they were picked.

Full-width Dairy Chest keeps all your butter spreadable, your cheese always tasty and fresh.

Three pull-out Shelves — pull out at waist-level for

maximum comfort — brings food up front to your fingertips.

Full size Egg Shelf gives safe, non-spill storage for as many as twenty four eggs at a time.

PLUS! 3 deep Removable Door Shelves that allow you to store even the tallest bottles. The shelves can also be removed for cleaning.

These are just some of the many exciting features you can inspect at your Kelvinator retailers.

So for more, much more for your trade-in see your nearest Kelvinator Retailer now.

CHOOSE **Kelvinator** FOR BETTER LIVING

Australia's Best Name is your best buy

REFRIGERATORS • FREEZERS • AUTOMATIC WASHERS • AIR CONDITIONING

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 28, 1963

AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● When I was a child there was a game played at parties for which you needed a large tray covered with miscellaneous objects of all sorts.

THE tray was put on a table in the centre of the room for three minutes and then whipped out of sight; everybody had to write down everything he could remember having seen on the tray; and the box of chocolates or the jar of bath-salts went to the child with the best memory and the longest list.

I was reminded of this game the other day when I paid an early-morning rush visit to a friend of mine.

She was trundling round with a three-shelf traymobile loaded with the most extraordinary collection of junk—dusters, bottles of polish, school ties, exercise books, cardigans, overflowing ashtrays, old newspapers, scouring powder, plastic motor-cars, and a dust-pan.

"This is my new way of doing the housework," she explained. "I'm sure it saves me about two miles' walk every day. Jack and the kids leave everything just where it is when they finish with it, and I used to walk backwards and forwards for hours putting things away before I could sweep and dust."

"Now I put all the cleaning things I'll need on the traymobile, start at the front of the house, collect up all the things from where they don't belong, and drop them off where they ought to be as I do each room."

"By the time I get back to the kitchen the whole house is done, everything has been put away, and all the rubbish is collected ready for the garbage can."

This struck me as being one of those really bright ideas that make you wonder why you didn't think of it yourself years ago. Now all I'll have to do is break my family of the habit of using the traymobile itself as a dumping-ground. It's one of their favorite places.

The case of a housewife's

"trial by litter . . ."

UNTIDINESS (other people's) is probably the housewife's biggest cross. If she's neat herself, it must be maddening.

If she's by nature untidy herself, as I am, it makes it much harder to nag effectively at others, and it seems a monstrous injustice that she has to clean up other people's unnecessary litter every day as well as her own.

I expect it's easier to be out-and-out untidy and not give a hoot what the house looks like.

My trouble is a slightly split personality—I'm untidy myself, but I like the house to look reasonably neat.

The only way I can achieve that is to have one or two secret deposits where junk collects in much the same way as bits of stone and broken glass are collected in a bower bird's nest.

We have two banks of four drawers on either side of the kitchen sink. They start off in quite an orderly way with cutlery and kitchen utensils and tea-towels and things of that sort. The bottom one on the right-hand side is simply known as my drawer.

Don't ask me what's in it—I haven't looked for ages. Into it go all those odd things that haven't got a place and that really aren't any use but just don't seem useless enough to throw away.

In the same way we have our famous Red Box. Once upon a time it had writing-paper in it. It's about eight inches long and five inches wide and only two inches deep, and it sits against the wall on one of the kitchen benches and holds all those small objects people put down and forget to take away.

At the moment it holds a small plastic purse (empty) that doesn't seem to belong to anyone we know; a steel measuring tape; a ping-pong ball (the cat's); a spare set of car keys; two pipe-cleaners; a magnifying glass; two ballpoint pens; a bottle of nail varnish; and a small roll of quarter-inch sticking-plaster.

I'm not doing this from memory. I've got the box beside me, and it's an eye-opener to see what's in it.

There is also a length of green binder-twine with a padlock key tied to it, a pair of nail scissors (blunt), a rubber, an eye-dropper, a nailfile, a thermometer, three golf-tees, two Queensland nuts (uncrackable), two pieces of chalk, two spring pegs, a packet of flints for a cigarette-lighter, lots of safety-pins, odd buttons, and steel and brass screws of various sizes picked up off floors.

I couldn't do without this dreadful bird's nest of a box. It's not big enough to look really untidy, everybody knows that small objects they've mislaid will turn up there, and at least it allows me to keep the kitchen benches clear of litter that doesn't belong there.

How to be smug though untidy

THE worst thing about untidy people is that they're really rather smug about it—as though it's almost a virtue that makes them rather superior to people who are always neat and orderly and up to the moment with everything that needs doing.

I know, because I suffer from that superior feeling

myself! One of the most maddening people I know is a dear friend of mine who never puts off until the next minute what can be done in this one.

She lives in the country. Last time we stayed with her she and her husband took us to a big country ball—one of those important ones that are so much more a dress-up affair than any dances in the city.

Her husband and Hugh and I were dressed and ready for the fifteen-mile drive to the ballroom, and I went to her room to see what was holding her up and whether she wanted a hand with anything.

There she was, looking magnificent in full-length low-cut crimson velvet, polishing her mirror and dusting the last flecks of powder from her dressing-table.

"I wouldn't ever think of going off to a dance leaving clothes lying about and my dressing-table untidy," she said. "What if we had an accident and I was killed—fancy leaving a mess for someone else to clean up!"

NEW!

EXTRA WIDE BAND-AID

TRADE MARK

ADHESIVE STRIPS

...for bigger cuts and scratches. BAND-AID

Extra Wide Strips

have air vents all

over to let the skin

breathe naturally.

Buy BAND-AID

Extra Wide Strips

...with Super-Stick.

Johnson & Johnson



Crown Agee Pyrex makes complete oven meals



beautifully simple to bake

Oven cooking suggests "something special." Yet, with Crown Agee Pyrex, you can cook a complete meal in the oven and serve it straight to the table—all in the same dishes. Look at the mouth-watering meal you see here. It's easy to do. Crown Agee Pyrex is all you need to cook it, serve it and store the leftovers—

real one-step preparation. Just think of it—hearty oven-baked meals cooked economically all at once, with no pots to watch, no pots to wash! And these elegant modern dishes welcome the hardest wear and still look fresh. A wonderful idea for yourself or someone else.

A PRODUCT OF



Oriental Rice Casserole. Raspberry Macaroon Dessert Torte.

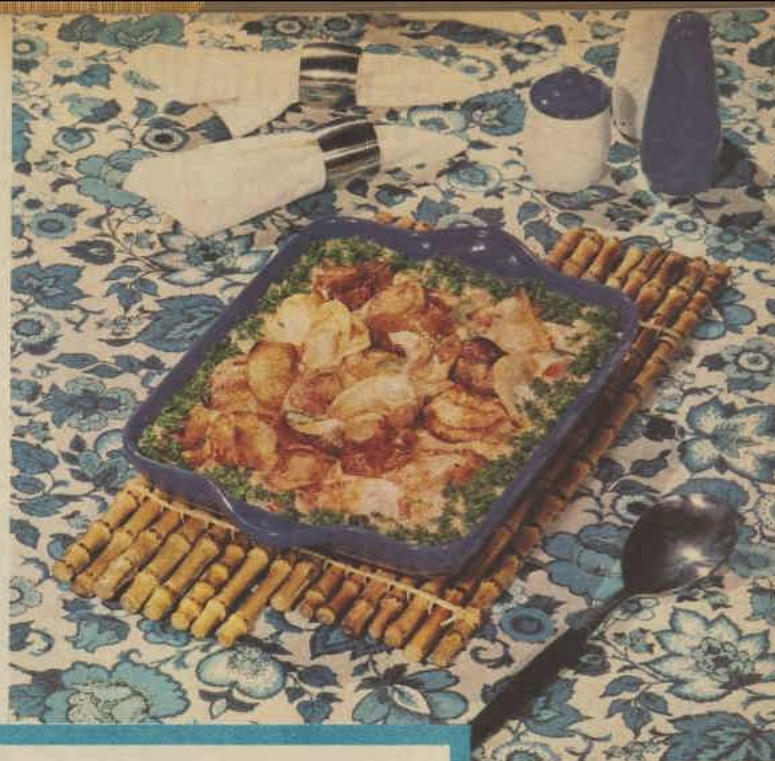
simply beautiful to serve

Exclusive!
Crown Agee Pyrex
casserole separates into
2 dishes — you can
bake or serve
in both!



What's in a Pint?
In an Australian Crown
Agee Pyrex pint there's
25% more than in an
American pint. See for
yourself. Good Australian
value—Crown Agee Pyrex.





VERSATILE POTATO CHIPS

for puddings as well as savory dishes

● Take potatoes, slice them into paper-thin circles, deep-fry them to golden crispness (or simply buy a packet of potato chips) — and use them as these recipes suggest.

AS a crunchy topping to a casserole, as an ingredient for pastry and desserts, potato chips add an unusual touch. Serve them as an extra vegetable; sprinkle them with cheese, pop them into the oven, and serve piping-hot as a party savory.

Spoon measurements in recipes are level, and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure has been used.

CRISPY ONION SQUARES

Half pound self-raising flour, 1oz. butter or substitute, pinch salt, pinch paprika, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 3 large onions (cut into rings), extra 2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup sour cream, 1 cup potato chips (lightly crushed), extra $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated cheese.

Sift flour, salt, and paprika into a basin, rub in butter and add cheese. Mix to a soft dough with milk. Press into a greased lamington-tin (7x11in.). Sauté onion in extra butter until tender but not colored. Add sour cream and mix lightly. Pour over scone mixture. Sprinkle potato chips and extra cheese over top. Bake in a hot oven 20 to 30 minutes, reducing heat if browning too much. Serve warm cut into squares.

MERRYMAID COBBLER

One small can sliced peaches, 1 small can pineapple pieces (reserving the juice from the fruits), 2 tablespoons arrowroot, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sultanas, 2 slices lemon rind, 2 eggs, 4oz. butter or substitute, 6oz. sugar, 8oz.

self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Topping: Four ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup peanut butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup evaporated milk, 1 cup crushed potato chips, 1 cup shredded coconut.

Heat fruit syrup, sugar, and lemon rind in a saucepan over a low heat, add arrowroot which has been blended in a little water, continue stirring until thickened. Remove the lemon rind and pour over fruits and sultanas, which have been placed in an oven-proof dish. Allow to stand while preparing cake mixture.

Cream butter or substitute in a basin with sugar and vanilla until light and fluffy. Add eggs gradually, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk and stir until well mixed. Pour over the fruit mixture and bake in a moderate oven for 40 minutes. Meanwhile, prepare topping.

Cream butter or substitute, peanut butter, and brown sugar together until light and fluffy, add evaporated milk, and then fold in the coconut. Spread over the top of the hot cake and sprinkle with crushed chips. Return to oven and continue cooking until topping sets and cake is cooked through when tested (about 20 minutes). Serve hot.

COCKLE SHELL BAKE

Four tablespoons butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons cornflour, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ pints milk, 1 large can tuna, 1 onion (chopped), $\frac{1}{2}$ green pepper (chopped), 2 tomatoes (skinned and

chopped), juice 1 lemon, salt, pepper, dash chilli sauce, 2oz. potato chips, chopped parsley.

Saute onion and green pepper in butter or substitute until soft but not colored. Remove from heat and stir in flour, add milk, and continue stirring over heat until sauce thickens. Drain tuna and add to the sauce with salt, pepper, chilli sauce, lemon juice, and chopped tomato. Just before serving, stir in half the potato chips. Fill into casserole dish, top with remaining potato chips and chopped parsley.

HEN HOUSE SCRAMBLE

Four eggs, salt, pepper, 4 rashers bacon, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 2oz. potato chips.

Cut bacon into small pieces and saute in a saucepan until crisp. Pour off excess fat and add eggs which have been beaten with salt, pepper, milk, and chopped parsley. Stir over heat until it begins to set (do not allow to become too dry). Quickly spoon into a heated dish which has been decorated with potato chips.

CHILLI SOMBRERO

One and a half pounds minced steak, 1 medium-sized can peeled tomatoes, salt, pepper, 1 can kidney beans, 1 dessertspoon worcestershire sauce, few drops chilli sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ green pepper (chopped), 1 onion (chopped), 2 tablespoons fat or oil, 2oz. potato chips.

Place oil in a saucepan and saute onion and green pepper lightly. Add the minced steak, allow to brown all over.

ABOVE LEFT: Merrymaid Cobbler —peach and pineapple pie with coconut and potato chip topping. ABOVE RIGHT: Cockle Shell Bake —tuna and potato chips. RIGHT: Potato chips add flavor to Chilli Sombrero, Hen House Scramble, and Sweet and Sour Pork. All recipes given here.

Stir in the canned tomatoes, salt, pepper, chilli sauce, and worcestershire sauce. Cover and simmer for 15 minutes. Drain the kidney beans and add to the mince, continue cooking until tender. Spoon into a heated dish and arrange the potato chips round the edge. Serve hot.

SWEET AND SOUR PORK

One pound pork, cornflour, fat or oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup roughly chopped shallots, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup roughly chopped green pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup pineapple pieces, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mushrooms (sliced), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar, 3 teaspoons sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons tomato sauce, 1 cup pineapple juice, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 2oz. potato chips.

Cut pork into cubes and toss in cornflour. Fry in hot fat or oil until almost cooked. Drain. Add vegetables to the oil and saute until they are soft. Drain. Make sauce by combining vinegar, sugar, salt, tomato sauce, and pineapple juice together in a saucepan. Bring to the boil. Blend cornflour with a little water and add to the mixture, cook, stirring constantly, for 3 minutes. Mix in meat and vegetables and serve in a dish with potato chips arranged round the edge.

LEMON CHIP PIE

Pastry: Eight ounces flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, squeeze lemon juice, water to mix, 1 cup crushed potato chips, grated rind of lemon.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt into a basin, rub in butter or substitute until mixture resembles fine bread-crumbs. Mix potato chips and lemon rind in lightly. Add water and lemon juice to mix to a firm dough. Turn out on to a floured board and knead lightly. Roll out to fit 8 or 9in. pie-plate. Bake

in a hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

Filling: Two cups sugar, 5 tablespoons cornflour, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups yoghurt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 4 extra tablespoons sugar.

Mix sugar, cornflour, yoghurt, lemon juice, and rind in a heavy saucepan. Stir continuously over moderate heat until mixture boils and thickens. Continue stirring and cooking over gentle heat for 2 or 3 minutes. Carefully stir in the beaten egg-yolks, cook 2 minutes longer. Cool slightly, stirring occasionally. Pour into prepared pastry-case and allow to become cold. Beat egg-whites with salt until stiff, gradually add the sugar and

Continued overleaf

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

continue beating until mixture is of meringue consistency. Spoon over lemon mixture and bake in a very slow oven until meringue is set and lightly colored.

GOLD COAST CHICKEN

Five tablespoons butter or substitute, 5 tablespoons flour, 1 pint milk, 1 pint chicken stock, 1 lb. mushrooms (chopped), salt, pepper, 1 chicken (steamed or boiled), seasoned flour, 3oz. potato chips, fat or oil.

Melt butter or substitute in a saucepan, remove from heat and add the flour. Cook over low heat for 2 minutes without browning. Add milk and chicken stock and continue stirring until thick. Simmer 3 minutes. Sauté sliced mushrooms in a little butter and add to the sauce with 1oz. potato chips. Add salt and pepper to taste. Cut chicken into sections and toss in seasoned flour. Fry in hot fat or oil until golden brown. Drain. Arrange on a heated serving-dish and pour over the sauce. Decorate with the remaining chips. Serve hot.

OVEN MEALS

TOMATO-VEGETABLE SOUP

Half cup chopped celery, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 lb. tomatoes (skinned and chopped), 1 bouillon cube dissolved in 3 cups boiling water, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons finely chopped green shallots, 1 dessertspoon corn-flour blended with 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon curry-powder, salt, and pepper to taste, toasted croutons, grated cheese.

Melt butter in casserole in oven, add celery, cook 5 minutes. Add all remaining ingredients, except croutons and cheese; stir to blend well. Return to oven for 15 minutes, until vegetables are tender. Top with croutons, sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake further 5 to 10 minutes until cheese has melted and is bubbly on the croutons.

ORIENTAL RICE CASSEROLE

One tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 1½ cups rice, 1 red pepper, 1 green pepper, ½ cup each celery and green shallots cut in 1 in. pieces, 2oz. mushrooms, 5 cups hot chicken stock (or use packaged chicken soup), 1 lb. prawns (cooked and shelled), finely chopped parsley.

Put butter or substitute in casserole with onion, rice, coarsely chopped peppers, celery, shallots, and chopped mushrooms. Place in oven, cook at moderate heat 10 minutes. Pour chicken stock over, stir through well; bake 20 minutes. Add prawns and stir through, cook further 10 minutes. Fork through to make rice fluffy. Sprinkle with finely chopped parsley.

RASPBERRY-MACAROON DESSERT TORTE

Pastry: Twelve ounces plain flour, ½ cup cornflour, 1½ teaspoons baking-powder, 6oz. butter or substitute, 6oz. castor - sugar, 3 egg-yolks.

Topping: Two cans pie apples, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1½ dessertspoons sugar, 3 egg-whites, extra 1 cup sugar, ½ cup coconut, 1 packet quick-frozen raspberries, 1 dessertspoon sherry.

Pastry: Cream butter and sugar, add egg-yolks, beat well. Sift in flour, cornflour, and baking-powder, knead lightly until mixture is well combined. Press firmly on base of lightly greased oblong casserole. Prick well with fork. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Remove from oven. Combine pie apples with cinnamon and 1½ dessertspoons sugar, spread over pastry base.

Topping: Beat egg-whites until soft peaks form, gradually beat in sugar until meringue is satiny; fold in coconut. Pile on top of apples. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Drain raspberries, combine with sherry. Pour slowly in decorative pattern over meringue.

Note: This recipe makes sufficient for 10 to 12 servings. Serve half torte as hot dessert. Chill remainder and serve the following day with whipped cream or custard.

MARMALADE CAKE WINS

● Mrs. P. Watts, of 14 Pine Street, Rydalmere, N.S.W., wins this week's main £5 prize in our popular recipe contest for a delicious ring cake flavored with banana, dates, and marmalade.

ALL spoon measurements are level.

MARMALADE DATE CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup chopped dates, 2 dessertspoons marmalade jam, 2 medium-sized bananas, 2 cups self-raising flour, 3 tablespoons milk, lemon-flavored icing, dates, citrus peel and cherries to decorate.

Cream butter or substitute and

sugar together, add beaten eggs and beat well. Mix in chopped dates, marmalade, and mashed bananas. Fold in the sifted flour alternately with milk. Fill into a greased 8 in. ring-tin and bake in a moderately hot oven about 40 minutes or until cooked through. Cool a little, remove from tin on to cake-cooler. Frost with lemon-flavored icing and decorate with dates, cherries, a few citrus leaves, and a sprinkling of finely sliced orange or lemon rind.



MARMALADE DATE CAKE has lemon icing decorated with dates, cherries, and orange or lemon peel and leaves.



Collectors' Corner

● Readers' inquiries about their antiques are answered by our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe.

Could you tell me the age of these candlesticks, please? They stand about 12in. high and have the marks I and II on the bottom. — Mrs. M. A. Wright, Gnowangerup, W.A.

These candlesticks (left) are English and were made during the early 19th century. They are brass.

This old musical box has been in my family for some time. Could you tell me something about it, please? — Mrs. M. A. Wade, Auckland, N.Z.

An interesting and unusual type of musical box (right) under a glass dome. It would have been made about 1845-60.



● Brass candlesticks



● Musical box under glass dome

I would appreciate any information you could give me about a white jug I have owned for many years. It stands 9in. high and is decorated with raised lily of the valley flowers and leaves. There are no markings except a small leaf shape on the bottom. — Mrs. L. M. Mills, Forest Hill, Vic.

Your jug (below) is a typical example of English "parian" ware. It was made about 1850-60.



● "Parian" ware jug

In our issue 3/7/63 in answer to R. S. Taylor, North Rockhampton, Qld., "Parian" ware was described as having been first produced in 1745. This was an error, the date should have read 1845.

I have a porcelain bottle with a lid which is patterned in pink, yellow, and green. The mark resembles a horn. — Mr. A. J. Stokvis, Woollahra, N.S.W.

Your bottle bears the factory mark of the celebrated French Chantilly porcelain. The mark was first used about 1725. If genuine, the piece is rare and valuable. Some 19th-century reproduction pieces made by Sampson of Paris bear a similar mark. I would like to examine the bottle to assess its period.

EMBROIDERY TRANSFER



CROSS-STITCH patterns are from Embroidery Transfer No. 200. Order from Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 2/-.

The floors of some of Australia's largest retail stores have been protected and beautified by Fisher's Polishing Wax for over 30 years. Imagine the punishment a store floor takes!

and still a perfect floor

It is essential that these floors be protected by the hardest wearing, most scuff-resistant polish available.



Highly magnified, a cross-section of a cork floor looks like this. There are thousands of tiny fissures and holes between the fragments of cork. These gaps attract dirt and dust while the exposed, unprotected cork rapidly wears away.



A cross section of a floor which has been protected by Fisher's Polishing Wax looks like this. The surface is smooth. All the pores have been filled and it is the layer of Fisher's hard waxes which absorbs the wear and tear of everyday traffic; not the floor itself. This explains why floors protected by Fisher's look so much better and last so much longer.

That is why Fisher's Polishing Wax is used in stores, offices and especially in homes. You'll find Fisher's Wax on all types of floors—lino, timber and cork. FISHER'S SAVES THE SURFACE AND SEALS IN THE SPARKLE.

FISHER'S

— naturally



F28



● FAIR-ISLE dog motifs decorate these felt-soled slippers with knitted uppers. They will keep a 12-to-18-month-old baby warm and snug through winter.

COSY KNITTED SLIPPERS

● At a reader's request, we repeat directions published 11 years ago for these popular children's slippers.

Materials 1oz. main color Patons "Totem" knitting wool; scrap of Totem wool in contrast; 1 pr. No. 4 knitting needles; 1 pr. size 5 child's felt soles; ribbon for tying around ankles.

Abbreviations: Br., brown; bl., blue—colors used in original slippers.

Tension: 5 sts. to the in. in width.

Using brown wool and No. 4 needles, cast on 63 sts.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: Knit.

4th Row: P 29, slip 1, p 1, p.s.o., p 1, p 2 tog., p 29.

Join in blue wool.

5th Row: K 2 br., k 2 bl., k 8 br., k 2 bl., k 14 br., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., k 1 br., k 2 tog. br., k 14 br., k 2 bl., k 8 br., k 2 bl., k 2 br.

6th Row: P 2 br., p 1 bl., p 9 br., p 1 bl., p 14 br., sl. 1, k 1

br., p.s.o., p 1 br., p 2 tog. br., p 14 br., p 1 bl., p 9 br., p 1 bl., p 2 br.

7th Row: K 2 br., k 2 bl., k 8 br., k 1 bl., k 13 br., sl. 1, k 1 br., p.s.o., k 1 br., k 2 tog. br., k 13 br., k 1 bl., k 8 br., k 2 bl., k 2 br.

8th Row: P 3 br., p 2 bl., p 7 br., p 1 bl., p 12 br., sl. 1, p 1 br., p.s.o., p 1 br., p 2 tog. br., p 12 br., p 1 bl., p 7 br., p 2 bl., p 3 br.

9th Row: K 3 br., k 11 bl., k 10 br., sl. 1, k 1 br., p.s.o., k 1 br., k 2 tog. br., k 10 br., k 11 bl., k 3 br.

10th Row: P 3 br., p 11 bl., p 9 br., sl. 1, p 1 br., p.s.o., p 1 br., p 2 tog. br., p 9 br., p 11 bl., p 3 br.

11th Row: K 3 br., k 11 bl., k 8 br., sl. 1, k 1 br., p.s.o., k 1 br., k 2 tog. br., k 8 br., k 11 bl., k 3 br.

12th Row: P 2 br., p 12 bl., p 7 br., sl. 1, p 1 br., p.s.o., p 1 br., p 2 tog. br., p 7 br., p 12 bl., p 2 br.

13th Row: K 2 br., k 1 bl., k 8 br., k 6 bl., k 3 br., sl. 1, k 1 br., p.s.o., k 1 br., k 2 tog. br., k 3 br., k 6 bl., k 8 br., k 1 bl., k 2 br.

14th Row: P 2 br., p 2 bl., p 8 br., p 5 bl., p 2 br., sl. 1, p 1 br., p.s.o., p 1 br., p 2 tog. br., p 2 br., p 5 bl., p 8 br., p 2 bl., p 2 br.

15th Row: K 12 br., k 4 bl., k 2 br., sl. 1, k 1 br., p.s.o., k 1 br., k 2 tog. br., k 2 br., k 4 bl., k 12 br.

16th Row: P 13 br., p 1 bl., p 3 br., sl. 1, p 1 br., p.s.o., p 1 br., p 2 tog. br., p 3 br., p 1 bl., p 13 br.

17th Row: K 13 br., k 1 bl., k 2 br., sl. 1, k 1 br., p.s.o., k 1 br., k 2 tog. br., k 2 br., k 1 bl., k 13 br. Break off blue wool.

18th Row: P 15, sl. 1, p 1, p.s.o., p 1, p 2 tog., p 15.

19th Row: K 14, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., k 14.

20th Row (ribbon holes): P 1 * w.fwd., p 2 tog., rep from * to end of row. Rib four rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Reinforce toes and heels by stitching a small piece of felt in place. Ease toes of slippers slightly. Embroider eyes on dogs. Press lightly with warm iron and damp cloth. Attach work to slipper soles. Join back seam. Thread ribbon through holes or make cords and thread through.

HOME HINTS

● These readers' hints each win a £1/1/- prize.

Attach lining to heavy curtains with press-studs. Lining needs washing more often than curtains, and with the press-studs it's easy to remove. — Mrs. M. B. Maddison, 32 East St., Mt. Hawthorn, W.A.

To give a room an interesting focal point, arrange a group of small pictures around a light-bracket. They don't have to be originals. Pencil drawings and prints in simple black frames look effective in the glow of a lamp. — Miss M. Todd, 116 Shafesbury Pde., Thornbury, Vic.

To mend small tears and cigarette burns cut patch to match garment and a piece of polythene plastic the same size as the patch. Place the plastic between the garment and the patch on the wrong side of the garment and press with a very hot iron. Sew a few slip stitches around the hole for extra strength. — Mrs. M. Strang, 73 Bellevue Ave., Blacktown, N.S.W.

Keep all poisonous substances such as spirits of salts in high cupboards out of the reach of small children. Label jars and bottles clearly so there can be no doubt as to what they contain. — Mrs. Ruth Hocking, Holdsworth Rd., Bendigo, Vic.

Live in the
great
new world of
BRI*
NYLON

Give yourself a gift, too!

Socks are a perfect gift. Especially the new textured, self-pattern socks in 'BRI-NYLON'. No worries about colour. The new fashions make selection easy. Size, you forget. Socks in 'BRI-NYLON' stretch to fit—comfortably. Their new soft crepe 'feel' makes a man think he's really walking on air. And what a 'gift' for the busy housewife: Easy washing, quick drying, no darning! The BRI is your protection. For top value and tested quality, ask for 'BRI-NYLON' by name.

FIBREMAKERS LTD

* Registered trade mark

COTY

5 Minute daily Beauty Routine



First **MOISTURE BALANCER**. Coty's vitamin-enriched light, creamy lotion gently nourishes and protects your skin (enriched with vitamins A, D and E) to preserve and restore a young, lovely skin. Gives protection, prevents dryness, stays dewy-fresh all day. 12/6, 19/6.

Then make up with the natural flattery of **LIGHT & LOVELY** Coty's fluid foundation and powder in one, for lasting loveliness. Gives flawless coverage and flattering finish on all types of skin. 7 shades. 10/6.

CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU

"Goodness, what a lucky boy."
 "What a treat!"
 "Your Aunt Vanessa is coming."
 Vanessa was coming all the way from England back to Australia and she was coming on a piano boat.
 "Why is she coming on a piano?" he asked and they laughed, forgetting to be worried, and said:
 "No, darling. No, pet — not a piano. P. and O. That's the kind of ship it is — a P. and O. ship."
 Now, turning again in bed, he wished that Mrs. Grindel would go home, that the whispering would stop. He thought of calling out that the mattress was lumpy and that he was hot and thirsty, but now they were speaking the other bad word — "Logan."

Lila said, "Shhh, was that him?" and they listened for a moment, inclining their heads toward the hallway, hearing only the slight breeze that came from the open front door.

She wished now that she had not left it open. The house was no cooler and the light, streaming from the hall, had only served to attract Mrs. Grindel, who nightly wrapped stale scones in a serviette and fluttered up and down their street like a huge moth seeking lamps and company.

Lila sat down again at the kitchen table, took a mouthful of dry scone, and said, "Mmmmm, nice."

Mrs. Grindel said, "You look terrible, Mrs. Baines. You look dead, dear. You ought to be in bed with that asthma of yours."

Lila said, "No," and thought, Yes, I am bone tired. I feel every one of my forty-one years and I wish you'd go home. But I asked you to stay and have another piece of fruit cake because I want to talk. Talking helps, and in spite of the fact that you are what my mother would have described as "not our class," you are a mother yourself and a hardworking good woman. George is tired, too, and I'm selfish keeping him up. But then George has been tired for years, tired and quiet from disappointment.

Lila cut another slab of cake. For a moment she could not remember what the new trouble was. Then it clicked back into her mind like a pitiless white electric light.

"Vanessa," she said, picking up the theme, "was born without the long Scott chin and so she was the beauty of the family."

"We used to say, 'Vanessa got the looks. Sinden got the talent. Vere got the voice. Agnes got religion, and Lila got George'."

She smiled at her husband. I love you, she said silently, but he merely looked surprised. She thought, I mustn't slide back down the years or we'll be here all night.

"After my father died my mother's rich cousin, Ettie Bult, came and saw what a state we were in and said to my mother, 'I'll take one of the girls off your hands.' We all knew it would be Vanessa, and it was. It was as though she'd

been getting ready for it for years. She used to wear gloves even to go to the greengrocer's. She said it was the mark of a lady, and she had some calling cards printed 'Vanessa Scott,' which made us all laugh, seeing that she never went anywhere; we were much too poor to go anywhere except to visit old sick people in my father's parish. But Ness didn't care. She kept the cards in a little ivory box with her white gloves. She wanted to be ready, she told us, and she was. So Vanessa went to England as companion to Cousin Ettie Bult and they had a big house in London with maids galore and a chauffeur and travelled all over the place."

"You wouldn't catch me! Me, I like my own backyard. I'm a real dinky-di Aussie. You wouldn't catch me deserting my own country," Mrs. Grindel said.

"We used to get," Lila went on, laughing a little, but raising her voice a fraction to silence any further irrelevancy, "gifts from her wherever she went. Once we got a box of dates and figs from Egypt! And when Mater—when my mother was having her last long illness, Vanessa sent two silk nightgowns from Paris. What we needed was sheets! Sheets, pillowcases, towels—the rent. Mater was living with us by then and George was out of work at the time."

George said, "All right, all right, you don't like her," and Lila waited respectfully, holding open the door of conversation for him to enter, but, as usual, he let her go on alone. (And to think that once you never could shut him up.)

"Oh, I do like Ness. But we were never close, even as girls; I never understood her. It's not the same thing. And believe me, believe me, I've never resented her having the opportunities—although I would have liked to see Paris just once. It's not that it all came so easily to Vanessa. She's never had to struggle for anything. Fancy never having to worry about money your whole life and getting paid every week for not having to worry about it. What I'm saying is Ness has had a great deal, so why does she want P.S.?"

"Part time," said George, unlacing his boots. "Part time is all she wants."

LILA said, "His home is with us. A child doesn't need two homes. I'm his legal guardian. He doesn't need two guardians, and if Sinden knew it was to be Vanessa she'd die." Lila gave a little laugh, thinking of Sinden already dead.

"She would," agreed Mrs. Grindel, "poor little dear. I remember when she was stopping with you here. Nothing stuck-up about Sinden. She'd come over the fence and into my kitchen and sit there in those little-boy's togs of hers like it was Government House. 'Oh, Mrs. Grindel,' she'd say, 'you and your lovely scones. Can I have another?' 'Eat all you want, love,' I'd say. 'You're eating for two now, remember.' 'Three or four, judging by my size,' she'd say, and laugh. Oh, she'd cheer you up, no matter how awful she felt herself, and I often caught her lookin' sad and I'd say, 'Haven't you heard from him, love? No letter yet?'"

"She'd talk about her writin' and all that stuff, just as if I understood all about it, nothing put-on or posh about her. She'd come over while I was feeding Winnie and ask me, 'Is it wonderful to feed a baby? How do you do it?' 'You've got this far, love,' I'd say, 'nature will provide the rest, don't you worry.' I can't see her doin' cartwheels over some foreigner gettin' her paws on P.S."

"Oh, Vanessa's not a foreigner." "She's not here, is she?" Mrs. Grindel swept crumbs from the tablecloth. "What's the lawyer got to say, dear?"

"He's looking over the deed of disposal."

"What's that?" Lila's tired mind went reeling back to the interview with Sam Hamilton a week ago in that hot, stuffy office; the endless confusion of legal jargon — deeds of guardianship of "said infant," deeds of disposal, of rights and privileges so difficult to understand (and not keep Sam too long;

To page 55

The star... is you!



JANET LEIGH, starring in the Columbia Picture "Eye-See-You"

Your beauty care... the beauty care of 9 out of 10 film stars... the mild beauty soap that keeps your skin so soft, so smooth—so beautifully clear!

Lux Toilet Soap

the purest, most luxurious beauty soap of all!

No film star ever faced such extreme close-ups as you face every day... nobody was ever on stage so long! Will the face you turn to your fans be flawless? Yes — if you use gentle, mild, creamy-smooth Lux Toilet Soap. This is the soap of the film stars, the soap with the rich lather that beautifies and purifies — leaving your skin so lovely to look at... so lovely to touch. No other soap can match the purity of Lux — no wonder it's the choice of 9 out of 10 glamorous stars. And you...



after all, we're not paying him) — when the head and heart are beating with unidentifiable fear and the feet are throbbing in tight cheap shoes.

"I don't know," Lila said. "Vanessa is the one with the legal mind. Logan made the deed of appointment when Sinden died."

"Logan!"

"Shhhh. Was that him? Did he call out?"

"Logan!"

"Shhhh, yes."

"Why didn't he take P.S. himself?"

"He couldn't. No job, no proper home—"

"Drunk as a tick."

"Well, she loved him," said Lila, hearing Sinden say that day at the Carlton Hotel, "How could you not marry a man like that?"

"Logan shouldn't have a say. I don't care what the court says or any damn lawyer in the land."

"A father—"

"Only in one way, if you ask me." Mrs. Grindel licked her finger and picked up cake crumbs.

So Lila said, to wind it up, get George to bed. "Well, anyway, it looks as if we'll have to give in. Logan's given Vanessa permission to have P.S. part time."

"He's in with her then."

"They knew each other slightly years ago, before he married Sinden."

"Where's he now?"

"The last word we had was a postcard about two years ago from some wild mining place up north. All it said was, 'Good luck,'"

Lila picked up her atomiser and squeezed.

Mrs. Grindel said, "I'd good-luck him!"

Lila said, rising with dishes, "Logan is P.S.'s father—"

The kitchen clock whirled, announced some muffled hour. She looked at George, asleep now; at Mrs. Grindel, a huge rag doll in that awful print dress. She heard herself say:

"Why not just finish up the cake?"

"Well, all right, dear, if it will save you throwing it out?"

"Where's he now?"

"The last word we had was a postcard about two years ago from some wild mining place up north. All it said was, 'Good luck,'"

Lila picked up her atomiser and squeezed.

Mrs. Grindel said, "I'd good-luck him!"

Lila said, rising with dishes, "Logan is P.S.'s father—"

The kitchen clock whirled, announced some muffled hour. She looked at George, asleep now; at Mrs. Grindel, a huge rag doll in that awful print dress. She heard herself say:

"Why not just finish up the cake?"

"Well, all right, dear, if it will save you throwing it out?"

"Where's he now?"

"The last word we had was a postcard about two years ago from some wild mining place up north. All it said was, 'Good luck,'"

Lila picked up her atomiser and squeezed.

Mrs. Grindel said, "I'd good-luck him!"

Lila said, rising with dishes, "Logan is P.S.'s father—"

The kitchen clock whirled, announced some muffled hour. She looked at George, asleep now; at Mrs. Grindel, a huge rag doll in that awful print dress. She heard herself say:

"Why not just finish up the cake?"

"Well, all right, dear, if it will save you throwing it out?"

"Where's he now?"

"The last word we had was a postcard about two years ago from some wild mining place up north. All it said was, 'Good luck,'"

Lila picked up her atomiser and squeezed.

Mrs. Grindel said, "I'd good-luck him!"

Continued from page 54

wrong, will you and George take the babe? Logan will be lost in the blue and, except for Ernest, you are the only ones I could trust to look after my 'P.S.' for that's what he'll be—a postscript to my ridiculous life. Sinden."

Lila folded the letter and the night silence returned thick around her. She replaced it carefully in the hatbox and retied the ribbon.

She snapped off the kitchen light and crossed the hallway to the small bedroom. Greyish light was beginning to lap at the windows. She looked down at the small bed; saw him stretched diagonally across it, one foot thrust angrily from under the sheet in a corresponding line with his left arm stuck out

urgently toward the window, already reaching out for tomorrow.

She replaced the foot under the sheet, tucking in and around, then lifted him, turning the pillow to the cool other side, and laid him down, protesting her intrusion and turning immediately from her and back to the nestling secret of whatever dreaming held him between night and morning.

Lila smoothed the sheet, lightly as air touching it.

"Don't worry, P.S.," she said, reassuring herself.

Vere said, "Now watch, P.S., while we do a funny thing." And he giggled because everything Vere did was funny; she always did a

funny thing the first moment she saw him, even if they were on the street; no matter where they were or how many people were looking, she would do a pretend game of not seeing him or screaming and rushing away from him, swearing that he was a wild, dangerous tiger let loose from the zoo.

Now she took a pot from the popping gas-ring on her little marble-top washstand and filled the wash-basin with hot water. Then she danced across the room and picked up a dusty, scratched gramophone record from where a whole stack of them stood, falling sideways.

She said, "Now watch what we do with Paul Whiteman."

She dropped Paul Whiteman into the hot water. It was very funny, one of her best funnies in a long while, so he laughed very much but was curious also and said, still gurgling, "Vere, why are you washing the gramophone records?"

"Wait and see," she said. "In a minute it will go all soft."

"Why do you want it to go all soft?"

"Because then we can bend it into any shape we want. This one is going to be a vase."

"A vase!"

"Yes, a lovely vase to put flowers in; once it's hardened we'll paint it gorgeous bright colors."

Vases out of gramophone records.

To page 56



Awarded top export honours for 1962/63.

Cut from the heart of old-style cheese

...and flavour-sealed in foil

You get the exact flavour you want, every time, because Cracker Barrel comes in 3 flavour-strengths — Sharp, Medium and Mild. Here's real old-style eating cheese, always flavour-perfect because it's flavour-sealed in foil. Buy Cracker Barrel Brand ready-cut in 8oz. blocks — there's no rind or waste — just the pure enjoyment of Australia's best natural Cheese. From your grocer's refrigerated dairy case.

Cracker Barrel Cheese

KRAFT for good food and good food ideas



Oh, Vere was marvellous, really marvellous. Lila never thought of doing funnies like this; Lila was so very, very usual but Vere was full of surprises (she called them "s'prizes," but he didn't correct her). Now he edged forward and stood on tiptoe looking down at the submerged record.

"Vere?"
"What, treasure?"
"What'll you do about the little hole in the middle?"

"Oh, you bright-as-a-button thing," she screamed, hugging him. "We'll cover it with a little dab of red sealing-wax. Now look."

She plucked the record out of the water and sure enough it was as limp as a wet straw hat.

Working quickly with her hands, Vere twisted the limp record into swirls and curves and stood it up. Lo and behold, it was a vase for little flowers like pansies.

"There, pet. Now we let it harden."

"When they're all finished, can we give them away as surprises?"

"No, these are not for s'prizes, dearest thing. Vere sells them to Mr. Jacobson at the little shop on the corner and he gives me five bob for each."

"But why do you want to sell them, Vere?"

"Because that's what Vere is doing at the moment, pet. Making vases out of gramophone records!"

She whirled on him, picking him up and swinging him round and saying, "I've got gorgeous milk and a piece of chocolate cake for you, but first I think I'll eat you up, eatyouup, eatyouup!"

SHE made ravenous noises, kissing him all over his face and neck until he wriggled, trying delightedly to escape.

They had had a wonderful day. Lila had brought him into the city on the ferry. Lila and he had got off at Circular Quay and there beyond the turnstiles in a bright blue hat and her red hair curling out round her face was Vere, waving her patched gloves and swinging her long strings of beads and right away she had done a funny thing.

She had reared up very tall and afraid and cried out, "Lila, who's that you've got? That's not P.S., that's a dangerous leopard," then appearing to recognise him by his cap, rushed to gobble him with kisses and said, "Oh, no, it's my child, my child!" and Lila said, "Vere, everyone's looking."

Then there had been one of those moments of tall whispering and nudging far above him and he had seen Lila take a postcard out of her bag and give it to Vere, saying, "Vanessa from Colombo — only a few weeks now." Lila had waved and said she would pick him up at five o'clock and gone off, moving her sore feet gently on the hot pavement where the tar was melting in soft puddles, and he and Vere had climbed on a tram and they had gone to the cheap seats at the pictures, feeling their way in the sudden dark of the theatre nearly empty at that time of the morning, but with the giant grey faces on the screen that he loved so much.

Vere said that the picture was "The Gold Diggers of 1933." When the picture was over a man came up out of nowhere playing the big Wurlitzer organ in a bright pink light and then sank out of sight again; they sat through the news-reel and a cartoon and Coming Attractions and through "The Gold Diggers" again until after Ginger had sung "We're in the Money," which is where they had come in, and groped their way out, blinking into a hot sunlight to find it was afternoon already.

While they were sitting in a cafe having a meat pie each he had asked Vere was it a good thing to be a gold-digger and she had laughed and said, "Oh, yes, yes, pet; get anything you can in this damn life; you'll be a long time dead." He thought this was a bit strange because Logan was a gold-digger; he'd heard them say so. Yet Logan was one of the things you didn't mention out loud.

Now they were back in Vere's room at Kings Cross, which was best of all because it was so full of things. Vere collected things from

Continued from page 55

everybody and her little narrow room was crammed with them. Whenever anybody was about to throw something away, Vere would snatch it from them, saying, "Oh, I know a poor woman who'd love to have that," only the things were all for her and she herself never threw out anything, so that there was hardly room to sit down, let alone move.

There were mountains of dusty letters lying around everywhere. Stuck on the pink walls with pins were hundreds of pictures, and he liked to stand on a chair and look at them and pick out the people he knew, like Lila and George being married in front of a waterfall (George sitting down in a wicker

chair and Lila in a white lace dress standing with her hand on George's shoulder as if to stop him from getting up) and Vere all dressed up in costume when she was on the stage in "The Student Prince," and old Mater Scott all buttoned up to the neck in black and looking not pleased at all with anyone and Pater Scott with his white beard.

There was another one of them all together, the five girls all grouped round Mater and Pater with Lila and Agnes standing at the back, Dear One (as he was told to call his mother) all by herself at the side as if she didn't quite belong to them, and two little girls with long curls and fluffy white dresses, sitting in front.

"Me," said Vere today, pointing to herself.

And the other?

"That's Vanessa," said Vere, and he leaned forward to see Vanessa long ago. She was a very pretty little girl with hair ribbons and a misty face and she leaned her little arm along Pater Scott's knee and rested her head against his waistcoat, curled against him like a kitten. Now, today, they all stared at him curiously as much as to say, "Well, for goodness' sake, who are you? Which one of us had you for a little boy?" but Vanessa, curled against her father, seemed to stare harder than all the others.

What was she coming back for? What was this little girl in a white

dress with a big silk sash going to do to him? He was just about to ask Vere when there was a tap at the door and Vere's friend, Opal, came in. Opal was the most beautiful girl in the world and wore soft, shining dresses; always a new one every time he saw her, always great big hats piled with roses.

Opal said, "And who is this handsome man?" bending to kiss him and smelling of honeysuckle.

Vere said, "Girl, how are you?"

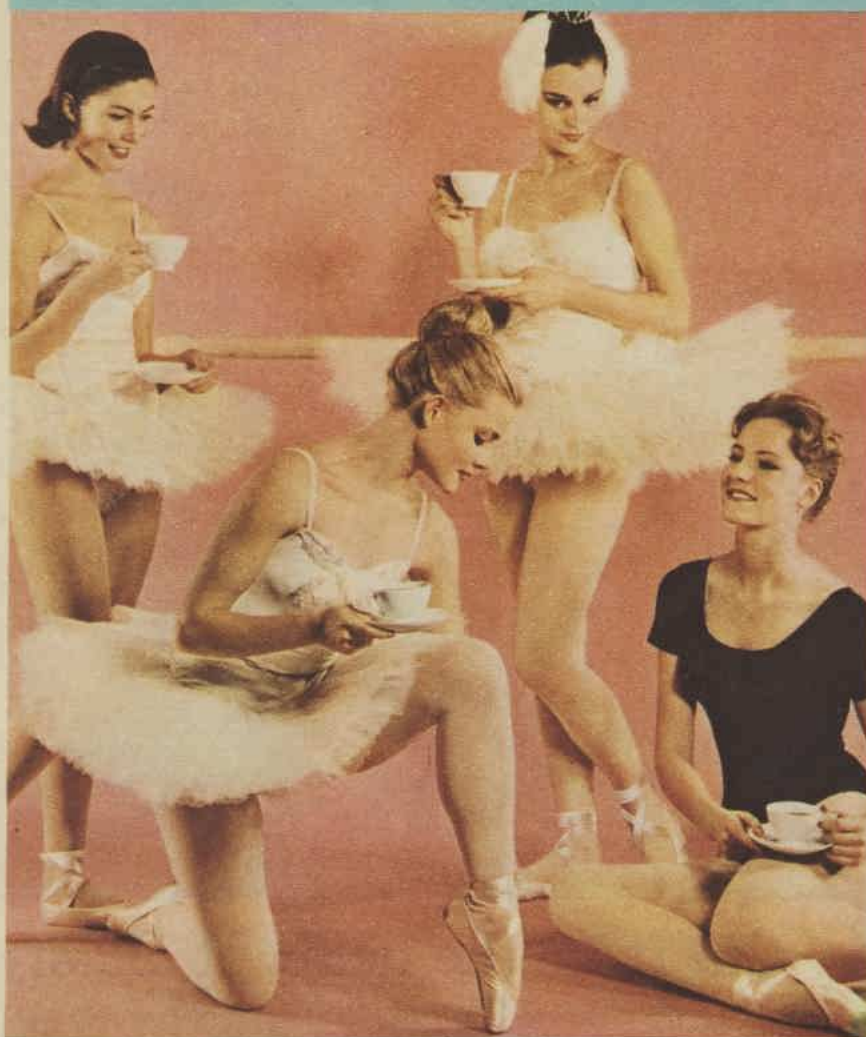
Opal said, "Girl, I'm thwarted." Vere fished a tall, cold bottle out of the shopping bag that Opal had brought with her and poured the golden-colored bubbles into two oddly assorted glasses and handed

To page 57

CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU



for a B



refresh

CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU

one to Opal. They immediately forgot him and began talking about their friends who were all in a mess, thwarted, broke, maddened, or suicidal, my dear. They had wonderful names like Dodo, Ukulele, Widget, and Gussy.

He heard Vere say, "I didn't tell you about our thwart."

"Which is?"

"Ness is coming back."

"My dear! Is Cousin Ettie still in the money, Vere?"

"Rolling."

"I thought no one was any more."

"Oh, girl, Ettie's evil husband bought shares in everything in the year one—things like Broken Hill Mining and Dalgety's and wool and shipping and little unimportant stock like Woolworths!"

"My dear! I suppose one day Ness will cop the lot."

"The lot! That's why she has stayed lashed to Ettie all these years."

"Of course. She is Crafty Alice in the Fairy Palace. Well, we must get out our ostrich feather fans and practise our court curtsies." Opal reached for a cigarette. "But, girl, why is it a thwart?"

"Because Vanessa wants the c-h-i-l-d."

"No!"

"Shhh. Yes. She has been up to some evilness with Ernest in London."

"Sinden's Ernest?"

"Yes; and it seems he's relinquished his guardianship to her."

"But wouldn't L-o-g-a-n have had to agree?"

"Apparently he did. By letter."

"Where is he?"

"Over the hills and far away, gold-digging."

"Will it mean Lila will have to give up le petit enfant?"

"Oui. Part time, anyway."

"Is she thwarted?"

"Thwarted to an absolute fare-thee-well, asthma, and the lot, and poor sleepy George waked up out of his seven-year trance. P.S.? Where are you, darling?"

He said, "Under the bed."

"What are you doing there, dear-est thing?"

"Looking for Hester."

"Don't let her scratch you, blessed angel."

He had found comforting old Hester and dragged her out, miaowing, from the shadows of luggage and strange things under Vere's bed; hugged her to him, spitting and protesting and curling the feather of her tail around his face.

He listened to the conversation rumbling on above him, all about him and Vanessa and Logan and "custardy"; about who was going to have the "custardy" of him. But what had desserts to do with Vanessa? He felt cold and funny inside and he wished Vere and Opal would stop.

Fortunately, Gussy knocked on the door, bringing a cool bottle and

some old gramophone records for Vere to make into vases.

Vere shrieked, "P.S., come and say hello to Gussy."

He loved Gussy, who did funny things and right now was pretending to faint with surprise at the sight of him, fell back into a chair, closed his eyes, recovered, sprang up and seized two saucepan lids, clashed them together like cymbals, screaming, "P.S. is here. Slaves, bring grapes and dancing girls." Then he did a slave dance while Vere poured more golden stuff into more glasses and said, "Sing a song, P.S.," so he sang "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine," remembering all the words so that they clapped for him very hard. Then Dodo, very fat and funny, came rolling up the stairs, screaming to them that she was dying of thirst, my dear.

By the time Lila came to pick him up the room was so smoky and noisy that only he noticed her at the door. Lila shook hands with Vere's friends and gave them the look she sometimes gave the butcher when he tried to cheat her; then she hurried him into his coat with her mouth working because she had seen the long, cold bottles.

"Really, Vere!"

"Oh, Lila, it's only beer, for heaven's sake."

"Just the same, in front of you-know."

"What did the l-a-w-y-e-r say?"

"Sam said it's perfectly legal. Nothing we can do."

Opal said, over the noise of the others, "Lila, Vere's just told me

ushells Break



about Vanessa. My dear, what a black thwart!"

Lila drew herself up, showing that she did not like Opal, saying in her very polite visitor's voice, "It will be very nice to see her after all these years. Come along, P.S., or we'll miss the half-past-five boat."

He went around kissing them all goodbye, sorry the lovely day was over. Vere gobbled him all over the face, saying, "Oh, I could eat you up. I could eat you up!" gave him a piece of chocolate cake in a greasy bag, and Lila marched him out and down the stairs, pulling him along.

"Faster, P.S., we'll miss the boat." Sure enough, as they rushed from the tram to the turnstiles, they saw the half-past-five boat chugging away from the wharf, leaving them with half an hour to wait.

"I knew we'd miss it," Lila said, and seemed pleased that she had turned out to be right.

The sign on the gate read: "The Temple of Everlasting Love. No Trespassing."

Lila pushed open the gate and went in. Tiers of cracked concrete rose in a Greek amphitheatre, led down to ionic columns, standing high above the darkening bay and dwarfing the figure of Agnes, holding a broom and shielding her eyes against the dying sun to see who it was.

Lila called to her sister, "It's only me," and waving little assurances that she was not an intruder started down the steep steps between the tiers. Dotted here and there were metal plates bearing the names of the hundred or so disciples of Dr. Pollack who would gather here to witness the Day of Judgment and presumably to watch the sea yield

To page 60

ARE YOU IN THE RIGHT JOB?

● Are you in the right job—and likely to do well in it? Housewife or mother? Work in an office or factory? Think you're a budding tycoon? Or have you no settled occupation? No matter . . . Just ask yourself these questions and see how you rate in your own estimation. You may be surprised at the result.

- 1 Are you happy in your work:
(a) definitely no?
(b) think so, at least for most of the time?
(c) yes, without reservations?
- 2 Have you ever considered taking special training (evening classes of any kind, correspondence course, etc.)
- 3 When your circumstances displease you, do you usually:
(a) just shrug your shoulders?

- (b) think about changing them?
(c) change them?
- 4 Do other folk tend to come to you for advice concerning their own lives:
(a) now and again, perhaps?
(b) quite a bit?
(c) no?

- 5 Have you ever, at any stage of your life, tried to burn the candle at both ends:
(a) can't remember?
(b) yes?
(c) no?

- 6 Which of these things are you MOST often:
(a) tired?
(b) bored?
(c) frustrated?

- 7 Which of these things are you LEAST often:
(a) resentful or jealous of others?
(b) bored?
(c) despairing?

- 8 How much are you interested (without being unhealthily curious) in other people's lives:
(a) not much?
(b) very much?
(c) say about average?

- 9 Which of these faults do you feel you have most:
(a) untidiness?
(b) procrastination?
(c) lack of concentration?

- 10 How much leisure time do you normally achieve:
(a) very little?
(b) a reasonable amount?
(c) none at all?

HOW TO SCORE

1. (a) 2 (b) 7 (c) 9
2. (a) 1 (b) 10 (c) 6
3. (a) 0 (b) 4 (c) 10
4. (a) 6 (b) 9 (c) 1
5. (a) 0 (b) 6 (c) 2
6. (a) 7 (b) 1 (c) 5
7. (a) 4 (b) 5 (c) 6
8. (a) 2 (b) 8 (c) 5
9. (a) 6 (b) 4 (c) 2
10. (a) 3 (b) 10 (c) 0

CHECK YOUR RATING

Over 80: A fantastic score, which probably means that, great as they are, you tend to overestimate your own abilities.

65-80: You're on top of your job, all right, no matter what it is, and what's more you always will be.

40-65: You're just muddling, which may sometimes mean you're content to be muddling through things. Try pepping it up a bit.

Under 40: You're hardly right at the top of anything, are you? But no one's beyond hope, nevertheless!



ENJOY YOURSELF . . .

but be sure your savings
grow with you

THE
**NATIONAL
BANK
SAVINGS
BANK** LIMITED

A WHOLLY OWNED SUBSIDIARY OF THE
NATIONAL BANK OF AUSTRALASIA LIMITED

Life is great when you're young . . . there's so much to enjoy. You've a right to be gay, to have fun as you play; but as you grow it's good to know that the future can be bright through saving! Be sure you can look forward to the best start in adult life . . . make every pay-day a put-away day at the National Bank Savings Bank . . . where it's a pleasure to save!

... THE FULL SERVICE BANK

for my money it's the

NATIONAL BANK SAVINGS BANK

An Australian girl discusses THE THING ABOUT ENGLISH MEN

By MEREDITH SYKES

● The most important thing about English men is that they are different from Australian men. And there seem to be fewer of them — especially in London, with its floating population of Australian girls on working holidays and secretaries from Leeds, Sheffield, and Llandudno.



ENGLISH men are very spoilt, which is not surprising when one thinks of England's part in two world wars.

Their mothers spoil them, so do their sisters; and their wives are expected to continue.

Most of these men, though, are so comfortable at home that they marry late. About 33 appears to be the most socially acceptable age just now.

Another thing about English men: don't go by appearances. It is usually the man with the chin most retiring or the knobby of foreheads who turns out to have just returned from Somaliland, Zanzibar, or Delhi.

He will not, of course, talk about this, but it's nice to be able to tell your friends that you met someone from Somaliland, Zanzibar, or Delhi.

English men are interested in several things. Many are interested in pubs.

They know a couple of pubs extremely well, have a good working knowledge of those within a radius of five to ten miles, and plan trips to others farther away which their friends have told them about.

This is not as bad as it sounds, because, unlike Australia, women are tolerated when drinking, though not expected to say anything.

It also helps if you choose beer or cider, because these are about one-third the price of gin or brandy.

(As a sound working rule, it is better to pay for your own gin or brandy if you really want it. Because of equal pay, English men have fewer inhibitions and less pride than Australians in the matter of Dutch shouting.)

Don't applaud

English men are very amusing and are excellent mimics — but they never smile at their jokes. This is difficult at first but becomes easier with practice. Women are allowed to laugh but not immoderately.

The most sophisticated girls just smile.

English men do not talk very much about their feelings.

They do talk about their own and their car's state of health, the childishness of Americans, sport, their immediate employer, and, interminably, the weather.

An English man does not like the French, is interested in Russia, and does not believe very much in his papers except "The Times," which he does not read because it is boring.

English men are fussy about opening doors for women but never stand up in a tube or bus and often leave their hats on indoors. Sometimes they talk to women and occasionally they listen to them. This is not noteworthy.

To sum up: English men are not the same as Australian men.



open! scoop! dab!

The English mustard you scoop from Keen's new table pots needs no fixing. We've pre-mixed it ready for dabbing. Your taste buds pay no penalty for all this convenience. It's stung through with the unmistakable English character of the dry Keen's you mix yourself. Keen's Ready-mixed is lusty, bitey, smooth-spun, creamy and pot-fresh - to the last scoop! So why mix, stir, wait - when you can open, scoop, dab! Come on. Do it easy. With Keen's new Ready-mixed English mustard.

Keens ready mixed English mustard

WE'VE 2 OTHER FLAVOURS:

A new green-label French with a mellow mildness and subtle continental flavour. And a yellow-label American with a flavour between French and English - not too strong, not too mild.



CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU

up its dead (which here in Balmoral Bay, thought Lila, couldn't amount to more than half a dozen souls, considering the vigilance of the beach lifesaving clubs).

Some of the name plates had become rusted and loose; their owners, weary of waiting for the millennium through several false alarms, had gone ahead on their own steam.

The Temple, built in a clumsy approximation to the Acropolis, had a run-down appearance and Lila, stepping on cracks that had burst between lantana weeds, heard Sinden laugh and say, "Agnes, I know what it says in the Bible, but why would He return through the Sydney Harbor Heads?"

Poor Agnes. Poor Agnes, they al-

ways said, laughing and shaking their heads as Lila found herself doing now and regretting it when she saw the disappointment on Agnes' face. (Poor thing. She thought I might be a new disciple.)

"I was nearby—" Lila said, reaching the bottom and sitting down on a concrete slab marked THOMPSON to get her breath, offering this feeble excuse for the whim that had brought her half a mile out of her way to the tram and up the steep hill to the Temple. "News," she added, fumbling in her worn handbag for Vanessa's letter.

Agnes said unexpectedly, "Oh, those seagulls!" darted forward with the broom to sweep seagull droppings off the seat next to THOMP-

SON. Brushing away, Agnes said, "How did you know I would be here today?"

"I don't know. I just thought you might."

Agnes, under her tricorne hat and looking more than ever like Lord Nelson, gave Lila a swift, triumphant glance.

"But I'm never usually here on Tuesdays, Lila. Something brought you!"

"Yes," said Lila. "News from Ness."

"No," said Agnes. "It's a Sign," and Lila nodded, accepting the strange fact of her being here; reminded that when it came to signs and portents she and Agnes were alike; had searched through girlhood

for secret clues in order to sustain their faltering hopes that in the end all would be well, money would be theirs, the sick would recover, lovers would return ("I dreamed of So-and-So last night, Agnes, and today I ran into her on the street, isn't that funny?") "Lila, I knew the doorbell was going to ring, isn't that funny?"). Heads together, they had peered out through the windows of the dark, cramped manse in Waverley, looking for the silver lining; straining their eyes to see the first light of their brilliant futures.

The only difference, Lila was thinking, is that Agnes took it up professionally; and she saw, for an instant, Mater Scott rising black-bodied and stern, saying to Agnes,

"Necromancy! I will not have necromancy in this protestant house, so you must choose between your father and the devil," watched again while Agnes packed a cardboard suitcase, went down the front path to board a ship for Seattle and the glorious teachings of a Mr. Norman B. Pringle.

Poor Agnes. What had she found? A life of handing out pamphlets to scoffers who heckled her on street corners, and of trying to raise money to help sustain a temple going to rack and ruin with the financial uncertainty of Eternity when she could not even afford a new hat; trudged around in that old tricorne which she had worn proudly back from America.

Now, wearing her hat like a vow of poverty, she was often subjected to the cruel little singsong chant of "Where did you get that hat?" when she spoke in the Sydney Domain along with the Communists, Pacifists, Prohibitionists, and the other soap-box orators screaming for attention from the listless Sunday strollers under the giant fig trees.

Lila watched her now, sitting down on UPDIKE FAMILY, searching for her imitation tortoiseshell glasses, the little navy-blue ribbons on the back of her hat fluttering like tiny, brave pennants on a sinking ship, and jumped when Agnes said, before unfolding the letter:

"Is Ness coming home?"
"Yes. How did you know?"
Agnes smiled. "I knew."
What? A good guess? Even the most bogus prophets can hit the mark now and then.

AGNES said, "I had a revelation about it a few weeks ago."

Lila said, "You might have warned me," and laughed, wondering at the same time about Agnes' gift for signs, remembering that years ago Agnes had said, apropos of nothing in particular, "Sinden won't live to be very old." Nonsense, nonsense, they had all said, all of them secretly loving Sinden the best, angry and frightened that Agnes might be right and hushing her instantly in case Sin might have been in the pantry and overheard.

Nonsense, Agnes! They were incensed that she should have said this about Sinden, who was the only one of them who ever stuck up for Agnes against Mater and had done so right from the very first time when Mater had found Agnes' notebook of "Conversations and Disagreements with St. John the Divine" and had read aloud from it amid whoops of laughter from everybody except Sinden, who, seeing the red-faced young girl motionless as death watching Mater from the hallway, snatched the book from Mater's hand and said, "Mother, don't. Let her have God any way she wants Him." They all had expected an explosion, but instead Mater had handed the notebook to Sinden and gone rather red in the face herself.

Once Sinden had said, "You should only listen to every nineteenth thing Agnes says, but then you should listen very carefully." Over the years they had stopped laughing occasionally and listened intently to Agnes in case she might be saying the nineteenth thing and Lila knew that this was why she was here today; this was why she had turned suddenly from the tram and toiled up the hot, treeless hill to the Temple.

She watched Agnes bent impassively over Vanessa's small handwriting and waited until she had read the last page.

"Well, what do you think of that?"

Agnes turned her head and stared away through the columns across the bay toward the open sea, narrowed her eyes as though she could already see someone coming—but not by ship.

Agnes said, "You better not oppose her, Lila."

"Why not?"
"She'll make trouble if you try."
"I know that, Agnes. Even Sam Hamilton says we'd have to apply for adoption, which means finding Logan and—"

To page 61

for regular use
or standby
**BABY
FOODS**
in
CANS
are good



nourishing, pure, effortless

Babies thrive on these ready-to-eat meals, as pure and good as those you would prepare with your own hands. Doctors often recommend them.

They are manufactured under scrupulous hygienic controls and constantly tested for quality. Their purity is protected by their container — a brand-new can that will never be used again.

Only the can — airtight, lightproof, unbreakable — gives a sufficiently perfect seal for such important contents.

YOU CAN TRUST THE CONTENTS OF A CAN
—because nothing seals like steel.



BHP Tinline — a product of Australia.

BHP/C313

"You must let Ness have P.S."
 "But don't you think it's a piece of cheek?"

"There's a reason, Lila."
 "What reason, if you don't mind my asking?"

"A reason." Agnes closed her eyes. "If you go against the current, you'll be wrong!"

"George and I should just let her walk all over us?"

"I am speaking metaphysically." Agnes grew terse. "There are reasons for everything and we must abide by them. If you go against the reason there will be a terrible overturning." She handed back the letter and said calmly, "It won't make much difference, anyway—the time is growing short."

(Oh, here we go again. Might as well have saved myself this walk.)

Agnes said dreamily, "Dr. Pollack has worked it out now to the very month, almost the day. The day when we will all be received into the joy of understanding will be in October."

(October! How funny!)
 "Well, Agnes, I thought you'd like to know—"

"What?"

"That Ness is coming." Agnes stood up and walked away to the rotunda which they called the Circle of Revelation and Joy, saying what sounded for a second, on the still, evening air, like a nineteenth thing.

"P.S. has to learn something."
 "What does P.S. have to learn?"

BUT Agnes had gone away now quietly on an expedition of her own, so they stood together silently, looking down at the bay, where, in the deepening blue, the currents ran dangerously against each other, secretly fighting so that the bay shuddered blackly and moved as a sleeper to toss and turn on the beach. Across at the Heads a Manly ferry passed and the Watson's Bay Lighthouse began its little winking in the first awareness of the twilight.

The timeless of it swept over Lila and she felt that they might stand here until they took root in the concrete and that in all that time she would never understand about anything, but that perhaps Agnes would.

Then Agnes gave a little cry and said, "Oh, look," and pointed down to where a dead bird lay at their feet.

A dead rainbird. And how they hated rainbirds, always the childhood announcers of trouble.

Ridiculous. Of course, it didn't mean anything . . .
 Just the same—how funny!

Now they were going to Dear One's Garden and he liked this, even though this Saturday morning he had had plans of his own to get married to Winnie Grindel in her pepper tree because it was his turn to be bride, but Lila said no, said don't go through the fence in your good blazer because we're going to Dear One's Garden as soon as I've cut the sandwiches.

"Why are we going today?"

"Because it's her birthday."

He laughed. How funny they were. How could you have a birthday when you weren't there? Would they have a cake with candles and ice-cream? Birthdays were Treats, like going to the beach or the zoo or the pictures with Vere.

MOTHER



"It's a SPRING hat, and it won't look AT ALL FUNNY in the spring."

Continued from page 60

He never quite thought of going to Dear One's Garden as a Treat, because really it was rather dull, although the trip there was a Treat. You took the ferryboat across the harbor to Circular Quay and then the tram to Central Station, and then the electric train, which you stayed on a long time, stopping at a great many stations, passing through tunnels and stone cuttings, and best of all you crossed over a high iron bridge across a river, and if you stuck your nose right against the train window and looked down you could see the green river thick with yellow jelly-fish.

He was thinking about this now as they were rattling across the old unsafe bridge and he had his nose

squashed to the window, looking down at the great jellyfish trailing their feelers in the water, when Lila put her face to the glass next to his and said: "Look over there. Right down the river. Quick, watch where I'm pointing, see? A great white house with verandahs running all around it and a red roof with towers? See it?"

He saw it just as it disappeared.

Lila said, "That's the hotel where Dear One spent her — where she went away to stay with your father."

They stayed together?

But that meant she stayed with Logan? Stayed with a gold-digger in that big house which looked so

lonely and damp in the middle of all those sad-looking trees bending over the river and the river so dark green and awful and too dangerous even to put your toe in the water.

How strange it all was and embarrassing, too, for Lila to mention Logan, which she never did if she could help it, and right out loud like that in the train where anyone could hear. And surely it was wrong of Dear One to go off like that and stay away with Logan. Dear One never did a wrong thing in her life. They were always telling him that. She was a saint and an angel and too good to live and so God had called her away.

He wanted to ask her why she

had gone away with Logan, but Lila had already hidden behind a newspaper and George was asleep.

The train stopped at Sutherland Station and they got out (George forgetting his Good Raincoat and having to run back for it) and walked up the steps and across a bridge with a lot of other people who were all carrying flowers, then down a dusty white road and through tall iron gates.

Just inside the gates a fat lady sat on a canvas stool beside tin buckets holding flowers, and they stopped while Lila spoke to the fat lady and asked how much were the carnations, how much were the asters?

To page 62

CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU



PANELYTE

MELAMINE ARMoured LAMINATED PLASTIC

Panelyte has always been first to give you the latest in surfacing material colours and patterns. Being first to offer you a teak finish however was not our aim. From the beginning, Panelyte Kyun Teak was not to be released until perfect. Now, Kyun Teak is at your store and we're proud of it! Panelyte Kyun Teak is the first and only authentic reproduction of genuine teak in a laminated plastic. Its Melamine Armoured surface resists stains, scratches, heat and impact and simply wipes back to perfection with a damp cloth. Before buying any new furniture insist on seeing an actual sample of Panelyte Kyun Teak . . . the image of perfection!



SYDNEY: 33 Atchison St., Crown's Rest. Ph. 43 4257. MELBOURNE: 81-87 King William St., Fitzroy. Ph. 41 3808. ADELAIDE: 131 Wright St., Ph. 51 5576. PERTH: 589 Hay St., Subiaco. Ph. 8 4005. ROBERT: 26 Salamanca Place, Ph. 2 7365. BRISBANE: Kingsford Smith Drive, Eagle Farm. Ph. 68 1071.

AUSTRALIA'S STYLE LEADER IN DECORATIVE LAMINATES

FREE PANELYTE BROCHURE

complete with do-it-yourself instructions for applying Panelyte to existing furniture. Also an actual sample of Kyun Teak. Post coupon for your copy by return mail to your CHARLES HOPE & CO. store distributor, address below.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

STATE _____ SAMPLE PLEASE _____

CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU

Finally she bought daisies and two bunches of violets and said, "Put some fairy fern with them and some gum leaves and a sprig of forget-me-not," and George paid the fat lady and they went on down the road under the gum trees and everywhere there were people putting flowers in vases on the little gardens.

Dear One's Garden was just off the road a short distance, and, as Lila always said, "so handy to the tap, thank goodness," because her feet hurt.

The little garden was raised slightly from the dry red earth by a stone step. It had a white marble cross, taller than he, which

had lettering on it and read, according to Lila:

SINDEN
BELOVED DAUGHTER OF
WILLIAM AND ANNIE SCOTT.
"TO THE PURE IN HEART,
ALL THINGS ARE PURE."

at the top, and at the bottom (but not unless you cut away the grass and weeds):

BELOVED WIFE OF LOGAN.

Once there, things always got busy. George would spread last Sunday's paper on the garden so as not to dirty his trousers, and unwrap the garden shears; then he would take off his jacket and fold it neatly on the stone step. One time he had asked George why he didn't

hang his coat on the cross, which would be a good coat-hanger, but they had said, "Oh, no, darling, you mustn't hang anything on that, ever; it's not supposed to be for that."

What was the use of it then?

While George cut the dry long grass and complained that the shears were blunt, he and Lila would gather up the glass jam jars and vases from around the bottom of the cross, pouring out the muddy rain-water and the dead flowers. Then they would go to the tap to fill the jars with fresh water and arrange the new flowers nicely in them.

There wasn't much talking while

all this went on, and he was always glad when it was over and they could all sit down on the stone step and open the nice, damp packets of sandwiches and uncork the vacuum flask of tea. They would sit, enjoying the nice picnic, while the locusts squawked in the trees and little bright insects buzzed around them and no one said much more than "More tea?" or "How about another ham sandwich?" or perhaps how pretty the poplar trees were over there around the new crematorium.

After lunch they would all turn and stare for quite a long while at the garden in silence until Lila would say to him, "Say goodbye to Dear One." It was silly really to

say goodbye to no one, but he always obeyed politely, feeling foolish.

Dear One wasn't there. She was in an aeroplane in the sky. He'd found out that much, anyway. He'd been under the table in the kitchen when his Aunt Agnes had come for tea, and heard her say, "Lila, why do you take him there?"

"For his mother's sake, Agnes."

"Sinden isn't there. She's on the Seventh Plane of Understanding."

"Well, may be, but it's all we've got of her."

Agnes had laughed at Lila. "You and your old theology. You're as bad as Pater."

"Well, all right, but I think Sinden would like it."

"She doesn't have any memory of this Plane."

"It wouldn't hurt you to put a flower there sometimes."

"I will have nothing to do with old-fashioned death and burial."

"Do you mean you want to be cremated?" Lila had sounded shocked.

"There will be no need, Lila."

Since that time he had watched the sky whenever he heard the drone of an aeroplane coming across the house from Mascot, where they took off. But how to tell the seventh plane from all the others?

When he had asked Lila, she had laughed and said, "Oh, pet, never listen to what Agnes says."

Suddenly today, as they were doing the first things, he heard Lila say in one of her quiet voices, "George, someone's been here."

George stopped cutting the grass. Lila said, "Look, someone's put some blue irises in this jar and it looks to me as if they've only been here a few days."

George said, "Vere?"

"Oh, no. I asked her if she wanted to come with us today and she said she didn't even have the train fare at the moment."

GEORGE said that perhaps it could be one of Sin's pals from the Pen and Ink Club. Pony whatsername.

"I doubt that they'd remember her birthday now. They remember the other date, but not the birthday. And these look—oh, I don't know, perhaps it's silly but—it's not the way a woman puts flowers in a vase, all bunched up like this. More like a man."

"Well, whoever he was, I wish he'd cut the damn grass for us."

"George. Don't swear here. But I don't like the idea of some stranger poking round."

After a minute, George said, "It might not be a stranger to her," and he went on cutting.

Lila moved the intruding irises away from the cross and placed her own squat jug of daisies in front of it. She felt suddenly hotter and not from the sun; from an old resentment.

Yes, how peculiar it was. Always strangers, Lila thought, coming again out of a shop years ago and finding Sinden deep in conversation with someone on the street corner. ("Who was that?" "I don't know but a most interesting chap.") How many times had they waited, sick from worry, when Sinden was so late coming home from high school that it was almost evening; peering anxiously from the front windows expecting the police with terrible news. Then her casual, "Oh, I met a boy and don't worry, his sister was there, too." Mater scolding to no avail, talking to a brick wall, and Lila, in her role of eldest sister, dropping hints like hairpins behind the closed bedroom door only to get an amused, "Oh, Lila, tell me something I don't know."

Total strangers knew Sinden infinitely better than her family and traces of them appeared everywhere. "Oh, what a pretty jade brooch, Sin. Who gave you that?" "Oh, someone I know." Sorry they asked.

Then, after Mater died and Lila assumed responsibility, the periods when she went off into limbo, came back without a word, disappeared again. ("Where's Sin?" "Oh, we never know. Off somewhere writing, no doubt.") Getting "copy," more likely, for that was what she called it. After a long while they had

To page 63

MEN OF
TOMORROW
NEED
WEET-BIX
TODAY!

Give your family Australia's N° 1 build-up breakfast

In a tiny golden grain of wheat, there are extraordinary powers. Powers that promote energy and vitality... sturdy growth in children... sound digestion in grown-ups.

No other grain can match the powers of wheat... and that is why no other breakfast can compare with Weet-Bix. Every flake of Weet-Bix is a whole wheat grain. Energising. Appetising. Rich in the sustaining goodness your children must have every morning! Sold by all grocers.

TWO colour cards free in every Weet-Bix packet! A true-to-life stereo card (Zoo Babies and Australia on Parade series) and a big colourful car card. Stereo viewers 2.6 at grocers. "Young Australian Motorist" album 1 - at grocers.



SIMPLY
SCRUMPTIOUS
WITH
BLACKBERRIES

W2 43

learned the uselessness of asking questions.

All those peculiar people, really peculiar people in her book "Marmon," supposedly drawn from life. And then — and then — A telephone rang suddenly in Lila's mind: "Sinden! Where are you? I've been trying for days to —"

"I'm in a telephone box at the Carlton Hotel. I've just got married."

"Why haven't you rung me up? I've been — What did you say?"

"I just got married to Logan Marriott, Lila."

"Yes?"

"Come on in at once and bring George. We've got champagne and Vere's just arrived. I'm in heaven, dearest, absolutely in the blue sky and, Lila, I made a wedding dress out of that lace you gave me and some creamy silk Ness sent from Paris —"

"Sinden, who is Logan Marriott?"

It still hurt.

Bending over the grave, arranging fern around her wretched-looking daisies, it hurt still and she said to George: "If it hadn't been for a stranger we wouldn't be here today, bringing flowers to her."

George said, "If it weren't for strangers none of us would be here."

"Don't talk that way in front of you-know."

P.S. was looking curiously at her and so Lila rearranged her face into a false smile and said, "There now, isn't that nice? Haven't we made Dear One's Garden look neat and pretty for her?"

"Yes, but can we have lunch now?"

NOW it was all over, the lunch scraps carefully wrapped and put in the wire basket, the shears in a paper bag, and they were walking back down the red-dust road toward the gates and hurrying a little because the sun had gone suddenly behind black clouds that were storming toward them, wrapping everything in grey light, and Lila was saying, "I knew the day would spoil. I heard the rainbirds this morning. We'll be caught in that before we get to the train, you watch!" and was waving her umbrella, pleased that she was right.

But he was watching a group of people standing round one of the gardens. There was a big gaping hole in the ground and some men were lowering a box into the hole with ropes, while the others stood around watching. The men all had their hats off and two of them were holding on to a lady all dressed in black with a veil covering her face and holding white flowers.

Lila was jabbing him, saying, "Oh, look over there, pet, the other way — I think I see a bunny rabbit," but at that moment the lady in black gave a scream, pulling away from the two men, and rushed toward the hole as though she was going to throw herself into it, but the others reached out for her and held her back while she went on screaming so that people at other gardens turned to see and Lila said, "Quickly now, P.S., or we'll miss the train," and started to run, pulling him by the hand away from the screaming.

"What's the matter with that lady?"

"Nothing."

"Then why is she calling out?"

"She's sad."

"Because they're taking that box away from her?"

"Perhaps. Oh, look at that funny dog!"

"What's in the box?"

"Just some old things she doesn't want any more like we give to the ragman."

"Then why is she upset?"

"Oooh, I felt a raindrop. Run now."

The rain came down. Lila's umbrella stuck and wouldn't open.

They ran for the train and got on, drenched.

Lila was still wiping and dabbing at them all as the train rattled across the bridge over the river with the jelly-fish, but this time he closed

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Continued from page 62

his eyes. He didn't want to look at that sad hotel, all damp and lonely by the river with the darkness coming on.

What was in the box? Boxes like that had something to do with that hotel. This he knew without being told. And that sad hotel had something to do with him.

He said to Winnie Grindel, "You know what?"

"What?"

"Tomorrow morning we're going down to see the piano boat."

"What's a pianner boat?"

"It's the biggest boat in the world."

"Why is it called a pianner boat?"

He said, "I don't know. That's what they call it."

"Why are you going to see it?"

"Because Vanessa's coming on it."

"Who's Vanessa?"

"My aunt," he said. "She's coming all the way from England."

"Is she a Pommy?"

He wasn't allowed to use that word. Lila always said, "Don't say Pommy, P.S., say Englishman."

He said, "No, I think she's an Assyrian."

Winnie said in an important voice, "I know a secret."

"What?"

"You're going somewhere else to live."

He stared at her and heard a funny buzzing sound in his head,

felt a bit shivery as if a cold drop of rain had fallen on him.

"Who said?"

"Your aunty told my mum. They're comin' in a big car to take you away for good."

"They are not. Who's they?"

"Whoever they are, they're awful. Your aunty said."

"Fibber. Fibber."

Winnie pulled a face at him, jumped down from the tree, and started kicking up the dry dust of the yard with her bare feet while she chanted in a singsong voice:

"P.S. is going aw-ay-ay. P.S. is going aw-ay-ay."

Seeing a flash of something that looked like blue fire, he flew from the tree, found himself twice as tall

with rage and fright, hit Winnie hard in the face with his fist. Right in her silly mouth.

She dropped like a stone in the dust and set up a wail.

"Mumma. P.S. hit me."

He ran, ran wildly for the hole in the paling fence, scrambled through it, feeling no legs under him, feeling the way it was the minute before being sick, ran across his own yard while close behind, reaching out long arms for him, were Vanessa and Logan: burst into the kitchen to find Lila bending over the sink.

"I'm not going away."

"P.S., what—"

"I'm not. I'm not."

To page 64

CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU



fashion wise
'TERYLENE'
does the most
for you

In Summer dresses 'Terylene' does many wonderful things.
Makes them "wash and wear" for instance.
Protects them from wrinkles.
Cherishes their shape.
Does the most for fashion—and for you!

Garments illustrated are 67% 'Terylene', 33% Linen



'TERYLENE' IS A REGISTERED TRADE MARK

CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU

Flung himself on her, holding tight to her waist, filling up and spilling over into tears and sobs while she gathered him up to her and safe on to her lap.

"What is it? What's the matter?" But her voice sounded as though she already knew.

He gasped it all out. That Winnie said her mum said you said someone was coming in a car to take him away to live somewhere else. But he would not go, ever. He would take a gun and kill them if they tried. He would hide where they would never find him for a million years—

Lila said, her chest going up and down too fast, her heart beating as

wildly as his, next to his face, "Now, nonsense. Nobody said such a thing and Winnie has got it all wrong. She was teasing you," and Lila gave an imitation of laughing and said, "Oh, what a silly joke and I'm surprised at a big boy of six being such a baby."

He said angrily, "Are you trying to escape?"

Lila was shocked, he could tell, that he remembered. One evening, about a year ago, he had wakened up and called to them, called and called until he knew he was in an empty house and they were gone. They had come back and found him screaming. Heavens above, they'd only gone up the street, they said,

only a few doors up the street to take some jelly to Miss Gulf's sick sister. He said, "I thought you escaped," and Lila said, "Now, you know George and I would never escape." "We can't escape, dear old boy," George said, and kissed him.

Now Lila was rocking him the same as she had that night and she was saying that Winnie was teasing, only teasing. Nobody was coming in a car and it was silly, just as silly as when he'd been scared by the funny man in the circus.

"I won't go anywhere with Vanessa," he said, and Lila was quiet as if she was thinking about this, so he said, "And I won't go anywhere near that hotel."

"What hotel? What are you talking about?"

"You know," he said, warning her that he would make no end of trouble for them all, scream the world down, fight and spit and kick everything to pieces. Stamp on Dear One's picture, which would be the wickedest thing in the world.

Lila, nestling him, said, "Now I'm going to tell you about a gorgeous surprise."

He didn't want it. "I don't want it."

"You will when you hear it."

"No, I won't."

"All right then, I won't tell you."

"What is it?"

"Well, you know about holidays."

"What sort of holidays?"

"Well, for instance, like the holidays you're having now from school . . ."

She was saying it very carefully, thinking out the words. "Well, now, if you're good, if you're very, very good, you might go for a little holiday."

"With you and George?"

"Noooooo, not exactly. Although we'll take you there and bring you home after."

"But where?"

"Across the harbor."

"Near here?"

"So near, so very near that you could look out the window and we could look out our window and wave to each other and say, 'Good night, P.S., Are you having a nice holiday?'"

"Who'd I be with?"

"Er—Cousin Ettie, and—"

"Who's she?"

"Goodness, gracious me, Cousin Ettie's the most lovely, laughing, kind lady in the whole world. Oh, and the lovely presents she gives, you just won't believe it. Why, she's so nice, she's almost as nice as your aunt Vanessa."

"I won't go anywhere with her."

"Now, P.S."

"I'll kill her."

"P.S., stop that. Now stop it. Do you want to hurt poor Vanessa's feelings when she's come all this way on the piano boat just to see you and bring you surprises and when she's written such lovely letters saying, 'Please, Lila, couldn't I borrow P.S. just for a little—'"

"I don't belong to her."

"I said borrow, P.S."

"I belong to you and George."

"Yes, of course, and that's why Vanessa had to write and ask us. Like George has to ask Mr. Grindel if he can borrow Mr. Grindel's lawnmower. Now, did you ever hear the lawnmower cry and say it wouldn't come?"

That was a joke, so he laughed a little at it, at the thought of the lawnmower crying, and Lila said: "Remember once when George and I had to go to Wollongong on the train and you were to stay the night with Vere?"

He nodded into Lila's chest.

"Remember what fun that was? Packing your suitcase with your jamas and toothbrush and Mrs. Tiggywinkle to read in bed? Well, it will be just like that, only you'll be going to spend the night with Vanessa."

"But I don't know her."

"But you will, silly. You're going to meet her tomorrow and, oh, you are probably going to like her so

To page 65

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



Choose from the wonderful range of Modess Belts!

There's a Modess Belt made just for you . . . Modess Belts in pin or clip style . . . in white or pink elastic . . . Modess Vee-Form in luxury all white nylon. When you choose from the Modess range you know you select a belt of exclusive design that will give you maximum comfort and security at all times.

REGISTERED TRADE MARKS

PRODUCTS OF Johnson-Johnson

much that when you go to visit her you won't want to come home."

Then, smelling the rabbit burning in the oven, Lila jumped up, rushed to the stove, and, snatching the first thing that came to hand, found she was trying to spoon gravy over the sizzling rabbit with the dish-mop. They burst out laughing at this, forgot Vanessa and any trouble there was in the world, roared and held their sides. In fact, Lila laughed so hard that tears were running down her cheeks and she had to run into her bedroom and shut the door.

They got up very early. Even though it was midsummer, the sun was not even up when George came into his bedroom, tickled him, and said, "Come on now, P.S. Rise and shine now, because the piano boat gets in very early." He had never before washed and dressed by the electric light and after George had helped him with buttons, combed his hair on the wrong side and let him correct it himself with a jagged parting, when they had gone into the kitchen it was still barely light outside and Mrs. Grindel's rooster was only then beginning to crow at the day.

It was even stranger having breakfast with the kitchen light on and Lila serving them all fried eggs which none of them wanted. When breakfast was over and the dishes washed and put away, they still had an hour to wait before the seven o'clock ferry. Of course, Lila had got them up too early. Much too early, George said, yawning and complaining that she was always too early for everything and reminding her that she'd even got to their wedding before he had. But Lila said, well, you never know, the boats don't run as often on Saturdays, and suppose the tram broke down or we got to the wrong pier? Something would be bound to go wrong, it always did, and wouldn't it be awful if Vanessa and Cousin Ettie found no one waiting for them?

ON the ferry, which they had practically to themselves, George read the "Labor Daily" and Lila talked through it to him. She said, "I can remember when they sailed for England that Mater couldn't come to see them off because she was already beginning to have the b-l-a-d-d-e-r trouble and Sinden was so late that they were already taking the gangplank away when she came running on to the pier.

"She brought a little farewell gift for Ness; it was a little rose-colored silk bag to keep bottles of lotion and things in, and she was so funny because she was determined the ship mustn't sail without it and Vanessa was calling out, 'Post it to me!' and there was a sailor looking out of a porthole and he called out to Sinden that he'd take it and one of the wharf laborers lifted her up so she could reach the sailor's hand."

Lila went on and on. She was still talking when the Woolloomooloo tram turned a corner into a street of piers and George said, "Look, there she is," and turning their heads they saw the tops of two huge black funnels.

Now it would happen. In a very few minutes he would see Vanessa and he began to feel a little bit sick.

At the entrance to the wharf he hung back a moment, pretending his shoelace was undone, but Lila tugged him forward, saying, "Faster, P.S."

Then, blinking the sunlight away, they stood and looked up at the piano boat, rising up into the sky, black with buff tonings and as tall as the tower on the General Post Office.

Every inch of its railings was crowded with people only as big as dots and some of them were waving to people down on the wharf while others just stared down silently.

"Look up and see if you can find Vanessa and Cousin Ettie."

"But I don't know them." Why was she so stupid?

They picked their way along the wharf, with Lila saying, "George, don't lose us now," and suddenly there was his Aunt Agnes wearing

her funny pointed hat and carrying a grass fan shaped like a meat-axe.

Agnes said, "Well, P.S. I don't often see you, do I?" She kissed him. Her face was as perspiry as blanchmange and she held some carnations. "Smell," she said.

Lila said, "Have you seen them?" Agnes said, "They won't let us on yet."

"But have you caught sight of them?"

"Ettie was up there just for a minute a little while ago."

"Where?" Lila was peering up, working her mouth.

"Up there, next to that woman in the red hat on the lower deck."

"Seen Ness?"

"No."

Continued from page 64

CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU

They stood together, hands across their eyes, while the heat, rising, shimmered around them and the big ship seemed to shake in the brightness of the glaring sun. Pieces of brass caught fire and dazzled their eyes. They would all be blind before they could see Vanessa.

George said, "How about this, old chap? Ever see a boat as big as this?"

Agnes said, "Big boats are nothing new to me. I have sailed on a big boat, P.S. I sailed to San Francisco on the Sierra Leone." There was a sharp scream behind them and they all turned to see Vere scrambling through the crowd, pushing people right and left, not caring whom she stepped on. She was

wearing a yellow dress of Opal's, a huge green straw hat too big for her, and had a red bag with a silver K on it, and she came prancing toward them like the Pied Piper and right off did a funny thing — frowning at George and saying, "Where's P.S.? Why didn't you bring P.S.?" so that he giggled and ran to her.

"Vere, I'm here."

"Is that you? Is that my child?" Screams and kisses.

"Vere, not in front of everyone."

"Oh, Lila, don't be such a thwart. Hello, Agnes. Phew, what a scorcher. Aren't you dying in that wool dress?"

"We are all dying in a sense, Vere."

"Oh, don't start that, dear. It's too early."

"It is later than we think."

Then Vere, dancing ahead of them, pointed and shrieked, "Look, there's Ettie."

"Where? Where?"

They pushed forward in a knot, all staring up.

"There by that lifeboat. She's seen us."

A dot in a big black hat was waving a handkerchief.

"Coo-ee," they cried, waving back.

"Coo-ee, Ettie. Wave to Cousin Ettie, P.S., George, lift him up so she can see him. Ettie, this is P.S.!"

The dot blew kisses.

To page 71



White coffee needs the right coffee



Gorgeous smell of roasting coffee beans! That's the fresh coffee taste that comes through with milk or cream when you use Golden Roast. It's blended right, roasted right for white coffee: rich, best-of-the-coffee-beans Golden Roast.

So many ways to enjoy good white coffee: With cream poured gently near the side of the cup so that it floats . . . served iced, in a glass, and topped with ice cream . . . So long as it's white coffee, the right coffee is always Golden Roast.

(the one coffee blended right, roasted right for white coffee)

THROUGH
THE
FINEST
SEASON
OF THE
YEAR.

DomineX
Fashions



Be the
envy of every
eye...as you drive
the cutest car
in town!



Friends and neighbours will sigh
with envy to see you in your easy-driving
eye-catching, nippy, zippy

TRIUMPH HERALD 1200



For you, in your Herald

- * PARKING'S SO EASY * SAFETY'S AT MAXIMUM
- * ECONOMY'S EXCEPTIONAL * COMFORT'S 'THE MOST'
- * TRAFFIC'S NO PROBLEM

You'll have just one problem. If father gets his Herald-picking hands on your car, he'll want it all the time... and you'll be left with 'the monster' he usually drives!

Post coupon for full details or call your Standard-Triumph Dealer now for a 'no obligation' test drive. Models priced from £885 incl. tax.

TO AUSTRALIAN MOTOR INDUSTRIES LIMITED
COOK STREET, PORT MELBOURNE, VICTORIA

NAME

ADDRESS

BE YOUR OWN HANDYMAN

QUICK REMODELLING IDEAS

● This week we show a few quick tricks for turning something old into something new. All of these ideas are easy to make and cost practically nothing.



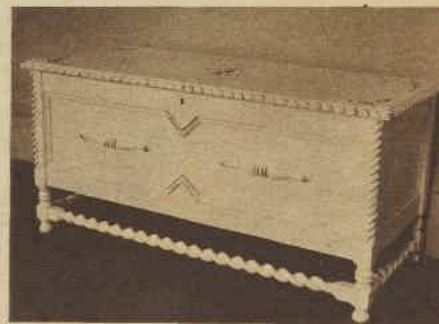
TURN an old wastepaper basket into a cute container for wool, knitting needles, and patterns. Cover the outside with wallpaper off-cut or paint it inside and out in a bright color. Trim the top with a glued-on braid border and fasten tassels at corners. Makes a good potplant-holder or firewood box, too!

HERE'S a gay notice board for the kitchen. Nail a piece of soft wood to an old picture frame, then paint it and glue bright felt over the board. Hang with ribbon or leather through a brass ring. Secure notes with colored drawing or mapping pins. Or nail a pegboard off-cut to the frame and fasten notes with golf tees.



THESE bookends are made from two building bricks. Make sure they're dry, then cover tightly with newspaper, wrap as carefully as you would a gift. Use sticky-tape. Then, with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard marble patterned stick-on plastic, wrap bricks again, making all ends neat.

GIVE a glory box new life by painting it white and gold. Use it as a seat topped with bright cushions. Or turn it into a leafy plant-holder by adding a shelf and metal tray inside. To convert it into a baby's wardrobe, remove legs, stand on end on 2in. high base and add a handle to the "door."



NEXT WEEK: Small Home Plan

Our Home Plans Service

HUNDREDS of home plans are available to readers at our architect-directed Home Planning Centres. All these plans can be modified to suit individual needs.

- Full plans and specifications from Hobart: FitzGerald's (27221). £10/10/-.
- All normal architect's services available. Adelaide: 47 South Terrace (51-1798).
- Alterations to suit site if wanted. Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St. (Box 409F, G.P.O.).
- Phone or call at your local Centre at—
- Sydney: Anthony Horderns (Box 58, P.O., Brickfield Hill), B0951, ext. 220.
- Melbourne: R.V.I.A. Small Homes Service, Age Building, 233 Collins St., (63-0341, ext. 322). Mailing address, P.O. Box No. 185C.
- Toowoomba: Pigotts (2-1733).
- Perth: Western Building Centre, 10 Milligan St. (21-4788).

Or fill in coupon below and post it to your nearest Home Planning Centre.

Please make all cheques payable to "Women's Weekly Home Plans Service." Cut this out, fill in details, and mail in envelope addressed to our Centre in your State.

COUPON

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

- ☐ Please send complete details of the services you offer. (I enclose 2/- to cover cost of handling and postage.)
- ☐ Please send the series of booklets showing illustrated plans for 130 homes. (I enclose 15/- to cover complete cost.)

For
many years
Bethal
have proved
their worth
in relieving
ASTHMA
fast!



Bethal Tablets have been well tried and proven by thousands of thankful people. They've found over the years that Bethal Tablets do give quick, blessed relief from Asthma attacks. Your breathing passages are cleared of congestion... you can breathe freely again and stay that way for hours. Relieve your Asthma now by taking the best-known, most widely-used de-congestant of all... reliable Bethal Tablets.



Tried & Proven
Bethal
TABLETS

2/9, 6/3 or 19/6
from your family chemist today



Bethal Tablets also bring wonderful relief to Catarrh sufferers! And they've done just this for many people over many years.



the finest **Toaster** in a Woman's World



GUARANTEED - toast as you like it--every time!

**EASIER-TO-SEE
TOASTING CONTROL**



Say goodbye to cold, burnt toast forever! Say hello to the beautiful sheerline G.E. automatic toaster—the toaster that **guarantees** you luscious, piping hot, melt-in-your-mouth toast for a lifetime of happier breakfasts!

Whatever shade of toast you prefer, from hint-of-gold to mellow-brown, simply select it on the big easy-read dial. Then press the positive control (no fiddling!) and, seconds later, up pops your toast, done to the exact shade of brown-ness you prefer.

**COOL 'N EASY
CARRYING**



And G.E. brings you such thoughtful 'extras' too . . . like cool, high handles for easy carrying and a snap-out crumb tray for easy cleaning without harmful banging.

This is the automatic toaster proved and trusted by happy users throughout the world (over 3 million in U.S.A. alone!). Make it your gift to Mother — and to yourself!



*The most
coveted monogram
in a Woman's World*
GENERAL ELECTRIC

Manufacturing Plant **AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC (APPLIANCES) PTY. LIMITED** • NOTTING HILL, VIC.

T.3516

Price 75

Incredible **ROXANNE** Originals

LOVELY WASHABLE SPUNS

in regular and half-sizes, at the one price

- Excellent cut and make; all seams overlapped.
- No drycleaning costs; they launder beautifully.

55/-

Here are just four styles from the thrilling new range of "Roxanne" originals. Elegantly draped bodices, set-in or cap sleeves, tailored self-belts, button-through styles—such a range of flattering features for **every** figure. Many attractive tonings! Hurry to Rockmans now—these just won't wait. If you can't come, order by mail. Rockmans always have **good fashion** at modest prices.

◀ Unpressed pleats, V-neck flows into gently tucked bodice. W ½ to XXOS ½.



A.

Like it? CHARGE IT! Have plenty of time to pay . . .

. . . on a Rockmans BUDGET ACCOUNT (instalments are small, your credit continuous) or on an OPTIONAL PAYMENT ACCOUNT (payments can be spread over a period of up to 8 months). So wear it **now**, pay later.

MAIL SHOPPING? ORDER EARLY, PLEASE!

SEND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEAREST ROCKMANS BOX NUMBER.

N.S.W.: Box 4274, G.P.O., Sydney.

VICTORIA: Box 861K, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Q.L.D.: Box 104, P.O., North Quay, Brisbane.

(South Australia and Western Australia to Melbourne Box number, please).

STYLE	SIZE	QUANTITY	BLUE	AQUA	PINK	BLUE/GREY	GREEN
A.							
B.							
C.							
D.							

NOTE: When ordering by mail identify your **FIRST, SECOND** and **THIRD** preferences in both **STYLE** and **COLOUR** in the spaces provided. Enclose your name and address, too! Remit by cheque, postal note or money order.



C.

Gently flaring skirt with unpressed front pleats. Self-belt, very flattering bodice drape. W to XXOS.



B.

Button-through style with unpressed front pleats, tailored self-belt. W ½ to XXOS ½.



D.

Button-through-style, unpressed pleats, self-belt. SW to XXOS.

LOOK FOR THE ROXANNE LABEL

WITH THE ROCKMANS PRICE!

ROCKMANS

good fashion at modest prices

REPOTTING ORCHIDS



● The roots showing on the surface indicate that this orchid is badly in need of repotting.



● Now the plant has been opened out into its two main parts in readiness for breaking up.



● Pull the halves gently apart. Roots may be over a yard long; cut them back to 6in. or 8in.



● Ready for repotting. Even single growing bulbs may be potted. At right, back-bulbs.

Gardening Book — page 178

- Cymbidium orchids are usually broken up or repotted when they finish flowering. During normal seasons this occurs in the spring. The only exception is the green-colored cymbidiums, which are best left till February and March.

THE pictures show various stages of the job, starting with the untouched overgrown plant, which is removed from the pot and pulled apart.

Healthy plants may even be divided down to single growing bulbs. If new leaf growths and flower shoots have already appeared, be careful for they are brittle.

Back-bulbs, the brown, leafless bulbs, should be removed, as they merely clutter the pots and, having nearly completed their life-cycle, occupy space needed by the new bulbs that appear in late summer and early autumn.

It's worth while propagating with back-bulbs of valuable orchids, but don't try to if they are more than four years old. Back-bulbs older than this rarely throw shoots.

Younger back-bulbs often show one or two tiny pointed growths near the base. These will develop into new growths or sometimes to flowering shoots, and are easily injured.

Orchid growers use various composts and materials for repotting leafy growths and for striking back-bulbs. Shops and nurseries provide good orchid mixes.

It has been found after years of experience that it's wrong to put small plants into big pots. Put a

single growth with a flowering spike, for example, into a 6in. pot.

Cover the drainage hole with a concave piece of old flower-pot, and add about 2in. of broken crocks or lumpy charcoal.

Some gardeners even use boiled bones that have been well cracked up. These decay and feed the plants over the years.

Now put in some of the orchid mix and place the rooted plant in position. Gradually add more of the mix, gently bumping the pot up and down to shake it in around the roots. Repeat this action until the pot is filled.

Any leaves that are broken during the process should be cut off short. They are not much use and make the plants look shabby. Make sure the new plants are in the middle of the pots.

Back-bulbs may be planted in perforated boxes containing sphagnum moss, fine peat moss, or sandy loam. Embed them to half their height and firm them in well.

If these bulbs haven't been injured they will throw out sturdy shoots in a month or so, and can be potted up singly when about a year old. They take from three to four years to bloom, so be patient.

Feeding the back-bulbs that have sprouted well with weak liquid poultry manure or some nitrogenous fertiliser will speed growth.

Gardening Book — page 179

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



du MAURIER

Throughout the world, wherever people of taste and discernment meet, you'll find du Maurier... perfectly mild, superbly filtered



Regular or King Size

Forever female colours
FLIRT PEACH and UNTAMED CORAL
 by **CUTEX**

THE WORLD'S BEST SELLING NAIL POLISH



Cutex Flirt Peach and Untamed Coral
 S'Lipstick de luxe case 6/11
 Regular Lipstick 5/6
 Creme Nail Polish 3/9

... because you're you, part angel, part siren, forever female !

For you the excitement of mood-changer colours by Cutex at your lips and fingertips. *Flirt Peach* when you're being wickedly provocative, yet tender, too. *Untamed Coral* for those moods of gaiety, when you feel glowingly alive, free as a bird.

Cutex colours at her lips and fingertips really help a girl live up to her potential! Live-wire girls keep a **Cutex Wardrobe of Colours** in Lipstick and Nail Polish... new mood, new colour. Add *Flirt Peach* and *Untamed Coral* to your collection today.



Vere cupped her hands and yelled up, "Where's Ness?" and the dot that was Cousin Ettie waved again.

"She can't hear you, Vere," he asked. Why was Ettie up there alone?

He suddenly felt hopeful. Maybe Vanessa had drowned. She had leaned too far over that high railing and fallen into the sea and now he would never have to meet her, never have to go on a holiday with her.

"Vanessa fell off," he said, but no one heard him because someone had yelled that the gangway was up and they were being pushed and shoved along in a stream of people going up the steps and up on to the deck.

Finally he was lifted up by George into the arms of a little, chubby, silver-haired lady in black. A tiny, glittering heart swung from her neck on a golden chain, and when she reached out her little hands to him he saw flashes of sparkling lights.

Continued from page 65

She folded him to her. She smelled fresh as early morning and just a little bit of violets.

"I knew your mother," she said. "I knew your dear little mother."

A warm tear dropped on him, so he stepped out of the way of it, looking up at her, and saw that she was giving him that sorry, sad look they all did and which he hated.

Cousin Ettie kissed Lila and Vere, then Agnes and George, dabbing at her eyes and laughing now and saying, "Oh, you poor dears, standing all that time in the hot sun. Oh, you poor mites, you must be so hot and thirsty."

Now he expected Cousin Ettie to tell them that due to some carelessness Vanessa had been allowed to fall overboard and that no one had noticed until it was much too late to go back and pick her up. But instead she said that Ness was in the cabin. "Seeing to the luggage. You know how particular she is about hatboxes and, my dears, we've brought the earth with us, including most of the furniture."

"Where, Ettie? Cabin Twenty-six on A deck?" Lila, as usual, was arranging them all, telling George and the others to stay there with Ettie and not to get lost while she took him to find Vanessa; pulled him firmly forward when he held back, asking

to see the funnels first (to see anything, anything but Vanessa).

They pushed down a stairway against people coming up and then on down endless white iron corridors that smelled of fishy oil and engines, peering into empty cabins while Lila asked the way. Up and down they went, hoping never to find it but knowing the moment was coming nearer every second, and he saw that Lila's face was pale and that she was as shaky as he by the time they finally stopped outside a closed door and knocked.

A low voice said, "Come in."

Lila opened the door and they went in. He felt very small and as light as paper.

Someone, bending over suitcases, straightened up and turned toward them. For a moment she was just a thin shadow against the glary porthole, standing in blue smoke from a cigarette.

The low voice said, "Hello, Lila," sounding as calm and unsurprised as if they had just parted the day before, and Vanessa moved, came forward to kiss Lila lightly on the cheek, then turned slowly and as gracefully as water

swirling to look at him and he felt the breath go out of him with surprise and sudden joy, not able to believe, for a minute or so, that this could be Vanessa or even a member of the family. Not like any of them, except for her dark red hair; not aunt-like at all, but tall and beautiful, made out of the best china, so special and delicate that he half expected Lila to cry out, "Don't touch, darling, she'll break."

Vanessa was looking at him with her strange green-colored eyes that he knew saw right through him, right down to the very bottom of

everything he had ever thought about her so wrongly. He wanted to say something. To explain something to her. But what?

So he stood there, lost in the moment of looking and being looked at, until Vanessa smiled so that her eyes flicked on suddenly with light and she came forward to him, her soft gay dress moving around her like haze and her hands making little musical sounds of silver bracelets.

Then she said in that low English-sounding voice: "Are you P.S. by any chance?"

To page 72

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words, articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 408SW, G.P.O., Sydney.

***** AS I READ ***** THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting August 21.

- ARIES**
MAR. 21—APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, grey, black.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.
- TAURUS**
APR. 21—MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, pink, green.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.
- GEMINI**
MAY 21—JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, red, black.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
- CANCER**
JUNE 22—JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, red, lilac.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.
- LEO**
JULY 23—AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, red, black.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.
- VIRGO**
AUG. 23—SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, red, mauve.
★ Lucky days, Sun., Monday.
- LIBRA**
SEPT. 24—OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, rose, green.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.
- SCORPIO**
OCT. 24—NOV. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, black, red.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
- SAGITTARIUS**
NOV. 24—DEC. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, green, pink.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.
- CAPRICORN**
DEC. 24—JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, black, blue.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.
- AQUARIUS**
JAN. 20—FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, green, blue.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
- PISCES**
FEB. 20—MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, rose, orange.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU

you'll enjoy the whole winter



Check colds and flu...within 48 hours with BIOCITRIN

Keep winter colds and flu at bay! If they do get a start, relieve them within 48 hours...with the proven therapy of Biocitritin! Only Biocitritin contains ALL the active bioflavonoids plus highly concentrated Vitamin C (Ascorbic Acid)! At the first sign of a snuffle, take Biocitritin! Get wonderful relief within 48 hours.

FOR THE KIDDIES get pleasant-tasting Biocitritin SYRUP. It costs no more. A bottle of 25 teaspoonfuls or pack of 25 tablets, only 6/-; Pack of 100 tablets—21/-. At chemists only BIOCITRIN—a Product of Andrews Laboratories Pty. Ltd.

She did a strange thing. Instead of gushing over him like a baby as they all did, she held out a spotless white-gloved hand as if he were quite grown up. They shook hands politely.

Lila said, "Give Aunt Vanessa a nice kiss."

Vanessa said, "Just 'Vanessa' will do. I imagine you have enough aunts already."

She bent a little closer and lifting his chin with her glove she kissed him on his mouth. Then she said: "Well, well, P.S. At last."

But before he could say anything there was a little choking explosion behind them, and turning, both at once, they saw that Lila's face was as green as lettuce.

"Ness, where's the bathroom? I'm going to be sick."

It was simply galling to have been

Continued from page 71

CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU

put at a disadvantage at the very moment of meeting; getting the whole thing off to a bad start before they'd even disembarked. Surely this was a bad sign, Lila said to herself, and nodded, knowing that it was.

And now the Carlton Hotel!

She said to Vere in a low voice, "Why the Carlton?"

They were standing in the hotel lobby while a perspiring manager fussed and cooed over Ettie and Vanessa counted bags.

They had driven up from the pier in a hired limousine, and when it had pulled up in front of the Carlton Lila had thought, "Oh, not the Carlton, please. It's too much on an emotional day."

"The Carlton," she went on, wheezing slightly. "It's so peculiar."

Vere said, fussing with beads. "Why? You know Ettie likes it best."

Lila glanced around the marble lobby with its brocade-and-pink-shaded lamps and sought out the maple-panelled telephone box.

("Sinden, where are you?" "At the Carlton. I just got married to Logan Marriott.")

"So peculiar," she said. "All of us here together again. As though Vanessa did it on purpose. All right for her. She was far away in London then." Lila shook herself, feeling ghosts. "I don't like being here. This is where everything

started to go wrong and now here we all are again."

She saw that P.S. was watching Vanessa rapidly as she came up with a train of bellboys and said: "Sorry about this delay, but they don't seem awfully efficient here. Ghastly accents. I'd forgotten. Well, en avant! We're going up now."

Vere gave a scream. "Where's my child? P.S. come here, dearest thing. We're all going up now in a lift."

Vanessa said, "Vere, pianissimo, please."

They rose in a sedate lift and entered a large suite.

Vanessa looked around it appraisingly, said, "Oh, well, it's not the Ritz, but I suppose it will do. What do you think, Ettie?"

"Oh, my love, whatever you say." Ettie was fumbling for banknotes in her bag and, Lila thought, over-tipping shockingly. "But do order something cool to drink. Order some iced champagne for the poor dears."

"What for P.S.?"

"Orangeade, Ness."

"No, no," said Lila, bristling. "Lemonade."

Vere said, "Well, he always had orangeade with me."

"I think — ha ha — that I should know what he likes, Vere."

Vanessa said in her low voice, "Why don't you both let him decide?"

P.S., looking up at Vanessa, said, "Can I have a ginger beer?"

"You may have a ginger beer."

Vanessa gave orders in a tone that clearly said, "And don't fail me in one iota," and Lila, watching her, thought, "How good she is at all this, but then she always was assured and she's been running a big house in England and used to being obeyed by underpaid and probably non-union servants. She'll find it harder here. No class systems here, thank goodness, and with good people like George working at the Trades Hall for better arbitration. She'll be out of her depth here. Poor Ness."

Poor Ness, nothing! Look at her! Just the same. With her swank clothes and la-di-da manners. Must say she looks marvellous, though. Doesn't look thirty-six. A few lines here and there and her chin always was a little too pointed. Wonder if she dyes her hair. Still that pretty auburn, like Pater's.

"Feeling better now, Lila?"

"Oh, yes, Ness. Much, much better, thanks. I am sorry to have been a nuisance."

She seems friendly. Should I bring it up now? Seize this chance while the others are talking? Now, while she's all sunny smiles, might be a good time to say very calmly and in a most friendly way, "Why exactly have you come back, Ness? Just what do you have in mind, dear?"

LILA smiled and patted the sofa next to her invitingly, but Vanessa had already turned away and was saying that she thought they'd ruined the harbor by putting up that monstrous bridge, just ruined it.

Hats and shoes were off now and they lolled on sofas and little hard gilt chairs and opened their presents. French gloves and Italian scarves for Lila and Agnes. A Florentine wallet for George (and not a pound note to put in it, poor love). For Vere, a vain bottle of perfume in a turquoise bottle. For P.S., a little French sailor's cap with a red pompon and "Winnie-the-Pooh."

Vanessa sat down by him as he turned the pages.

She said, "By the way, I hope you like books."

Lila, trying on her gloves and finding them (wouldn't you know) a size too small, said, "Oh, yes, he loves books, Ness, and he loved the Beatrix Potters you sent him."

Vanessa said quietly, "I was asking him, Lila."

She put an arm around him lightly.

"Never had Pooh and Piglet? Glad I thought of it. Like Peter Pan?"

"Who's Peter Pan?"

"The boy who never grew up. One day you shall go to London and see his statue in Kensington Gardens, but meanwhile I'll get you the book and we'll read it together. Would you like that?"

"Yes."

Lila said, "Say yes, thank you. Ha, ha, we're a bit s-h-y."

"Well," Vanessa said to him, "that makes two of us."

He smiled downward.

"We have to get to know each other, don't we, P.S.?"

Nod.

"What kind of games do you like?"

Long pause. "Make-up games."

To page 73



CLEANS
OVENS
INSTANTLY

NEW
OVEN STICK

LOOKED INSIDE YOUR OVEN LATELY?

Like the way it looks? And cooks? Honestly? Or has the sheer hard work of oven-cleaning (up until now) taken the shine off your good intentions . . . your oven . . . your cooking? Then try amazing new Oven Stick **this week** and see how the shine goes back on **everything**—fast! easily! New, safe Oven Stick can't drip or spill, needs only a guiding, gliding hand to make ovens gleam inside like stoves **outside!**

And wonder of wonders—
NO GLOVES NEEDED!



EASIER TO APPLY THAN A LIPSTICK New Oven Stick is more than just a cleaner, it's a kitchen cosmetic that beautifies your stove. It's easier to apply than your lipstick and you don't have to use it as often. Once a week is all that's required to give your oven that bright, new, just-arrived beam—simply stroke it on, wipe off and there it is . . . instantly!

3/3

RGI/LPC

"So do I. Look here, would you care to come and stay with Cousin Ettie and me some time?"

Nod. Nod. Nod. So eagerly that Lila felt a little spasm of jealousy heat her already overheated face.

Vanessa kissed him lightly on the forehead; got up to admit the waiter, smiling and saying, "About time. What did you have to do—trample the grapes?"

Her cool, unfamiliar voice rode through Vere's sharp chatter and Ettie's giggling. "Shall I order luncheon, Ettie? Cold lobster all right for everyone? Some chicken? George, would you mind pouring. Well, cheers, everybody."

Cheers, they all said. Welcome home, Ettie. Welcome home, Ness. But instead of conviviality the champagne brought an ugly restraint to settle on them. They fell back on forced compliments, withdrew behind screens of politeness. Because, Lila decided, being all together again has reminded us that someone is missing.

What a difference if she were here. They wouldn't be just sitting around, meekly allowing Vanessa to rule the roost and show off. Not a bit of it. If Sin came bursting in the door now, why, they'd be roaring at some ridiculous thing she would say and Vanessa's solemn importance would be punctured in five minutes.

SIPPING her warmish champagne, Lila stared down at the carpet, seeing through the pattern of roses and ferns to another room below them; to the pink-lit room with its frescoes of fat plaster cupids.

"Mrs. Marriott's party is in the small annex, madam." Mrs. Marriott's party? Was she having to pay for it herself then?

But George said, "Don't ask, Lila, don't spoil today for her. It isn't our business." "My sister is not our business?" A pianist thumping out "Avalon" and the hot little hatbox of a room full of Sinden's strangers multiplied by the tarnished mirrors into a crowd from which she came flying, arms outstretched.

"Lila, you good thing, George!" Some nonsense of flowers and lace on her hair; the blue silk dress made that morning and the quickly basted hem already coming down at the back. Tiny blue shoes.

Dim faces and introductions to people looking as if they had all dressed at a jumble sale. Vere screeching in the background. A jolting arm spilling beer all over Lila's dress and then (wasn't it then, at the moment when she was concerned only with her dress?) someone detaching himself from the crowd and coming toward them, tall and unhurried.

"Him," Sinden said. Even Lila's resentment faltered at that smile. It could take anyone by surprise. Had taken Sinden.

"Hello, Lila." The same amused casualness as Sinden but with the gift of listening with total absorption, so that his sudden glances said, gratefully, "Thank you for your rare intelligence. Said, be my friend. Then, squashed into a group of strangers at a brass-topped table, they drank cool shandies while Sinden and Logan explained (but explained nothing), seeming to rediscover every few minutes that they were together and married so that they laughed and fell into little silences, letting the rest of the talk rush by them while they gazed transfixed at the miracle; withdrawing from the present moment, they embraced secretly without touching; returned slowly and reluctantly to what was being said around them.

Occasional words filtered through. "Then my lovely Logan said—" "So my impulsive girl here said—"

"We both nearly fell out of the cab when—"

We. We. Marvellous, hilarious us. Something about lost shoes and going off in a hansom cab to Tom Ugly's Point in the dead of night for oysters.

Even George was laughing, but Lila couldn't get the point and sat mopping at her beer-stained dress until that curious little Pony Ward-

Continued from page 72

CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU

rop stood up and screamed that everyone must drink to the fifth anniversary.

"Of what?" asked Lila, finding her voice.

"Our meeting."

What, weeks? "Weeks?" she asked.

It sent them into fits of laughter. "Days," the two of them said automatically, and, seeing the consternation on her face, put arms around her and drew her toward them, saying, "Five days that shook the world, Lila," but as though this were the most natural thing in life, as though any other arrangement would be unthinkingly pedestrian, and Lila, marvelling at the identical look of pleased innocence on their

faces, thought, "They're as alike as two peas."

Against her will, she found that moment by moment she was thawing, melting unwillingly into smiles, so that once when Logan pressed her arm and winked at her, she turned completely liquid, washing over him with assurances that she was glad, so glad for them and sure, absolutely positive, that he would look after their little Sin.

He seemed surprised that she felt it necessary to bring this up, merely nodding as though she had made a remark about the weather, and the next moment they were all talking about curry. "Lila's marvellous curry," Sinden was saying, "for which I yearn."

Logan, too. Already one of the family, Logan was longing for one of Lila's good home-cooked dinners and Lila, all protests gone, said, pink with pleasure, "I put in a little ginger and sometimes little white seedless grapes."

But they were already off on another tangent, on to this and that subject which led always back to one shining thing: themselves. Only once, rousing herself from the lethargy of being in the presence of enormous happiness, did Lila voice one question, quickly and aside, under the safety of babbling voices.

"Sin, what about Ernest? Does he know?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, I mean — is he terribly wounded?"

"Oh, Lila, Ernest and I love each other."

That was all.

Useless, as Mater used to say, ever to question Sin, senseless to pry, so save your breath to cool your porridge and, anyway, they were darting up now, tipping over chairs, saying it was time to go, time to go, darling, and thank you, thank you.

"We'll be in touch," they said.

Kissed everyone in the room twice and together, like children leaving a party, then off down the marble stairs with Vere's arm hooked

To page 74

Milk Tray means happiness for two!

Choosing is so exciting now

CADBURY'S Milk Tray CHOCOLATES

...with three new centres
in Cadbury's Milk Tray Chocolates

TANGY RASPBERRY CORDIAL CREAMY COCONUT ICE LUSCIOUS CARAMELLO DE LUXE

Don't blame her for taking so long to make up her mind. It's a woman's privilege... especially with three exciting new centres to discover. Tangy Raspberry Cordial! Creamy Coconut Ice! Luscious Caramello de Luxe! They're all so different... all so delicious... that a girl just has to have time to choose. As well, there's a wonderful range of soft creams, chewy nougats, crunchy nuts and delicious fruits, each one thickly coated with Cadbury's Dairy Milk Chocolate and wrapped for freshness.

...love that smart new box...

Still wonderful value at 5/6 for a half-pound box; 11/- for a one-pound box and 2/9 a quarter-pound box (Prices may be slightly higher in some country areas).

CADBURY'S Milk Tray CHOCOLATES

CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU

through Logan's so that Conchita Ewers, that huge vulgar woman, asked in her booming voice, "Is Vere going with them?" Then out into the street, everyone shrieking at once because, of course, Sinden had forgotten her suitcase, someone running back for it, a wretched suitcase for a bride — with the handle broken, bursting at the seams with all the things she possessed in the world. Now where was Logan? Disappeared.

"Left you already, Sin?" the friends roared, crowding to the kerb and throwing confetti over her, standing there with her terrible suitcase and with her hem coming down at the back and, while Lila was searching in her handbag for pins, another cheer broke out and, looking up, they saw Logan arriving in a decrepit hansom cab and

leaning out to help Sinden get in, and Sinden was saying quickly to Lila, "You see? How could you not marry a man like that?"

But why a hansom? Why not a sensible taxi? Why, that thing would break down long before they got to wherever they were going. But that's the joke, George was saying, and why didn't Lila listen? They'd explained all about it being their hansom and how they'd hired it to go to Tom Ugly's Point the night they met. But you never listen, George said. So she shut up and watched them wobbling away down Castlereagh Street and holding up all the traffic.

She was still staring down the street when someone asked her something about her stomach.

"What?"

"I said, is your stomach up to lobster?"

Vanessa was holding out a plate to her.

Oh, yes. "Oh, thank you, Ness. Dreaming. Sorry. Oh, lobster."

"What a treat for us? What a jolly party. Isn't this a jolly party, P.S.?"

Everything that Vanessa did, she did slowly. Like lighting her cigarette, drawing in the smoke and holding the match until the little flame almost reached her fingers, then blowing it out in a blue puff. When she laughed, it was slow, too.

Not like Vere's sudden screeches, but beginning low inside of her and coming up and gradually to the top and breaking like soda-water bubbles in a silvery way that

words that he didn't understand. Things were "obtuse" and "oblique," she said, and somebody was "artificial." When she sat it was gracefully, one long leg crossing

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



was pleasing and which brightened her face so that her funny green eyes flicked on and off with light.

She talked slowly, too, using wonderful - sounding

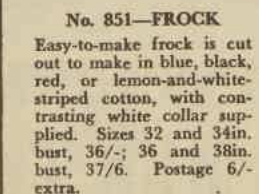
over the other, one foot moving up and down in the air like the end of a cat's tail, while all the time she ran her fingers through the strings of bright beads

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



No. 853—GIRL'S FROCK

Pretty summer frock for the small girl is cut out to make in white cotton printed with biscuit or pink check, both with pink rosebud design. Lace edging on collar is supplied. Sizes 2 to 4 years, 27/-; 6 to 8 years, 28/6. Postage 3/- extra.



No. 851—FROCK

Easy-to-make frock is cut out to make in blue, black, red, or lemon-and-white-striped cotton, with contrasting white collar supplied. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 36/-; 36 and 38in. bust, 37/6. Postage 6/- extra.



No. 852—WAIST APRON
Pretty waist apron is cut out to make in red, lemon, blue, or green check cotton with matching poplin scallops. Rick-rack braid is supplied. Price is 10/6 plus 1/6 postage.

Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

around her neck or touched the big dark red bun of hair as though to make sure it was still there.

But she seemed to have forgotten all about him, simply talking in her low voice to all the others, over his head and around him so that he made excuses to be near her, to make her look at him; but she took no notice and said nothing to him except once, rather sharply, "Careful of my cigarette!"

She asked them all questions, except him. "George, what is it exactly that you do at the Trades Hall? Oh, I see. But I don't see how you can have much arbitration when there isn't any employment." "Agnes, how's your work going? Oh, really? Well, but I'm an unbeliever and, anyway, I never read pamphlets. Oh, you wrote it. Jolly good! Arresting title, isn't it?" "But, Vere, how on earth do you survive?"

They all seemed to want to please her, especially Lila.

Then, suddenly, Vere screamed that, my heavens, it was four o'clock and she had to meet a beastly man for drinks at another hotel. Oh, hell, it was a thwart, my dear, but a free meal. They all got up and found coats and hats and he heard Lila say: "But, Ness, when are we going to talk?"

Vanessa said, "Oh, I don't know. There's no hurry and we're going to be jolly busy looking for a house."

"Do you have our phone number?"

"Aren't you in the book? Yes; well, I'll ring up, then. Goodbye, Lila. Goodbye, George. Nice to see you looking so jolly fit. Au 'voir, Vere, and pianissimo going out, please. Cheerio, Agnes."

Cousin Ettie leaned down and kissed him wetly and they all moved in a bundle to the door, still talking while Vanessa leaned on the door, nodding to them and looking now as if she was bored, very bored with the whole thing, glad they were going.

But wasn't she going to say one thing to him?

Halfway out the door with Lila pulling him ahead, he stopped and held out his hand politely so that Vanessa looked down, trying to remember who he was.

"Oh, goodbye—P.S." Vanessa said.

She shook his hand.

"Ta-ta," he said, and the door closed behind them and as they were going down the hall to the lift Lila said to George: "Not a mention. Not even a hint. Isn't she strange?"

He said, looking up to Lila, tugging at her to get her attention: "Vanessa didn't say when I could go to stay."

"She will," Lila said, and shut her mouth in a hard line.

To be continued

(Copyright (c) 1963 Summer Locke Elliott. The novel "Careful, He Might Hear You" is published by Victor Gollancz Ltd. and will be available in Australia at the end of September.)

APPROVED and RECOMMENDED by LEADING SYDNEY MATERNITY HOSPITAL



NURSING BRA

Perfectly designed to give correct support and comfort to waiting and nursing mothers!

Your St. Mark has convenient front opening and special pockets

in cups to give extra support

when it's needed most. Easy-washing, quick drying poplin.

B and C cups, 34 to 38.

14"

★ NOW . . . with each St. Mark Nursing Bra
A PAIR of NURSING SHIELDS at NO EXTRA COST!

THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA AT

WOOLWORTHS

Prices slightly higher some country areas, N. Territory.



go as blonde as
you like!

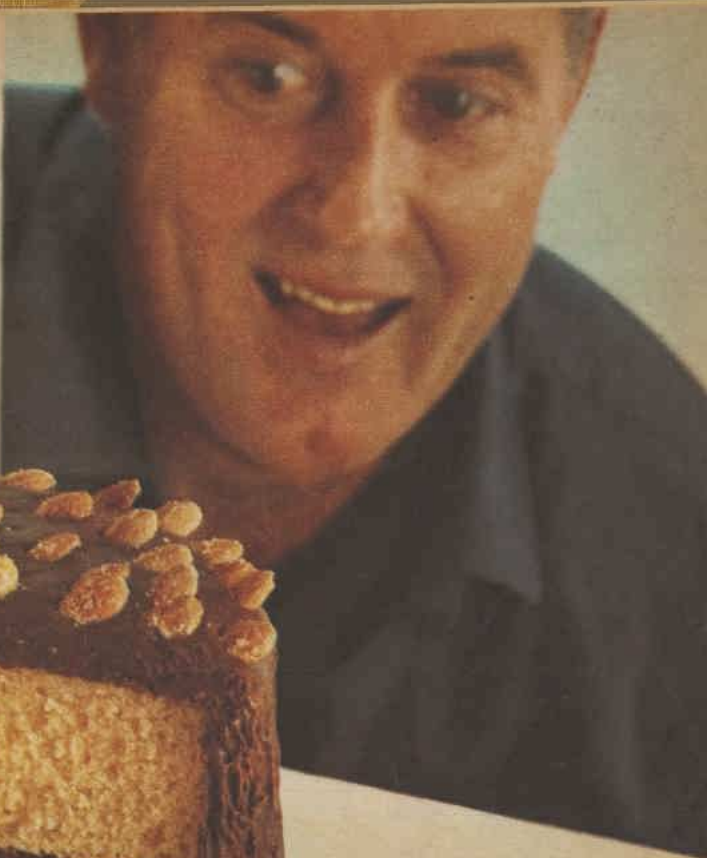
A fascinating streak . . . subtle tips . . . or the full excitement of a true blonde — all these degrees of blonde bewitchment are yours with Napro Blonding Emulsion. 7/11 at your chemist or store.

napro



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 28, 1963

A special cake
a special way
To reach his heart
on Father's Day...



FATHER'S DAY

BUTTERCAKE



The way to a man's heart is - a butter cake! Especially this chocolate-crowned beauty fragrant with rum, mellow and moist as only butter can make it! Not only on special occasions, but whenever you bake for your family, butter makes your cakes taste better, look better, cut better, keep better. Butter makes you a better cook, because it is the pure natural shortening made from milk. It takes 18 pints to make a pound of butter! No wonder it's so good - and so good for you.

Chocolate-frosted BUTTER RUM CAKE
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 4 ozs. (4 tablespoons) butter, 10 ozs. (2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups) self-raising flour, 3 eggs, pinch of salt, 8 ozs. (1 cup plus 1 tablespoon) sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon rum essence (or 2 tablespoons rum) combined with an extra $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.
 Heat milk and butter in a saucepan just till butter melts. Sift the flour. Separate the eggs, setting aside one of the egg yolks for the frosting. Beat the egg whites with the salt till stiff. Gradually beat in the sugar, then add the 2 egg yolks and beat well. Add the vanilla, half the flour and the milk-and-butter. Beat smooth, then add the remaining flour and liquid. Bake in buttered 8" sandwich tins 30-35 minutes in a moderate (350°) oven. Turn out on a cake rack and sprinkle the

rum-and-milk evenly over the hot cakes. When cold, fill and cover with Luscious Chocolate Frosting and stud with candied almonds.

Luscious Chocolate Frosting:
 1 oz. (2 tablespoons) butter, 2 tablespoons cocoa, the reserved egg yolk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 8 ozs. (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups) sifted icing sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon rum essence or 1 dessertspoon rum. Combine butter, cocoa, egg yolk and milk in a saucepan and stir over low heat till thickened. Remove from heat. Stir in icing sugar and rum essence or rum. Beat well.

Candied Almonds:
 Blanch and halve 1-2 ozs. almonds. While still damp, toss with a small quantity of sugar, then bake until golden in a moderate oven.

Butter makes it better and better for you too!



Busy hands...

in seconds they're soft, smooth



FROM PEARS... A NEW HABIT FOR HANDS

VINOLIA HAND-CARE

keeps busy hands soft, smooth — always

AT LAST SOMEONE'S REALISED what a life your hands lead — every day you do hundreds of jobs that roughen and dry your hands.

NEW Vinolia makes you this promise . . . after each rough job, smooth in a little Vinolia, seconds later your hands will be soft, smooth. Why? Because Vinolia works a new, *different* way.

The finely-emulsified beautifying oils in Vinolia smooth in so fast your hands never feel greasy. You actually want to use Vinolia *each time*. And that's the secret . . . *each time* you dry your hands, smooth a little in . . . just a second's beauty care and what a world of difference! Your hands really are soft and smooth, lovely to look at *always*.



New unbreakable squeeze plastic bottle — handy beside the kitchen sink, in the bathroom, and pretty enough to stand proudly on your dressing table. Vinolia is in all chemists and stores now and costs 6/3.

VNI/01WHTPC

Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 74. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sasse Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays and from 9 a.m. to 11.30 a.m. on Saturdays. They are available for six weeks after publication date. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



"DIANNE" — Chic three-piece suit with short-sleeved collarless jacket and contrasting plain or check blouse. Suit is available in soft blue, pink, royal-blue or Bismarck-grey sundek. Blouse available in blue or lemon with white check or plain white or pink poplin.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £6/1/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £6/4/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £4/11/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £4/14/6. Registered postage 6/- extra.

IF I SHOULD DIE

Continued from page 29

"I always wanted a girl who could sleep on a couch and wait for me," Matt said. "You're going to get awfully tired of this, Faith."

"You are the best," she said. "How can I get tired of the best?"

Matt was kissing her, and a woman, all starched and white, entered the waiting-room. It was Begg, whom she knew almost as well as she knew herself. Crazy. How could you know a stranger almost as well as you knew yourself? The stranger she knew so well had brought coffee.

"Drink it while it's hot," Begg said to them, trying to be disapproving.

"Why don't you two get married and put us out of our suspense?"

"You two in a conspiracy?" Matt asked, and gulped the scalding coffee.

"Yes," Begg said, and she winked at Faith.

"It's a good idea," Matt said, and she had to sit down, because her legs were not as good as other people's, and happiness affected them almost as much as tiredness.

The waiting-room was gone. Matt was in the theatre. He had to make a terrible decision. She did not

know what it was, but somehow it affected her. He had to make a decision about a patient, a split-second decision, such as every doctor dreads, and he was uncertain. He was hesitating, and the high priests stood waiting and the clock ticked and someone called the pulse count, and a girl lay on the table, as if dead.

She screamed at him, because she knew what he did not. She had walked down the unused years, and her knowledge was beyond life and beyond death, but Matt was ignorant.

"We'll go on," Matt said at last.

The assistant surgeon looked at him, startled, but could not argue with the decision. The nurses exchanged glances, not doubting. He was the best, and he never amputated because others considered he should, no, not even when the others included his chief assistant. He was gambling, staking his reputation on the stamina and will-power of a girl he did not know, a girl who had been running off with another woman's husband, who wore a bracelet studded with precious blue stones and had said, "Oh, hell," as if she were already legless and dead.

There was a sort of silent singing in the theatre, a silent rejoicing. The girl lay on the table, tranquil and uncaring.

She could not possibly be aware of what was going on, but before he began the long delicate job of correction and reconstruction, Matt looked at her face.

To page 78

SOLVE YOUR GIFT PROBLEMS WITH SUBSCRIPTIONS TO
The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY
Rates on application

The one and only Supp-hose

SHEER SUPPORT NYLONS



SEAMED AND SEAMLESS



THE ONE AND ONLY HILTON Supp-hose

SHEER SUPPORT NYLONS — THAT EASE TIRED LEGS!

- * HILTON Supp-hose bring new comfort to housewives; mothers-to-be; nurses; hairdressers; varicose vein sufferers — in fact all women on their feet a lot!
- * HILTON Supp-hose have brought a new sheerness to support stockings!
- * HILTON Supp-hose come to you in the latest high-fashion colours.
- * HILTON Supp-hose outlast 9 pairs of ordinary nylons.
- * HILTON Supp-hose are available in 7 proportioned fittings. Seamed and Seamless.
- * The one and only Supp-hose — acclaimed by women in Australia, U.S.A., England, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Spain and Sth. America. 42/-pr

Supp-hose SOCKS FOR MEN, now available!

She was everything he disliked in a girl, pretty and spoiled, selfish and uncaring. She had wanted another woman's husband and he had wanted her, so they had run off together. Faith and the faithless. Now she was beyond all that, suspended and unknowing, in the limbo between life and death, until he was ready to bring her back.

There was a great yellow light above her head. She could not see it, but she knew it was there. She had been a long way away, but now she was coming back. She was trying to come back, but it was hard, and she was afraid. "If I should die before I wake . . ."

"I don't like her color," someone said.

"Her color's fine — all things considered," Matt said. "She's a very pretty girl."

"I didn't think she could take it," someone said. "You look beat."

Continued from page 77

"I'm all right," Matt said. "I knew she could take it. She'll need a special, the toughest you can find. How about Begg? Is she available?"

There was the squeak of wheels on polished flooring, then the resistance of a hospital bed. Her legs were clamped tight and there was pain, but pain was alive, and she was alive — alive and intact.

After a long time she opened her eyes, and Begg was standing over her. Begg was tough, middle-aged and stout. She was to be with her for what was destined to be the testing time of her life.

When despair threatened Begg would be there to bully and cosset. When the pain was really bad, Begg would be there to hold her hands.

IF I SHOULD DIE

Begg was a disciplinarian, and discipline was the one thing her patient needed and had never had.

"Where have I been?" she said to Begg.

"In the theatre, where else? I'm your special. You're a very lucky girl. Be a good girl, too, and we'll get along fine."

There was something she had to remember. Something had happened, and she had to remember.

"Something happened," she said.

"There was an accident. Don't think about it. It's all over."

"Not the accident. I remember that. Something happened. Where's Matt?"

Begg clicked her tongue against her teeth.

"Doctor Templeton will be along.

Now I'm going to give you some pills."

"Not yet. Please. I want to see Matt."

"You can have it in pills or in a needle. If you're going to be naughty it'll be the needle."

She said: "I'll be good." She thought: Grit your teeth and be good. All your life you've got up and walked away from everything and everybody that displeased you. Now you can't get up and walk away. Now it has to be borne.

"We'll wait a few more minutes."

There was the quick pat on the hand, the ghost of a smile, the tell-tale glint of compassion in the eyes. Not so tough, not tough at all.

Matt was in the doorway watching them.

"She'll go along with you on the little things, if you go along with her on the big things," Matt said. He sat beside the bed and looked at her.

"How bad is it?" she asked.

"Pretty bad. You're going to have to work at it. Physiotherapy, exercise—and patience."

He looked down. He did not know this strange, silly girl, but he knew something. He knew patience was the attribute she lacked most.

"Will I walk again?"

"I don't know."

"Don't worry about it," Faith said. "It's all right. Maybe there'll be a limp — when I'm tired, you understand?"

"It's possible," Matt said, and his eyes narrowed.

Begg had not yet given her the sedative. She was not wandering. Her reactions were not those he had expected. He had been prepared for hysteria, for abuse, for the subterfuges necessary to distract Begg's attention while there were pills on the bedside table. It was one of the reasons he had requested Begg. She was never distracted.

This girl was not a potential suicide. It was as if she were drawing on something inside herself, as if she possessed knowledge he did not.

"Something happened, but I can't remember."

"Don't try," Matt said. "It will come back."

"I don't think so. It's getting farther and farther away."

She was looking at him and her expression was impersonal. She was too tired and too ill to be interested in him as a man. He was not the sort of man who attracted her, anyway. He was too dedicated, too busy, too wise. He smiled at her. This girl and he were poles apart, so each was safe from the other.

"I persuaded your mother to go home. It's been a long night. Your father wants to see you."

SHE would see her father, because he was going away quite soon. A business trip? She could not remember, but she knew he was going. It would be a kind thing to see him before he went away.

"I'd like to see my father," she said to Matt, and sensed his surprise.

She was drawing on the inner strength again, the discipline she had known she possessed. There was something she had to remember, some reason for this strength and certainty, but she could not remember. It could not be important. If it were important, she would not have forgotten so easily.

For the rest of her life things would happen and she would think: I have experienced this before. The words on my lips, the feelings in my heart are old words and old feelings. When and where? She would not remember, because life would go on, weaving its cocoon of forgetfulness. She had walked down the unused years, beyond life and beyond death, but some things, having served their purpose, are better forgotten.

Begg gave her pills and she swallowed them obediently.

"I'll have children," she said to Matt, and it was not a question.

"I'm sure you will," Matt said.

"Just a few seconds with your father," Begg warned, "and then we'll just have to snooze for a while, we'll be so sleepy . . ."

The third person was back again, but now she did not mind so much. Now it was not an insulting form of address, only comforting. "If I should die before I wake . . ."

Matt had not lied to her. She had come back, and Matt's best had been very good.

She would walk again. She would walk down all the years, and some day she would love a man who was free, and he would love her, and they would have children.

"I just know," she said sleepily.

"Of course you do," Begg soothed.

Matt was standing at the foot of her bed, and she knew he was pleased with her.

She was pleased with him, too. Down the vista of all the unused years she smiled at him.

(Copyright)



Mrs. Jenkins uses a copper

Mrs. Wilson uses a washing machine

BOTH!

Only New Formula Persil gives "boiling whiteness" in all washing machines!

New Formula Persil is the only washing powder made specially to wash whiter by washing machine as well as by boiling. In fact, it actually works like boiling because of the bubbling action of its unique oxygen-charged lather. Try New Formula Persil—it's the only washing powder made to give you "boiling whiteness" in all washing machines!



Persil washes whiter and it shows (good for coloureds too)

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

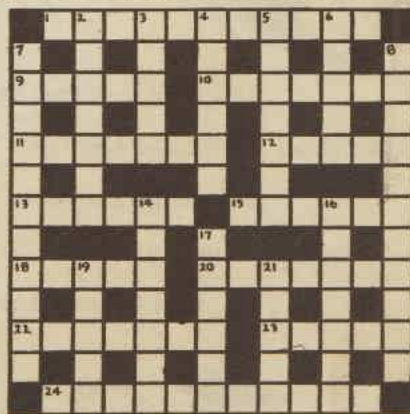
After many visits from her "ghost lover," Joan tries to touch him, though he has insisted she must not. Her hands pass through his image and he disappears. NOW READ ON . . .



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. To fondle twice in America is very close at Ascot or Epsom (4, 3, 4).
9. The gods' blood in choir (5).
10. Storm blown by the Bard (7).
11. A clue is broken on the outside of these gaps (7).
12. When the devil appears as ant (5).
13. Howl is blinking and stupid (6).
15. Get safely away with the cap hidden (6).
18. Furniture with skilful ending (5).
20. In crest (anagr., 7).
22. He lives from investments (7).
23. Leaves out from it, sure (5).
24. Hard of hearing and probably a blockhead (4, 2, 1, 4).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. The laic is relating to morals (7).
3. Mohammedan scriptures (5).
4. Her net can be lower (6).
5. Greek goddess of retribution (7).
6. Treasury below the neck (5).
7. They are hoarding their wares (4-7).
8. Dents in sets (anagr., 11).
14. Chief officer of the shire starts as a woman (7).
16. See a fir it withers (7).
17. Must be at least forty? (6).
19. Be cover for gin and a spree (5).
21. Good movement for a woman who wants to conquer (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

Butterick PATTERNS

Send your order and postal note to:
PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W.
(No C.O.D. orders accepted)

New Zealand readers please send
money order. This is the only N.Z.
currency negotiable in Australia.



2250 Scoop-necked sleeveless dress and smart waist-length jacket. Sizes 31 to 38in. bust. Requires: dress, for 34in. bust, 2½yds. 36in. material; jacket, for 34in. bust, 1½yds. 36in. material. Butterick Pattern No. 2250, price 4/9. Postage 6d. extra.

9927 Pretty late-day dress and clutch coat with large standaway collar. Sizes 31 to 36in. bust. Requires: dress, for 34in. bust, 3½yds. 36in. material; coat, 5½yds. 36in. material. Butterick Pattern No. 9927, price 4/6. Postage 6d. extra.

2118 Quick and easy-to-make brunch coat. Sizes 31 to 40in. bust. Requires: coat, for 40in. bust, 5½yds. 36in. material. Butterick Pattern No. 2118, price 4/6. Postage 6d. extra.

2257 Smartly tailored pants and blouse; pattern also includes jacket, jamaica shorts, and overblouse. Sizes 31 to 36in. bust. Requires: pants, for 26in. waist, 2½yds. 36in. material; blouse, for 34in. bust, 1½yds. 36in. material. Butterick Pattern No. 2257, price 5/6. Postage 6d. extra.

2651 Small girl's straight-cut, back-buttoned one-piece dress and matching bloomers. Sizes 20 to 24in. chest. Requires: dress, for size 23in. chest, 1yd. 36in. material; bloomers, ½yd. 36in. material. Butterick Pattern No. 2651, price 4/6. Postage 6d. extra.

2301 Girl's pocket-trimmed overblouse and tailored pants. Sizes 20 to 24in. chest. Requires: overblouse, for 24in. chest, 1yd. 36in. material, plus ½yd. 36in. material for pockets in two colors; pants, 27in. waist, 1½yds. 36in. material. Butterick Pattern No. 2301, price 4/6. Postage 6d. extra.

2108 Semi-fit jacket and slim skirt. Sizes 31 to 38in. bust. Requires: for 34in. bust, 4yds. 36in. material or 2½yds. 54in. Butterick Pattern No. 2108, price 4/9. Postage 6d. extra.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE IN LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES

First again...



JIM'S BURSTING WITH HEALTH

His mother is proud of him. She knows how to replace
the energy Jim uses. For nourishing refreshment
she gives him Arnott's famous Milk Arrowroot Biscuits
with a glass of milk.



Arnott's
F A M O U S
MILK ARROWROOT
Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality

107

The Australian Women's Weekly August 28, 1963

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

Tenagers' WEEKLY

August 28, 1963



GARY SHEARSTON

BALLADEER Gary Shearston recently released his first EP, "The Man From Snowy River" backed by "Bonnie Jess" and "The Drover's Dream." This is the first of a series of EP's on which Gary will feature Australian folk-songs.

Gary, 24, was born in Inverell, N.S.W., and grew up in the country. In his search for folk-songs he has visited many parts of the outback and constantly does research in Sydney's Mitchell Library.

He has made many TV appearances on national shows and is studying the guitar and music theory.

Boy makes career of building models

● A 17-year-old boy recently built a £12,000,000 city block on his own—in model form. It was a small-scale version of Sydney's new Australia Square, a building project which will include a 45-storey tower building.

THE boy, Bradley Golding, is a trainee model engineer with one of the few firms in Australia which specialise in commercial model-making.

"I'm really an unofficial apprentice," said Bradley. "There aren't any tech courses for this trade—just a lot of practice in the workshop."

Bradley started his career about five months ago in a firm established by two brothers, Bruce and Ross Usher, of North Sydney, 18 years ago.

The Usher brothers' interest in model-making dates back to their childhood, but they never considered making it their lifetime career until after World War II.

When they were asked to repair some models of German battleships for the Australian Museum they decided to start a workshop and turn their hobby into a business.

As a young boy Bradley spent all his spare time making model ships, and when an aunt heard about the Usher workshop she suggested that Bradley apply for a job there.

"I was lucky to get the job," he said. "Model-making is such a specialised business that there aren't many jobs available."

"Although it is one of the busiest model-making firms, there are only five workers in the Usher workshop."

"The only real qualifications for the job are artistic ability and patience, and it takes at

least two years to learn all the tricks of the trade."

Bradley intends to study art and technical drawing next year as part of his training.

When Bradley joined the firm, finishing touches were being put to a miniature exhibition of "Man's Conquest of Flight," which is now travelling the world.

The exhibition includes 18 models of flying inventions through the ages, from Da Vinci to spaceships.

The Usher brothers spent a lot of time over three years doing research on the history of flight and another 18 months to construct the models to illustrate the different stages.

Earns £10 a week

Apart from special jobs like this exhibition, the firm makes models of land developments, building and housing projects, shopping centres, recreation grounds, oilfields, and even cemeteries.

Architects and construction companies usually commission the models, to illustrate new ideas in design, to interest investors to back the projects, to gain approval by councils, and to show the general public new development plans.

At present Bradley earns £10 a week, which is much higher than the wage of a first-year apprentice in most trades.

"When I'm fully qualified," he said, "my pay will depend on the value of the work I do." And that can be quite high.

Bradley recently helped to construct a land-development model of the Australia Square project, which cost £1000.

"That may seem like a lot of money," said Bradley, "but we all worked like mad, and expensive materials and overtime made up a big part of it."

"Built to the scale of one-sixteenth of an inch to the foot, the tallest part of the model, the tower, stood 3ft. 7in. high."

"The model was taken all around the world to show investors who are backing the project."

When the builders of Australia Square ordered a cut-away model showing the insides of the buildings, the job was given to Bradley to do on his own.

First he had to draw the plans of the project to the scale of the model.

"The architects usually help," said Bradley, "although I studied technical drawing at school and know quite a bit about it."

"I made the model out of wood and plastic materials. It was a big job sticking the hundreds of pieces in the right place."

For the cars parked in the miniature underground parking station he carved each model from wood. A mould was then made of each original and copies cast in metal.

"You can always tell our models by the cars parked on the tiny streets," he said.

"There's always a red sports car and a grey-and-red sedan, which are copies of real cars belonging to two of the boys who work here."

Even the trees, which seem



BRADLEY GOLDING with the cut-away model of the Australia Square project which he made.

almost insignificant in comparison with the detailed construction of the buildings, take much effort and skill to make.

"They look simple," said Bradley, "but I had to make quite a few trees before they started to look professional."

On exhibition

To make trees, Bradley bends picture-wire into the shape of trunks and branches and covers this with grey paint.

When that is dry he streaks it with black and brown paint to give a shaded bark effect.

Next he puts coarse foam-rubber through a mincer and sticks clusters of the foam to the branches after smearing these with glue. Then a finer foam is minced and added on top of the other. The tree is

then sprayed with dark and light green paint.

Bradley's cut-away model is now on exhibition on the Australia Square site. Stage 1 of the project has already begun, and if passers-by wonder what is being built they just look at Bradley's model.

At weekends Bradley's interests are also models—and not the pretty girl kind, either. He belongs to the Sydney Society of Model Engineers, a club of more than 100 members who meet on Saturdays to race model cars and hydroplanes.

For the past few months he has spent Sundays making himself a surfboard and intends to become a keen surfer this summer.

"That depends, of course, on whether this board of mine will float," he added.



IN ADDITION to making models, Bradley takes a keen interest in the actual building operations. Here he watches construction work on the first stage of Australia Square.



"Sally thinks glory boxes are old-fashioned — she's filling a freezer instead."

Two smart s



SWITZERLAND

● Both ski enthusiasts, the girls bought smart new ski parkas, pants, and jumpers to wear on the Australian Alps when they holiday there this winter. The apres-ski boots add glamor and warmth.

HONG KONG

● Pam designed and ordered this printed silk frock (right) one day in Hong Kong and picked it up the following day. The girls ordered hundreds of yards of material for their parents' firm.

EUROPE

● An Italian knitted coat looks great with the dress from Paris, while June tops her look with a leather coat from Belgium. Show, g

Sisters go international

● A backless, sleeveless shift-that-grew is the current rage in Paris, and the "Oliver" haircut (a revival of the "urchin") is sweeping London, according to Sydney sisters Pam and June Kirwan, of Wahroonga. Pam (21) and June (19) have just returned from a four-month world tour searching for the latest in fashion. Pam plans to follow the new trends in her job as fashion designer for her parents' manufacturing firm. Travelling to many different countries, the girls took the chance to build an international wardrobe for themselves—and here's what they chose.

Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

HONG KONG

● This elegant lace frock (left), which cost £45, took two Chinese girls one month to hand-embroider with heavy beading. "If made in Australia," said Pam, "it would cost about £200."



HAWAII

● Cotton muu-muus in vivid prints from Honolulu are cool. June also bought a swimsuit by Oleg Cassini, one of Jackie Kennedy's designers.



FRANCE

● Suits that shout Paris, because they're so simply and beautifully cut. Pam chose a jersey with lapels, cuffs, pockets, buttons, and blouse of matching silk, and June a wool-knit with velvet trim.

look great over Pam's navy wool top and English flannel skirt with Shal, gloves, and bags from Paris.

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Too young to diet

"I AM 14 years old and weigh 8st. 13lb. I am fat in the legs and body. It is probably puppy fat, but I would like your opinion on my diet. Breakfast: fruit and a glass of skim milk, cup of black coffee. Lunch: one sandwich, small flask of coffee with skim milk, an orange or an apple. Dinner: one slice of meat (usually roast beef), vegetables, tea. Would it be all right if I used ordinary bottled milk instead of skim milk?"

G.P., Qld.

You're a very foolish girl to go on a diet at all at your age — let alone a diet which has insufficient protein in it. You need foods like eggs, cheese, more meat, and certainly whole milk during these years to build a foundation for good health later on.

Unless you're very short, you're certainly not more than a few pounds overweight. You'll get rid of that puppy fat (which, as you suggest, it probably is) WITHOUT endangering your health if you eat sensible meals, cut out in-between snacks, and exercise regularly, like walking to school and back or joining a physical culture class.

Be a bit "crazy"

"I AM just an ordinary 17-year-old girl—that is, I think I am, but sometimes I wonder. I do crazy things all the time, like talking to myself. I'm afraid of the dark, and—maddest of all—my girl-friend and I sometimes put on foreign accents in trains and think it's a joke when people believe us. I'm really shy and do not make friends too easily (though lots of people do not believe this). I've been told that some shy people do crazy things to cover up their shyness. Do you think this could be possible? Just lately I get thoroughly fed up with myself, the rut that I'm in, my friends, my home, and my job, and I vow that when I get older I shall never fall into a rut—I'll travel the world and make a change whenever I feel like it. Am I normal, ordinary, or almost-ordinary? Do you think this feeling is bad and that I should fight it? Please help me."

"Worried," N.S.W.

Stop worrying. You're perfectly normal. Psychologists say that a spot of "crazy" behaviour now and then is good for people—it helps to keep them balanced and sane.

Some people let their hair down at parties, some people count telegraph poles, talk to themselves, or "play" at being someone else (in the train, on the telephone, or even just to themselves). A facet of personality which worries them (like shyness) may have something to do with it, but not necessarily. It often goes with an active imagination — as does (for some people) being afraid of the dark.

Don't fight the feeling of being fed up with the sameness of your routine — do something to change it. It needn't

be a drastic change, like changing your job (unless you really want to do this). Take up a new hobby, join a new club, talk your friends into going somewhere different on Saturday nights. There are all sorts of small but effective cures for the "blues," which everybody suffers from time to time—particularly young people.

And why not start saving and planning for an overseas working holiday?

Younger boy . . .

"I AM a 16-year-old girl and I like very much a boy of 14 years. We do not go out on week nights or Saturday nights, as his parents think he is too young. We very often see each other and I go out with his family and he with mine. Both families are well acquainted. Some of my friends think I am silly, but he is very grown-up for his age and has ways of a 17-year-old. I cannot see anything wrong with this, but I would like your opinion."

A.M., N.S.W.

I can't see any reason why you shouldn't like him, either. The fact that a boy is younger than a girl is certainly no bar to friendship between them—or to romance either, though you're both a bit too young for that yet.

. . . and older man

"IT sounds terrible, but I have become really fond of a 40-year-old bachelor. He likes me a lot and has often taken me out for meals. Now I think it is becoming serious, as I love him—I think. The trouble is that he is 20 years older than I and I made one rule for myself—that I would never fall in love with a man more than 15 years older than I. I know it will have to stop, as my mother and I think it would be a shame if I did marry him. I have not told him I love him (not even when he asked me), but I have told him he was too old for me. His answer was, 'I don't see what is wrong with two people being exceptionally happy together—one is never too old or too young.' What should I do? I would hate to hurt his feelings, as my parents and I think he is a darling. I am 19½ years old now."

R.W., N.S.W.

There's nothing terrible about a girl of almost 20 falling in love with and marrying a 40-year-old bachelor. Your friend is quite right—there are no rules about age differences where love is concerned.

The key word, of course, is love. I doubt whether you really do love him—that age difference is worrying you far too much.

I can only suggest you give yourself a little more time to find out your real feelings for him, mixing (for both your sakes) with other male friends in the meantime. If you find out you're not in love with him, make a quick, clean break. You'll hurt him less that way than by dragging out the process.

Twice bitten

"FROM the time I met the boy I love, he knew that I wasn't game to care for anyone because of a past hurt. He used to ring me up once a day, and gradually, through his assurances that he loved me too much to

A word from Debbie



WANT to be the scene-stealer at your next party? Then go equipped with your Limbo Set.

All you need is three bamboo or wooden poles. Two of the poles should be about 5ft. long and the other 6ft.

The completed Limbo Set looks something like an athlete's high-jump equipment. Use the 5ft. poles as uprights and drill holes about 3in. apart from the top of each pole to about 12in. from the bottom.

Into each end of your six-foot pole hammer a nail which will fit into the holes of the uprights.

Get Dad to help you fix each upright to a base-board about 1ft. square.

For the real native look, cut out palm-leaf shapes from green crepe paper and tie them around the tops of your upright poles.

Hey presto! Your Limbo Set is complete.

To do the limbo, choose any music with a slow beat (limbo pop music is best), fix your horizontal pole into the top holes of the uprights, and stand directly in front of it.

Moving to the rhythm of the music, bend slowly backwards as far as is necessary to dance under the pole. With your head and shoulders thrown backwards, keep up the swaying motion as you dance under it.

Sounds hard? It is, but it's lots of fun. Keep moving the bar down to see how far the best limboists can go without collapsing — either from laughter or exhaustion!

Beauty in brief: HAIR CONTROL

ALTHOUGH regular washing and daily brushing are basic essentials for pretty hair, your diet, too, has a direct bearing on the state of your crown-glorious glory.

Dairy foods of all sorts are especially good for the hair, and so are liver, kidney, peanuts, eggs, and brewer's yeast.

It's a great pity that teenagers drink little or no milk as they grow older, for it's nature's most perfect food.

So, whether you take your milk straight from the glass or mixed in custards and other dishes, be sure you get your daily quota.

Meat, fish, and poultry — the protein suppliers — also affect the quality of the hair and, since sulphur puts the sheen into your locks, vegetables such as cabbage, cauliflower, onions, and turnips are important.

A pep-up hair treatment every now and again always gives the locks a fillip. Your hairdresser can give you a good oil treatment, or you can do it yourself at home quite easily.

Massage your scalp with warm



olive oil (after brushing your hair thoroughly) until it tingles, cover your head with a hot towel and leave for 15 minutes, then shampoo.

Pick a shampoo that's designed to suit your own special hair condition — dry, normal, oily, or dandruff-prone. Generally speaking, oily hair should be washed every five or six days and dry hair every 10 days.

Always use three changes of rinsing water, or invest in a spray. Your hair must positively "squeak" with cleanliness after you've rinsed it properly.

—Carolyn Earle

ever hurt me, I let myself care for him. After going steady for several months, he asked me to marry him. Because of how his ex-girl-friend felt, we thought it wise to keep the engagement a secret for a while. Suddenly he changed, and now only a month later, he has gone back to that same girl. Our friends say there is more to it than meets the eye, and that they may not last long. But the thing that hurts most is that he possibly lied about his feelings for me, and made a joke (if he did that) of marriage. He always seemed so sincere in everything he said and did. I had no cause to doubt him. But how can I, in future, trust any other boy?"

"Lyndy," N.S.W.

Don't be (to adapt an old adage) twice bitten, forever shy. Although he has let you down, the boy probably WAS sincere—at the time. He would hardly have asked you to marry him otherwise.

Whether he comes back to you or not, keep it firmly fixed in your mind that you have to keep on trusting people, for your own sake, despite past hurts, and despite human frailty. The more you do so, the more people you will find who justify your trust in them.

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

LISTEN HERE—with Diane Roberts

Recording contract for young builder

● You may have seen Sydney singer Colin Cooper on "Bandstand" and "Saturday Date" recently, looking very happy. So he should be — he's just signed a recording contract with C.B.S.

COLIN, who at 17 is one of the nicest and politest boys around, has been studying singing for three years.

Although he prefers singing up-tempo numbers, he puts a ballad across with great sincerity.

He also sings Country and Western numbers, accompanying himself on guitar, but so far hasn't done a Western number on television.

Like so many of our established performers, Colin got his break in show business by winning a talent quest in February, 1962.

He appeared in some charity shows and small restaurants around Sydney.

After auditioning for "Bandstand," he appeared on the last of the "new faces" shows late in 1962, and is now a frequent guest on the show.

Recently he sang "Mr. Bass Man" on "Bandstand" with

Pee Wee Wilson, of the Dell-tones. It was such a success they have had many requests to sing another number together.

Jimmy Hannan booked him for "Saturday Date," and now, with his recording contract tucked firmly under his arm, Colin is a very happy young man.

His first single disc is expected to be out some time next month.

As well as his entertainment commitments, Colin still works part-time with his father, a contract builder. But his future plans are to build his own career—in show business.



COLIN COOPER, at 17, has a recording contract and a bright future in show business.



KEVIN TODD

SOUNDING his best yet, Kevin Todd has a new H.M.V. single, "Never More" backed with "Wishing Well." I think the up-tempo "Never More" will be the favored side, as it is ideally suited to Kevin's voice.

THE American musical "Camelot" will have its Australian premiere in Sydney by the end of this year and the music from the show is now available on C.B.S., with Julie Andrews and Richard Burton singing (oh, yes he does) the main roles.

"Camelot," written by the creators of "My Fair Lady," Lerner and Loewe, ran on Broadway for close on three years and is now touring the United States. American stars will probably head the Australian production, but as yet they are unnamed.

THE Joy Boys' latest album "Cookin' Up a Party" (Festival) provides ideal ingredients for a party. It's a very danceable disc, and musically the boys have never sounded better. Good tracks are "Volare," "Strictly Instrumental," and "Limbo Rock."

ALSO pleasant for listening and dancing to is Warren Carr's "50 Years of Evergreens" (Leedon LP). Warren's relaxed style at the piano drifts through oldies like "Blue Skies," "Char-maine," and "Side By Side." It would make a good gift for Mum or Dad.

A GEM LP, "Australia's First Hootenanny," isn't a bad effort. It features locals such as Doug Owen, Lenore Somerset, Kevin Shegog and The Seekers.

It's a combination of folk and Country and Western music, but it doesn't swing enough to be classified a real hootenanny.

the title number and "The Hermit of Misty Mountain" best.

THE Thin Men backed by The Thunderbirds have a fine sound on a W. and G. single, "Sorry," backed with "Here He Comes," which is equally as good. Surfie fans will like the lyrics.

CONGRATULATIONS to Leo and Doug De Kroo, who have a new single coming out shortly, "(And Her Name Is) Scarlet" (Festival). This is destined for a big future, and I'll be very surprised if it doesn't take off in the Australian charts.

The flip number, "All Right, Be That Way," was written by the brothers themselves.

NICE to see Marlene Atcheson back on our national teen TV shows again. Marlene has been busy doing club work, but she will be making a tour of Brisbane and Adelaide in the next few weeks, doing personal appearances and TV shows.

WORTH HEARING

Ravel, Roussel, Schmitt: Chamber Music

A DISC recently issued by the Record Society brings together three very charming pieces of chamber music, all written in this century by French composers and all employing flute, harp, and strings.

This is no coincidence. The French, as players, instrument-makers, and composers, seem to have a special affinity for woodwind instruments, and for the harp.

Also it was natural enough for the French composers who followed the lead of Debussy in seeking more subtle and unusual timbres to add these more distinctively colored instruments to the standard string quartet or trio.

The outstanding work among the three represented here is Ravel's Introduction and Allegro for flute, clarinet, harp, and string quartet, written in 1906. It is a hauntingly beautiful composition that on its own would make this record worth buying.

But the other two works are also tuneful and appealing. They are Roussel's Serenade for flute, harp, and string trio (1925), and Florent Schmitt's "Suite en Rocaille" for flute, violin, viola, and harp (1935).

The playing, by a group of French instrumentalists, has a characteristically French combination of refinement and verve.

— Martin Long

Teenagers' Weekly—Page 7

SPRAYING THEM IN THE AISLES!

● I see that two Americans were married the other day — on water skis!

YES, on a Cincinnati amusement park lake Ray Shearer and Barbara Engel made their vows from skis towed behind a boat which carried the minister.

The bridal party was on skis, too. I suppose Ray could have been described as a bathing suitor!

While the setting might be novel, the groom's sensations would not have been very different from those of a bloke going through the formal routine when a girl decides, "Aisle, altar, hymn." (Figure that one out!)

All grooms feel they are in deep water, and can have a sinking feeling.

At all weddings, too, they are always in tow.

The really interesting thing, of course, is that other sports could equally well be used as settings for weddings.

Why not have a wedding at a football match? After all, doesn't the groom always play left right out? And if a bride traditionally wears a full skirt, a train could be described as a full-back.

Boys often feel, too, that mothers and daughters are in League about a Union (or Association, whichever you prefer).

Of course, after you're married, you can't Soccer. That's against the Rules!

A groom could well attend his wedding as a basketball. Rest assured, he will soon be put through the hoops!

A cricket wedding would be very appealing.

Certainly, from the boy's point of view it would soon be all over!

A yachting wedding would be plain sailing, too.

You know, "To luff and to cherish..."

A motor-racing ceremony, however, with Donald Campbell as best man would probably not be a very good idea.

At the moment there's no Bluebird of happiness.

APROPOS of nothing I've mentioned earlier, I see that South Africans may no longer keep leguaan (large lizards) and pythons as pets.

Hence, no doubt, the saying "one man's mate is another man's python?"

— Robin Adair

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — August 28, 1963

Girl becomes 'hermit'

● Glenys Beasley, a poised and pretty brunette—looking as chic as a fashion model in her purple slacks, white jerkin, and white boots—was full of enthusiasm for "the life of a hermit" she has planned for herself during the next year or so.

THE Victorian sprint star, who recently moved to Sydney, said she has just one ambition at present—to represent Australia at the Tokyo Olympics in October next year.

"Normally I live the life of an average teenager," she said. "I love music and ballroom dancing, parties, the latest clothes, and everything that other girls of my age love."

"But right now I'm sacrificing all my other interests to concentrate on this task of getting to Tokyo."

Nineteen-year-old Glenys said she moved to Sydney (a) because she wanted to be trained by Leichhardt's Ken Steward and (b) because she believed the stiffer competition in N.S.W. would help increase her speed.

Glenys, who became interested in running at school, rocketed into the athletic headlines at the 1962 national championships in Adelaide when she won both the 100yd. and 200yd. championships.

By Cynthia Robinson

Her time of 10.5 secs. for the 100yds. was brilliant for a 17-year-old sprinter, and she was hailed as Australia's "golden girl of the future."

Since then Glenys has been disappointed with her efforts at the Commonwealth Games and in other major events.

"But I'm determined from here on to show a clean pair of heels to all my opponents," she said.

Until a few weeks ago Glenys lived with her family at Mt. Waverley, a Melbourne suburb, and worked in a newspaper reference library.

"But I decided to come to Sydney to live—at least until the Olympic trials next year," said Glenys.

"I've pinned my faith on the training methods of Ken Steward, who also coaches Bob Lay, the national 100yd. champion, and Olympian Helen Frith.

"Since the Commonwealth Games I've been trying to train by correspondence, but this wasn't terribly satisfactory."

"I've already started on a tough winter training campaign of weight-lifting, long-distance running, and generally plenty of versatile exercise."

Glenys, who hopes to get a job in public relations while she is in Sydney, said she's already feeling more confident about her prospects for Tokyo.

Because she believes you can run better if you keep in mental as well as physical training, she's studying Russian.

Glenys describes herself as an ambitious runner. "I like being out in front, and once I start trailing the field I'll hang up my running spikes," she said.

If she's selected for Tokyo at the Games trials next March, she'll stay in Sydney at least till October next year.

Glenys has one regret about being in Sydney—she had to leave her piano behind in Melbourne.

"I miss the piano very much," she said. "I always used to play it to relax before big races."

Next week: Denise Edwards



GLENYS BEASLEY, the Victorian sprinter who has moved from Melbourne to Sydney to get better training and stiffer competition in preparation for the Tokyo Games.

